CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. L. NO. 18. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1922. 5 CENTS A COPY.

All In The Way Of Business

A Story Laid On Both Land And Sea

by J. C. Kofoed

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1922, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

VOL. I. MAY 6, 1922. NO. 18.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 25 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

All rights in stories purchased by the Ledger revert to the author following their publication by us. All persons are warned against reprinting them without first obtaining the consent of the author.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editors of the Ledger do not consider handwritten manuscripts. They purchase jokes, drawings and poems only by special arrangement with professional writers and artists. It is assumed by the Editors that manuscripts unaccompanied by stamped addressed envelope are not desired returned by their writers.

No articles are purchased; only fiction in all lengths. Payment is made on acceptance.

Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 19

WHEN Robert Faylon's wealth reached the two-million mark, he lay ill unto death, a mere shadow of the strong, vigorous man who started gold-gathering twenty-five years before. Emaciated, worn-out, he was aged beyond his 60 years. But, tho the scythe-bearer was advancing to meet him, still gleamed in his eye the look of cunning so well known by his associates.

Two days after he was stricken with what was to be his last illness, his nephew called to see him—that nephew, Tommy Faylon, upon whom he had lavished a wealth of care, tried to pilot on that particular financial sea on which he had made his own millions, but who had proved such a great disappointment to him.

Tommy and Uncle Robert were in no way alike in the ideas they entertained of worldly progress. One was of the old school, the other of the newest new. The elder man had, so to speak, chartered one boat and continued sailing in it until it reached the chosen port, thereby pursuing the stereotyped course of action of men of the past; the nephew engaged an entire fleet, still so to speak, seeing one after another founder but hoping always to have one arrive safely at the wished-for destination. And when he visited his uncle, Tommy usually went to report that there had been a wreck—and that he wanted to start all over with stronger, more up-to-date craft.

Robert Faylon groaned, even above the groans provoked by his ailment, when Tommy was announced. Before the young man reached the room his uncle mentally enumerated the many enterprises he had financed for him. Tommy had certainly been industrious. He had sold eggs, goats, horses and houses, he had run a bucket shop, superintended a meat market, published a newspaper, and done a dozen and one things. So the elder man was ready now to listen to a plea for the starting of a new venture.

"Well, what now?" the sick man asked, wearily.

Tommy tendered solicitations as to his relative's health; he was pained to see his uncle under the weather. "But you're a sticker," he added; "you'll live fifty more years." Then glibly he went on to tell how, because of the treachery of a partner, he had failed to make good as a sideshow proprietor. "The fellow just ran away with the fat woman and the funds at the same time. But I've cut out things that people are used to, and which need partners. I've got something brand new," he rattled, enthusiastically. "There's a field for it, and when there's a field for anything there's money in it."

The dying man looked at him, pityingly. "Mulberry Sellers," he groaned, "tell me all about it."

And Tommy did. He wanted to launch out into an information bureau business, to furnish every one needful with an idea. He would tell one man how to advertise so that he could bring prosperity to his business; another how to write a book; another the cost and means of hauling timber from Siberia to Patagonia; another how to reach a girl's heart. And so on ad infinitum. "Besides which," he added, "I'm dead in love, and the girl wants to see me in business before we get married. If I get started she'll say 'Yes' in a hurry."

Uncle Robert said: "If you can tell other people how to do things, why in the world can't you tell yourself how to get on without my aid? That would be proof of your ability."

Young Tommy was silenced for a short time. But soon, "I could," Tommy replied, "if I had the capital to start the business with, you know. Such things take money at the beginning."

The doctor warned them that the interview was tiring to the sick man. He must not overtax his strength.

"Well, call tomorrow, and we'll see what is to be done," said Robert Faylon. "In the meantime you may say good-by to me; I might not be with the living when you call."

He died overnight. But before he died he summoned his lawyer and made a new will, which contained a clause that staggered everybody, and made Tommy Faylon, his favorite nephew, the laughing-stock of the town. In brief, it was that if Tommy married the choice of his heart on February 30 he would get a dead man's blessing and $1,000,000 of his wealth; if he failed to do this, then he must be satisfied with a paltry $500, and the rest would go to charity.

"February 30!" exclaimed Tommy, listening, "why there is no such date in the year."

"Mr. Faylon believed there is," said the lawyer, "and thinks that you, with

"Stop Looking in Books."

your latest scheme, should be able to pick it out from the other days on the calendar. To do so would show that his large bequest was not entirely thrown away."

(Continued on Page 25.)

★111 one-eleven cigarettes

Three Friendly Gentlemen

TURKISH
VIRGINIA
BURLEY

10¢ for FIFTEEN

In a new package that fits the pocket—
At a price that fits the pocket-book—
The same unmatched blend of
TURKISH, VIRGINIA and BURLEY Tobaccos

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

★111 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY

Is This Your Type?

BY MARIE LA ROQUE

Are Your Eyes Black?

FOR something that actually does not exist a great deal has been said and written about black eyes. For you know there really are no such things. Eyes look black, but come right down to it and you will find that the so-called black eye is always a very dark, lustrous or penetrating brown—or else one of those gray-black eyes that we spoke of once before. For the most part it is the dark brown eye that is known as the black eye.

Flaubert, keenly analytical and realistic in his descriptions of races as in everything else, seems to have realized this fact. In describing that much discussed Madame Bovary he says: "Her real beauty was in her eyes. Altho brown, they seemed black because of the lashes. Her look came at you frankly with a candid boldness."

Is this the sort of black eye that you possess? Let's hope that you use it to better purposes than did the unfortunate Bovary.

Poe was not so analytical, for in describing Legeia he says: "The hue of the orbs was of the most brilliant of black and far over them hung jetty lashes of great length." Again it was the lashes that made the eyes appear black, but Poe thought it was the eyes themselves.

In Shakespeare's sonnets there is a tribute to black eyes that should be read by every woman whose eyes are so called.

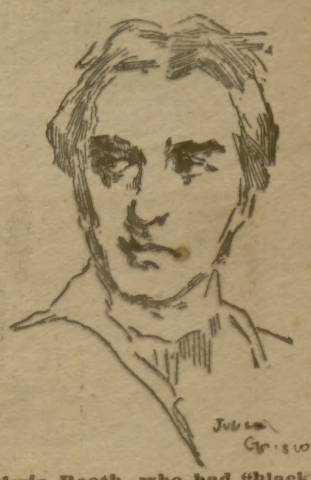
"Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain."

And again in the sonnets he says, "therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black."

Among Orientals there seems to be a special fondness for black eyes, which are looked upon as betokening more fire and passion than brown orbs. You know Thomas Moore said:

"A Persian's heaven is eas'ly made!
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade."

Among our own physiognomists it is generally said, too, that the black eye indicates a passionate nature and ardor in love. Perhaps that is because when a brown eye appears to be black it is usually luminous and full of fire and shaded with heavy lashes, indications of the virility that makes for high passion.



Edwin Booth, who had "black" eyes.

What a large number of celebrated actors and actresses have had eyes that looked black and are so described! The great Kean is described as "a small man with an Italian face and fatal eyes;" and again his eye is spoken of as "an orb of light," or he is said to possess "eyes which looked dark and yet bright as lamps, so large were they, so piercing, so absorbing I could see no other features."

Barrett had very dark eyes and they are described as black, and Booth is described as having "wild black eyes," and a friend of his said, "his large, melancholy dark eyes satisfy the most fastidious imagination that this is Hamlet as he lived in Shakespeare's time."

For of course the melancholy Dane had black eyes—for the popular notion is that melancholy eyes are always dark.

Among musicians who had black eyes there is Felix Mendelssohn, of whom Bayard Taylor wrote: "His eyes were dark, lustrous, and unfathomable. They were black, without the usual opaqueness of black eyes; shining not with a surface light, but with a pure serene planetary flame."

Next Week: Passionate Lips.

$13.95 GOODYEAR ALL-WEATHER COAT FREE.

Goodyear Mfg. Co., 255-R, Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome, Rainproofed, All-Weather coat to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. If you want one, write today. —Adv.

NO NEED TO BE GRAY, SAYS THIS BEAUTY SPECIALIST.

Such remarkable results have been shown in restoring gray hair to its original color by the preparation known as Kolar-Bak that the makers are sending a free offer to all gray haired people who may ask for it. They guarantee that this clean colorless liquid will positively restore the former color no matter what that was and they take this way to prove it. If you are gray simply write a post card or letter to Hygienic Laboratories, 3334-38 West 38th St., Dept. 4339, Chicago, Ill.—Adv.

"He Couldn't Have Gone Thru That Window," Said the Detective.

All in the Way of Business

By J. C. Kofoed

PETRIE SHATTUCK shifted his lean body in the swivel-chair, crossing one leg over the other, and then impatiently reversing the process. His face, which had the dry, poreless look that comes only from tropic suns, was expressionless as a mask. As for the eyes, one saw them rarely. They were hidden by the seldom-lifted curtain of his lids. So his nervousness was betrayed only by an occasional movement of his body.

It was dark outside. A warm rain turned to diamond points of light on the window. The points consolidated, and run into silver streaks. Shattuck watched them, musingly.

In every city there is a dominant personality that bestrides its narrow confines. Benton City's colossus was this man in the swivel-chair, tho he had no apparent standing in officialdom. Outwardly he was merely president of the African West Coast Navigation Company. Beneath the surface ran controlling lines from his office to the ward leaders and heelers who formed the backbone of the Benton City "organization."

If Shattuck's political affiliations were none too savory neither was the history of his company. In the old days it ran a fleet of unseaworthy, square rigged craft, handled by hard-fisted captains and brutal bucko-mates. Tales of slave and gun-running ran high; of over-insurance and foundered ships, but those tales were mercifully clouded by the years. Since the old square riggers had been superceded by fast steamers, and the company's offices moved from the ramshackle house on Dock street to three entire floors in the Hightower Building, those things were not mentioned.

Shattuck thought of them as he watched the preying fingers of the rain tap at his windows. Fingers of rain? Fingers of dead men, more likely!—men who had died on ships the company sent to sail the seven seas; men who had been crushed by its great power; men whom he had killed with his own hands in those old, wild days when he had been mate in deep water ships. The president of the African West Coast Navigation Company was not an imaginative man, but the silence and the rain and the thought of Barton Wike played hob with his usually unshakable nerves.

Wike was a wealthy man who posed as a "reformer;" a shrewd, relentless pursuer of evidence. He had secured a sufficient amount concerning Shattuck's company, and the latter's wholesale violation of the Volstead Act to bring about a Federal investigation when it was released. . . . And that was something that Shattuck's great power in Benton City could not halt.

So, merely in the way of business, it was necessary that Barton Wike be obliterated from the picture.

Shattuck touched a button on his desk. A tall, glum-faced man appeared at the door. He had the smack of the sea in his gait and eyes and the hang of his hands.

"Tell Fallon I want to see him, Solomon," said the president, "and when he goes I want to talk with you here . . . about Mr. Wike. . . ." His pale eyes rested a moment on the other's, and then were veiled.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Solomon Handy, and going into the outer office, sent in Wally Fallon, the assistant general manager of the company.

"What are you doing tonight?" asked Shattuck.

Wally grinned. "I'm going to see your niece."

"Judith won't be home tonight, and besides I've got something else for you to do. Captain O'Byrne was in to see me before he started for Cape Town with the Empress. Asked me to do him a favor." Shattuck opened a drawer of his desk, extracted a photo, and placed it in Wally's hand. It depicted a square-jawed young man, with good-humored eyes.

"This is Captain O'Byrne's nephew, Harry Belziger. O'Byrne asked me to get the boy a job, and—Well, it was too trifling a matter for me to refuse."

"You're going to take him on here?"

"No. There is nothing that he is particularly suited for. He was a prize fighter, known in the ring as St. Louis Whitey, until he broke his hands, and was forced to quit. Consequently, he has no knowledge of any trade. There is an opening, I hear, at the Whispering Hills Golf Club for an extra man, and I want you to get him the job——"

He stopped. Fingers of dead men tapping at the window, wet with the fragrant summer rain. . . .

"Surely," said Fallon. "I'll get him the place. Where can I find him?"

Shattuck consulted a notebook. "Belziger lives with his mother at 129 Franklin street—but you need not look for him there. I understand that he hangs around Fisher's place. You know where it is?"

"Everybody in Benton City knows the North Beach Rock Cod's dive," Wally grinned, "everybody except the police, I guess. Or do you tell them to keep hands off the old pirate?"

The older man's face hardened; and the curtain-like lids lifted a moment from his eyes. "Remember your place," he said harshly. "I won't be questioned, Fallon. Understand that. I intend to hold this State in the palm of my hand before long, and whether I crush or coddle men like the Cod is my own business."

Fallon laughed as he eased his big shoulders into a raincoat. "I know. Ambition is as much a passion as love or hate, and you are one of the iron fibred breed than can carry it to its ultimate conclusion. You would sacrifice your ideals, Judith, even yourself, in its achievement. Well—as you said—it's your affair. I'm on my way."

Wally went to Fisher's. It was a low-beamed, dingy barroom, crammed with sailormen of every nationality; blue with smoke and profanity. The ruler of the domain was Fisher—known for some inscrutable reason as the North Beach Rock Cod—a red-haired desperado, whose smuggling feats were epic in Benton City.

The God was casually acquainted with Fallon, and looked on him with suspicion. He knew that Wally was Petrie Shattuck's right hand man (which was all very well), but he was also aware of the fact that Fallon belonged to the same clubs as Voshell, the Police Commissioner, and District-Attorney Rattray, both of whom were anxious to put him out of business. So he flashed a warning to his henchmen.

"I'm looking for St. Louis Whitey Belziger," said Wally. "Do you know him, Cod?"

Fisher made a rumbling noise deep in his throat. "What if I do? I ain't passin' out information to spotters."

"Spotters!" repeated Fallon impatiently. "Don't be a fool. You know that I am not in that class. And it wouldn't do you any harm to

speak civilly. I merely asked you a question."

The Cod's eyes flamed redly. His thick arm flashed out, and his palm smacked against Fallon's face. Before he could follow it up, Wally knocked him back against the bar. That was the signal for Cod's followers to assault Wally en masse.

That young man stood an even six feet in socks, and packed a punch like a trip-hammer. Individually there was not a man in the room his physical equal. Even the snarling, cursing pack found that their task was a bigger one than they had bargained for. But it would have been merely a question of a few minutes before those heroes of a hundred rough and tumble battles smashed and kicked him into unconsciousness had not another element entered the fray. A blond young man, with the shoulders of a weight lifter, pounded his way thru the melee to Fallon's side. Shoulder to shoulder, they fought their way to the door, and were spewed out of it in a gust of oaths and blows. The Rock Cod banged the door behind them, himself.

Wally turned to his new comrade of the night, and looked at him humorously out of his undamaged eyes.

"Thanks a lot, old chap," he said thickly, because of his split lips. "If it hadn't been for you they would have done me in, no doubt of it. The Cod had a knife in his hand. . . . Gad! I could feel that edge slicing my skin. What's your name—if it's a fair question?"

"Belziger," said the other. "They used to call me St. Louis Whitey when I was in the ring."

II.

WALLY FALLON leaned back in a basket-chair on the veranda of the Whispering Hills Golf Club, and stared moodily at the white summer moon. By turning his head at a very slight angle he could look into the ballroom, where a dance was in progress, but he kept his neck rigid, preferring the semi-darkness. Judith Shattuck was in there, tripping the light fantastic with an upstart—the fourth straight dance according to Wally's count, and the upstart was handsome Ted Voshell, Benton City's Commissioner of Police.

Voshell should have been thinking of other things than quizzing pretty girls just then, Fallon told himself. A series of thefts at the club had frightened the house committee into asking for a detail of Headquarters men to protect the matrons and flappers, all of whom wore their most expensive jewelry to this affair. The detectives were present, but why was Voshell not superintending their activities instead of dancing continually with Judith Shattuck?

Wally grinned wryly. "I guess I'm getting to be a crab. Why shouldn't they dance together?"

He tried to forget that, and think about another subject. The thefts at Whispering Hills had commenced only since St. Louis Whitey had been installed there, and tho Fallon did not believe the boy was guilty, he had to admit that it looked suspicious. If the house committee learned that their newest employe was an ex-prize fighter who had served a term in San Quentin their suspicions would be translated into unpleasant action.

Barton Wike knew it. He had approached Wally one day on the street, and spoken about it in his thin, unpleasant voice.

"What of it?" Fallon had retored sharply.

"Whitey is going straight. He is warm hearted and full of courage and fight as a bull terrier. He'll make good out there if he is left alone."

"Oh, I don't care. I am not a member of the club. But it seemes peculiar that you and Mr. Shattuck should become interested in such a fellow."

"Mr. Shattuck is interested because Belziger is the nephew of Captain O'Byrne, who commands the Empress."

Wike had sniffed.

"Well, O'Byrne is a long way out to sea, and can't deny it," was his cryptic retort.

What the deuce did he meap by that?

Wally hitched his chair around, and looked into the ballroom. The noisy syncopation of the "Marimba Blues" came to an end in a blare of saxaphones and a b-a-a-m of drums. Flushed and slightly overheated couples applauded vociferously. Fallon's gaze sought Judith. She was radiant in a gown of silver cloth that fit her like the sleek skin of an animal, and her bobbed hair flamed like an aureole of gold. She was alone in one corner of the ballroom, seeming to have been washed there quite accidentally by the tide of gaiety. Voshell was threading his way toward the table where punch was served, evidently with the intention of bringing her a drink.

At that precise moment the lights went out!

There came a little flurry of feminine shrieks. An undergraduate, with an archaic sense of humor, pretended to kiss his partner noisily. Every one, with the exception of Wally Fallon, looked on the sudden darkness as a not unusual accident.

Without further ado he sprang thru the wide open French window, and bunted his way thru the milling crowd. He stepped on toes, and tore a few yards of tulle from a flapper's bare shoulder, but that did not check his rush. The electric light switch was directly behind Judith, and that was where he wanted to get.

When he reached his objective he fumbled along the wall, found the button, and flooded the room with light. The merry chatter was instantly resumed. The saxaphone player blew a lugubrious note on his instrument, and the orchestra once again burst out into the "Marimba Blues."

Wally looked at Judith, who was as pale as the modern girl's make-up will permit.

"What's the matter, honey?" he asked.

"My brooch!" panted the girl. "The diamond brooch Uncle Petrie gave me for my birthday—it's gone!"

"Gone!"

"When the lights went out I felt somebody tear the brooch off. See, it ripped the bodice of my gown. I screamed—but nobody heard because of the chatter."

"Don't worry. Voshell's men are here, and they will get it back. Didn't you see who it was, Judith—or where he went to? I know it was pretty dark, but there was a tip of moonlight in here."

"He—he—I thought he ran toward the cloakroom."

With a reassuring word, Fallon left her. The door of the cloakroom was unlocked, and he entered. It was the usual place of its kind—tiers of compartments, filled with hats and wraps, occupying the greater part of it.

On the floor lay a little man, with gray hair and bristly, Airedalelike whiskers. His forehead was blotted with blood that trickled down over his nose, and dripped onto the floor.

Wally's eyes widened. "Barton Wike, by heavens!" he exclaimed.

He knelt down beside the reformer who was Petrie Shattuck's enemy, and tried to stanch the flow of blood with a handkerchief. The wounded man breathed stertoriously. His eyes were closed, and it was apparent that he was badly hurt.

The first thought that sprang into Fallon's mind

(Continued on Page 11.)

Concluding the Story of a Viking Princess Brought Back

From Out the Centuries

By Sidney E. Johnson

Read This First—Then Finish the Story

The cement tomb encasing the sleeping Princess was torn away and her body and that of Liza Triggs were connected by the doctor's transfusor. Case's protestations were of no avail. Constable Dulip and his men rushed into the cavern, but were stopped by an electrically charged wire screen.

Hajji Dass was not so easily balked. Holding up the Garuda stone he hurled himself against the wires, smashed thru the gate and strode forward to the transfusor. While wrangling with Walverain the cavern was thrown into darkness. With the aid of the glowing magic stone the East Indian tore away the doctor's apparatus, released Liza and placing the shiny tablet on the sleeping woman's forehead commanded her to arise in full health and strength—which the Princess did. She proclaimed herself as YOURNEE, daughter of Seigurd the Doughty, Friesia the Bountiful. She had sailed with her father's fleet of roving ships. During a combat with rival buccaneers she had been hit on the head and had become unconscious. Her father and his men must have believed her dead and built her tomb in this cavern on the English coast. The Princess was escorted to Rooksedge.

Hajji Dass, believing the magic of the Garuda stone would enable him to control the conduct and future of the Viking Princess, still lingered in the neighborhood. He not only would regain his lost prestige in India, but would return with the fairest goddess that ever aroused the wonderment of that ancient land of wonders.

This story began in No. 15, the Ledger for April 15. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

XI.

DR. WALVERAIN SOLILOQUIZES.

"AND so, Yournee, my Norse maiden," mused the cynical Dr. Walverain, as one chilly April night he seated himself before a glowing fire, after long restless hours of attempts at work, study and concentration, "you would leave me—you would go to the Asgard, in far India, which Hajji Dass has promised you! Civilization has gained no hold upon you and you would revert to your savage ideals.

"Asgard! What a curious superstition! And how seriously the girl clings to it! In India (from which her ancestors came in a time that antedates history) she really believes that fabled city exists, and to her it represents a Heaven. And Hajji Dass has tempted her with the belief that she can enter it—can ask Odin, the Valfather (most ambitious of all women, for you know your myths deny you a soul!) for a seat in Valhalla, there to sit in the flesh, with its heroes. So Hajji Dass has made her believe thru the lips of his woman, Marie de Valret, who long has been meeting her in secret. I knew, Yournee, but for reasons did not interfere.

"Then Be Thy Doom on Thine Own Head!" Cried Hajji Dass.

"All this affair (now perhaps happily over) has been to me a most unusual one. Never, I believe, have I had so novel an experience, and if she does go—if she is really decoyed from me, which has not yet happened, altho the woman now has her in a closed carriage, and is taking her to the shore—I will have material for thought for many a day. A problem here is involved, the strangest with which I have yet wrestled in all my days. Just now it has, to some extent, upset me, I admit.

"For instance, what is the cause of the mutual hostility between the girl and myself? Toward Julian she betrayed no aversion—altho I have noticed in her eyes a contempt—the contempt, I think, a strong woman has for a man who is smaller and weaker than herself. But her excuse—that she had learned out of her past to fear and defy men stronger than herself, as all women of her time feared them — bosh! It was too flimsy!

"It was something else—some misunderstanding which kept her from terms of familiarity with me. I wonder what? Did she resent my sex-unconsciousness—a new idea to me, and a strange one. Was there on her part a sex-struggle in embryo; and has she in pique and in her pride refused to go farther in it? Oh, madman! What a mess! What a mess!

"Think of it! I have all the knowledge of the centuries—and am upset over a foolish thing like this! And getting nerves!

"Am I going to lose my hold on my life-theory—that we are mere individualized energies, caught—pent—imprisoned—in bodies of flesh for Mother Nature to use in her work and release when she has finished with us?

"And is the crude old theological conception the right one—are we Wills—knowing good and evil—is it given us to choose our paths? Oh, fool, fool! I will go mad, I think, with this endless thinking, this

fruitless, nerve-wracking speculating.

"Love, it seems, is the element which scientists cannot analyze, the strange passion that baffles laboratories, chemical experiment, dissection. It moves neither by rule or rote, it is not amenable to physical causes and effects. I had thought so, but now—I cannot tell why—my theories have been entirely revolutionized.

"God! I am acting—thinking—like a fool! It is amazing that a half-savage woman out of another day can so upset me. It is a weakness. I must throw it off!

"If she goes, she goes. I cannot make concessions. I cannot go after her and bring her back. I must go to work and forget.

"Work! Will I ever do any work of value if she goes? Will my work ever again interest me? Surely—but enough of this. I must up and to work!"

But he did not go to work. After a few feeble attempts he found himself before the fire again, reflecting. And then, too restless to sit still, he sprang up and paced the room like a caged animal.

"I thought to try conclusions with Hajji Dass, as I watched the growth of this affair. I should have prevented it I suppose but my infernal scientific curiosity—oh, rubbish!

"Of all the perversities! Of all upsetting affairs! Will I become a candidate for an asylum over it? I seem to be acting like some simple country bumpkin, jilted on his wedding morn!"

He suddenly clinched his fists, shook them. "Great God! I am ill with an incurable disease, I believe. And my symptoms are those of a man who has fallen in love without knowing it!"

And then he did a strange thing. He raised his hands in a gesture of supplication.

"Yournee! Yournee!" he cried. "Come back to me!"

XII.

THE SOUL-BIRTH OF THE PRINCESS YOURNEE.

O, YOURNEE, Daughter of the Dawn, pause you, ere you go away with the soul-enthralled white woman, the evil dark men. You are too far from your age and time for your father and brothers, rough and rude protectors that they were, to advise and guide you, any yet out of the dim past do they not in spirit call to you, warn you?

And the kind-eyed horses, too, O Daughter of the Dawn, as you pass them! Do they not seem to be trying to make you understand them—do they not bid you, Go back! Go back!

And there is a song in the whir of the carriage wheels, O Yournee! A song, a wild note of warning. Its theme is, go back before it is too late!

Yournee, O Daughter of the Dawn, are you a woman of stone? Because of a foolish pique, will you close your ears? There is a voice in the night wind, O Yournee. It whispers that love is calling you—calling you back. But you will not listen—you have listened too long to the false voice of the evil man, speaking thru his slave woman.

There are warning voices in the murmur of the sea, O Yournee, and in the cries of the circling sea-birds. Will you not heed them, you Norse maiden?

But you are now in the boat with the exiled men, Yournee. Soon, soon it will be too late. Soon you will be too far away for the voices to reach you—soon there will be no turning back.

But ah now, you Norse maid, you have caught the warning note—you have heard the voices! They have reached you because you are a barbarous woman—because the poetry of the savage is in you. And now you are alert.

You will heed the cry that rings in your ear, O Daughter of the Dawn—the voice of a proud man who has forgotten pride. Clear and strong—in English—but has love a dialect?—it comes to you:

"Yournee! Yournee! Come back to me!"

Ah, you Norse maiden! You are awake at last! You, too, have learned your lesson!

Well you know now that you have fled from love but have fled in vain. You cannot flee from love, O Yournee! It will follow you and haunt you insistingly, all your day, tho you wander beyond the farthest reaches of the earth.

XIII.

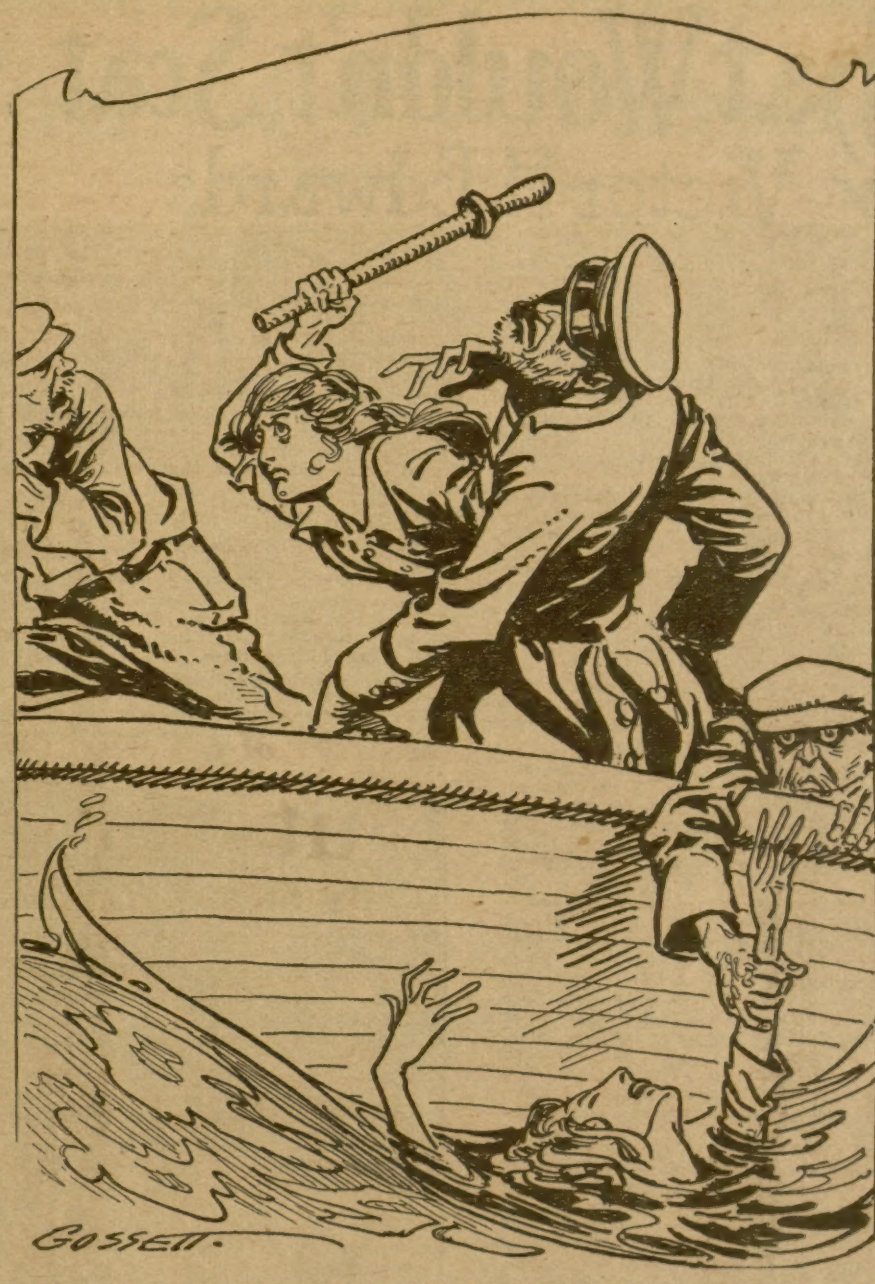
THE PASSING OF NUMBER FOUR.

YOURNEE'S cry in answer to her lover's call can be compared only to the scream of a mother whose babe is perishing before her eyes. She leaped up at once, but Marie de Valret, by her side and watchful, caught her about the waist—and was tossed over the side into the sea. One might have handled a child less easily.

The launch's engineer—working close at hand with his motors—sprang into the fray. He had been told that Hajji Dass was a great specialist and was taking a mad woman to France. And good cause had he to believe it just then! Yournee was mad—mad with the rage of her Berserk father.

"Hold her, man, hold her!" shouted Hajji Dass from the shore, as he and his companions rushed forward.

"Come yourself an' 'elp 'old 'er!" returned the greasy engineer, struggling unavailingly. "There's a 'undred 'ells in 'er, an' she's a-bitin' of me in two, that's wot! Ow!"



Yournee Was Mad—Mad With the Rage of Her Berserk Father.

But he proved no formidable opponent to this strong woman of the old Northland. He was bowled over, flung into the cockpit, and then Yournee faced the others.

Need she had then for her Berserk frenzy and the terrible strength it gave to her. Thrice they swarmed her, and thrice she beat them off; and at last she managed to reach and tear a spare tiller from its lashings. And then down went Malmout, down went Hajji Dass, down went our fisher friend, No. 4—he was now in the service of the Indiamen. And as he fell, Mir Jahzin fell upon him.

"Do not shoot her, Yankee pig!" he growled, and wrenched No. 4's heavy revolver from him. "The Master would tear your heart from your living breast. But she has gained the shore—we must after her."

It was easy to "after her," but catching her was beyond the speed of any of Hajji Dass' crew. For they were pursuing the fleetest foot among women in a day gone by—Yournee had outstripped many of the runners of her other day. Her clothing nearly torn from her, her long black hair streaming in the wind, clinging to her heavy club, she was a fit model of one of the Furies aroused.

All of the party save one were after her, however, and as they toiled up the rocky headlands and down declivities, they spread out, one and all hoping to round her, to head her off.

All save one. The American, No. 4, was wiser than the rest in this woman-hunting game. He had helped to round up stampeding cattle on America's western plains, and he knew of strategy and how to use it. A quick run to the halted carriage—the driver had halted and half turned the vehicle about when he heard the sounds of strife—a word of explanation—and No. 4 was stripping the harness from one of the horses.

On the swift steed he knew his chances were good. He could not follow her over the high ground, but he skirted the hills and reached the dunes ahead of her. In the moonlight he could descry the chase over the rocky highlands—a fruitless chase so far as the rest of his party were concerned, for with Yournee they had never a chance.

But he had cut her off. He had only to climb the hill, hide and await her. Cautiously, that she did not observe him, he scaled the rocky slope and as she came panting across his path, sprang upon her.

There was murder in the hearts of both as they rushed to conflict—this savage girl and this ex-convict from the States. Nor did the man think of fair play, even to a woman. His had been a slum environment, where chivalry is a sentiment not dreamed of. Nor was it in Yournee to ask for fair play. This was no new experience to her. In Berserk frenzies before this she had fought with foemen, had exulted in conquests and killings.

Foam was on her lips; she swung her club about her head; and he, crazed as she with the lust of battle, drew from its sheath his fisherman's splitting knife (had not Mir Jahzin kept his revolver he would have used that), and closed.

But the knife was beaten from his hand, his fingers were broken to bits. And then blow after blow. He was mangled, bleeding, dying as he rolled down the slope he had but a moment before so exultingly climbed. And Yournee, panting, triumphant, stood for an instant preparing with the rough poetry of her race, to chant a Saga—a pean of victory.

But reaction came upon her. She felt as never before she had felt—and how often she had looked upon death both of friend and foe, for death was no uncommon sight to this Norse girl. But death had never aroused emotion before.

But today—our day—with its softening influences had gripped her against her realization; and never again came to her the Berserk rage, the desire to wantonly kill. And never again was she a warrior woman.

So she went down to the dying man. And she wept as she knelt beside him. She could not understand him when he tried to tell her of his misspent life, of a deserted family back in the States; so he died not knowing that he had had no confessor. "An', lady, if I knowed all was well with them," he finished, "I could go cheerful—see." And whatsoever answered, his soul spent itself on the last word, and No. 4 had passed out.

And when Hajji Dass' party found Yournee, she was past resistance. And so they secured her.

"She's done for 'im hall right," reported the greasy engineer, as he examined the dead man. "She's a murdrest, wot wiv the rest o' 'er. 'Angin', she'll get which nobody never deserved lesser." But it was the stinging of his bites and scratches, I think, which biased the engineer to so great an extent.

"If ever I swore by any gods," panted Hajji Dass, "it would be this night by hers, Odin, Vile, Ve and the rest of them! She must have had their spirits in her.

"But we must get her away and get away ourselves," said Hajji Dass. "I have no reason to fear English law, for it cannot touch me; but at the moment I do not care to oppose it. We must make for France."

"But not with the Norse girl," said Dr. Lycias Walverain, as he came out of the shadows at the head of an armed party; "scarcely with Yournee, for I will keep her. Without her—go, Hajji Dass, and good riddance!"

Now Hajji Dass was at times no stronger than ordinary mortals; and this was one of the times. So when faced by six men, all well armed, he held up his hands submissively and his followers did the same.

"The woman is mine," were his parting words, as he turned away. "Take her back to your house—take her anywhere in England or the world you choose and I will get her just the same. Tonight I will come to Rooksedge for her, and there is no power in the world which will deny me admittance!"

"No one will attempt to deny you admittance to Rooksedge," replied Walverain. "Come when you choose. And then—we shall see what we shall see!"

XIV.

DR. WALVERAIN DEFIES THE CENTURIES.

"THIS night," said Lycias Walverain, "I will test the power of Hajji Dass and his rahtis.

"Altho you do not know it, Hajji Dass and I have been in conflict for many weeks. At once after he had roused the Norse girl, I began to oppose his taking her.

"If power there is to the Garuda stone and the rahtis which concentrate in it, it has its limitations. After that night of force expenditure, the Thing had to renew its strength; and mentally I have felt this strength gathering. Tonight Hajji Dass feels that he and It are strong enough.

"He let us take Yournee from him two hours ago because he did not have the Garuda stone with him—or else felt the occasion was not fitting for its use. I think the first conclusion was the correct one: After the struggle, he, excited like any other mortal, forgot all about the thing and only thought of pursuit. But when he comes here he will have the stone."

"And then?" asked Julian.

"Then has not happened yet. I have asked you before: can there be an earthly omnipotent power? Is is not possible to match strength with strength? I have looked forward to this; but I will only predict that Hajji Dass is going to overreach himself before the night is over—all will not go according to his calculations."

But Yournee was hopeless. "The Dark Saga," she said in a lifeless tone, "has vowed to take me, and his gods seem to be with him, while mine have perished or are in Valhalla where they do not heed her, the last of their worshipers. I do not wish to go; but rather than bring down the wrath of the Dark Saga upon thee and thine——"

"You would sacrifice yourself! Well, we will not require it of you, my Yournee, upsetter of destinies and masculine hearts. You do not understand this yet, girl, and you are fearful. But I have planned for it—I have expected the coming of Hajji Dass since he restored you from your sleep."

"But why not the authorities——" began Julian.

"Hajji Dass it seems is beyond the law's executives—at least at present. He says so and so I believe it would prove if the yeomanry or the constabulary hereabouts took issue with him. But in any case I desire to contest him alone. Let him come!"

"But wot if 'ee does agin wot 'ee done in the cave——" began Jimsie and paused fearfully.

"He will do worse, I think," said the doctor, "so you had better not be present when he starts in. Let him come!"

"Blyme, Hi think 'ee 'as come!" cried Jimsie, and decamped to a prearranged refuge.

"I will see him here in my study," said Walverain quietly; then to the servant girl: "Show the gentleman up! Julian, if you are fearful you need not remain. I will not need you. And remember, whatever happens, I do not rely on physical force. No need to come to my aid with weapons used to fight ordinary foes! Yournee I will keep by me. She and I will stand or fall together, but we will not fall! Show our yogi friends in!"

Hajji Dass went at once to the matter at hand.

"I have come, sir," he said in English, "for the Norse maiden. I have vowed to consecrate her to the service of the Garuda, and the gods have allowed my vow."

"The Norse maiden you will not get, Hajji Dass," returned Doctor Walverain, while Yournee, more fearful than ever before she had been in her life, knelt at his side and clutched his coat sleeve. "She is my mate-woman, whom the centuries have been keeping for me. She is a savage, because her barbaric age made her so; I am a savage, over-civilized, scientific, a social rebel, a theological insurgent. But this day we have been disciplined, we two—we have known the discipline of—but this morning I would have sneered as I spoke

(Continued on Page 15.)

The Cat That Wouldn't Scat

by Victor H. Edwards

THE case was becoming desperate. Young Dr. Lawrence Hutchins wanted to marry Esther Franklin. To him she was the most desirable girl this side of Heaven. She had been wearing his ring constantly for two years, but Dr. Hutchins continued to make that tantalizing sort of an income which is entirely sufficient for one, but less than half-sufficient for two. He fairly writhed in the toils of honest effort but to little avail. He could not expect the girl to wait much longer. He sweated over an average of his income every evening. When he deducted potential rent and furniture installments, however, there was scarcely anything left in the balance column. Ignoring these two items, on the other hand, he would find little more than enough for a moderate table at fifteen dollars weekly, for an apparel budget of ten dollars per week and for life and fire premiums.

"Why aren't you slicker?" his landlady had suggested in a well-meaning way. "You hardly ever visit a patient twice for the same ailment. Why don't you string it along like the others? My niece's husband keeps 'em in bed two months after they're well. That's the only way to get along."

He was musing over this advice in his lonely hall room on the second floor of "Mrs. Malone's" when a knock sounded upon his door. He jumped up from his ancient Morris chair and opened to a uniformed messenger boy who was fumbling in his pocket for a pencil.

"Dr. Lawrence Hutchins?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sign here. Ten o'clock, ain't it?"

"Exactly."

Dr. Lawrence signed, wished he could afford to give the boy a dime and closed the door with his yellow envelope in his hand.

"Hurrah!" he cried, and threw the paper and envelope high into the air. It proved to be a night letter, the contents of which had sent Dr. Lawrence almost thru the ceiling and out of his door in one swoop. At the foot of the stairs, where stood a little telephone stand, chair and desk phone, he grabbed up the receiver, called his number and shortly elicited a reply.

"Essie?"

"Yes, Lawrie."

"Hurray, Essie! Hurray, Essie! Got something. Coming over with it," was his incoherent news.

He banged the street door, jumped on the car, and in the next ten minutes, late tho it was, a little gray-eyed, soft-haired girl came to the door of her mother's apartment, radiantly flushed, babyishly regal and lovable.

"I knew," she said, glimpsing the telegram in his hand and guessing at its purport, "that your article against cats would be accepted just because you wrote it, however much I disagree with you on the subject." They walked in and closed the door. "Only think, tho, you old Mr. Get-There! You owe your very article directly to poor Mrs. Pussy-cat whom you attack so—so mean. Aren tyou ashamed of yourself, relentless persecutor?"

He kissed her hello. "Soft, sweet Esther," he whispered. "But," he continued after the first moments of greeting were over and following her into the living-room, "puss does absolutely no constructive work in the home—that is, in the well-kept family residence where one finds the family cat. I don't quarrel with having trained armies of cats around wharves and warehouses for the purpose of killing rats and mice, but they should be restricted to such places. The family cat is a ridiculous, useless burden, eating enough to keep a poor baby from starving."

"But one wouldn't feed the baby scraps from the table."

"Well, perhaps you are right, Esther dear, for my article came spinning back from the medical journal yesterday. They didn't want it."

The girl's eyes searched his face questioningly, wondering to what to lay the positive joy it reflected as he held out the night letter to her.

"Read it out loud, dear. I still can't believe I read it right!"

SHE received the yellow paper in her hand, glanced over the lengthy typing and began to read. It said:

Lawrie, Time is pressing as am sailing for Egypt in less than an hour. Hereby confess being in wrong in matter of our old difference. Met Miss Franklin this evening. I am sending this, tho I am a proud man, to see if you can forgive your doddering old guardian. Am still traveling, as have been for two years, and intent upon spending the rest of my days this way. Now please have the house there on Lovering st. fixed up to suit Miss Franklin. The old furniture is sold. Let her select new furnishings at my expense. Make them lavish enough for me to enjoy my visits to you. Show the dealer this telegram. Regret I have not time to fix it with them personally. As soon as we land, the first thing I'll do will be to make out my will again in your favor. However, when I return in two months I want to bring a lawyer with me and make you and Miss Franklin—whom I trust will be Mrs. Hutchins then—a wedding gift of the deed of the house. How's that? Have I retrieved my bad name? Find keys at Kelso's and good luck to you both. Your guardian, FRANK WITHERSBY.

"Why, he's that charming old gentleman I met at the Stephans' in Highland Gardens this evening who was telling me all about his travels at dinner. And he's your guardian, Lawrie! But what could have made him angry with you all of these years?"

"The same little thing that made him good at me again: You. No—no. Don't be offended, dear. He has been an inveterate woman hater as far back as I can remember him, and he had just seen me thru my medic course and internship when you and I met that eventful June and promised each other ourselves."

"No wonder you never would tell me the cause of your alienation from your uncle."

"Dear old Uncle Frank; melodramatic enough to adopt his chum's orphaned son, which means me. And he was the best of fathers to me, the best old chum in the world. There is nothing I would not have given up for him except a certain Miss Esther Franklin. But I am no blood relation to him. I've never been legally adopted. And when, two years ago, he consummately and arbitrarily severed our relations, he announced his determination to destroy the will that he had made out in my favor. Then he closed up the house on Lovering street in Highland Gardens, sold all the furniture and went away."

Esther looked thoughtful. "I don't think he really destroyed the will. He probably only wanted you to think so."

"I was of your opinion, too, for many weeks, but as the two years rolled on without a word from him, I began to think that he had really been in deadly earnest. But—God—how I missed him, Es—I never saw him after that."

"But why," asked the girl, "didn't you try to trace him?" The question was retracted immediately, however. "Of course, you couldn't—not unless he had been poor like yourself."

"And," Lawrence added, "unless I could have brought him a contrite heart and a pledge to give up this interloper, Esther Franklin, forever—which I couldn't do and remain a truthful man."

IT WAS five days later and a bright, clear afternoon in October. Young Dr. Lawrence Hutchins was walking down Loring avenue on his daily trip to the house when he unfolded the evening Tell Tale and read the following headlines:

ONION KING DIES AT SEA.

Frank Withersby Succumbs to Heart Attack on Liner.

He reached the beautiful terraced grounds, raced up the glistening red brick stairs, let himself in the grotesque door and staggered into the living-room. The latter was already resplendent with the new, girl-selected furniture and draperies. Lawrence threw himself upon the davenport.

"Uncle Frank—Uncle Frank—dear, dear Uncle Frank," he murmured grimly, swaying from side to side. "My dearest friend! The only man in all this world who half understood. D—n you!" he cried suddenly toward the great brick fireplace before him. "You devil of ill omen!"

His venom was directed toward a little, snow-white, jet-black and orange-tan cat which lay, paws curled, at the edge of the hearth. She was purring steadily and contently and her great, wide eyes looked into the unlimited darkness of the fireplace unblinkingly.

Lawrence made a lunge toward her.

"For the twentieth time, get out of here. You sly thing! How you sneak by me every time I come into this house only a cat knows."

He raised his hand to menace her but she only looked dreamingly into his face. He poked her with his foot. She whimpered a little, moved over a bit and purred on. Had he not put this cat out many times in the regulation gentle manner? Enraged, Lawrence shamelessly picked her up by the tail and pitched her out at the door.

Having closed the latter, brushed his hands off and feeling guiltily mean at what he had just done, he returned to the living-room and again sank down against a yielding arm of the soft, deep davenport Essie had selected.

It was chill in the room. Lawrence decided to light a fire—for Uncle Frank had left a log which was a veritable yule-log in the fireplace. It must be beautifully dried out, having lain there in the empty house for two years, while his uncle had been traveling. He searched for a match. Strangely, tho, for the life of him, his box was empty. Suddenly he felt a sickening fatigue steal over body and mind. He had been overworking. For two weeks he had been running it constantly; early in the night, early dawn, midnight and all day long. It seemed to him that every child in the slums must be having scarlet fever. There had not been two consecutive hours sleep in days.

He moved his arm along the arm of the davenport and gazed drowsily about the room. Its splendor soothed him. A soft, almost ultra-violet light played over all the goblin blues and burnt golds of which the room was composed. A monotone rug stretched softly off to the huge fireplace where the gigantic log posed to a background of blue-gray ashes. A young Arabian Nights' dancing girl sat cross-legged upon a crescent seat of mahogany at the side of the davenport balancing upon her head a reluctently silken canopy.

It had been the devil's own job inducing Shelby's to credit the telegram, for the latter had been phoned in to the station and there was no handwritten copy on file in the telegraph offices. Thru his friend Jack Holden the improbable had become possible, however. Jack held a high position in the auditing department at Shelby's.

"Oh, No! There's No Will," Came a Strange, Harsh Voice From the Window.

A RING at the doorbell startled the stillness. It was Jack Holden himself who came in.

"Poor old fellow," he said, feelingly,

(Continued on Page 16.)

Continuing the Story of a White Man Who Decided to Become a Gorrilla.

The Head of Professor Penola

By William P. Barron

All Conjecture Was Cut Short by a Hideous Screaming and Chattering From the Outer Chamber.

What Happened in the First Installment

PROFESSOR JOHN PENOLA, instructor in Biology and Natural History at Brownleigh College, past middle-age and married, became dissatisfied with his dull and routine life and longed for the further knowledge that could only be gained by an adventure into the wilds of darkest Africa. The wife, far below the professor in natural intelligence and learning, childless and not over-amiable as a home companion, was not so much of an obstacle in the path of the professor's ambitions as was the leanness of his purse.

Now, Professor Penola had a peculiar shaped head, and he had frequently permitted it to be examined by other scientists. In several ways its formation —especially the frontal part—compared very favorably with the skulls of large apes, or gorillas. Also, there was a bigness of bodily frame, looseness of joints, and shambling movements that stamped the professor as being quite different from the average man, physically. Possibly it was this that led him to experiment with living specimens of the monkey families, of which he had many. By the aid of a phonograph he had studied and learned the monkey languages, which differed very little among the simian species.

To acquire money for his African expedition Professor Penola sold his head to the Society of Astronomical Research for $40,000—$20,000 in hand, $20,000 to go to his heirs after his death and deliverance of his body to the society. The professor was accompanied to Africa by his man servant,

SAM, a stocky, large-framed negro, and once there the pair plunged into the jungle that bordered a British outpost. They soon disguised themselves in two gorilla hides that had been dried and preserved by an aged Zulu, who had been a gorilla hunter.

In time, the professor chanced to come upon a desperate fight between an old and young gorilla, in which the elder slew his foe. After the professor had beaten off a pack of wild dogs that attacked the old gorilla and a female who had watched the gorillas battle, and the trio were forced to flee the spot when set upon by swarms of vicious bees, the professor sought refuge in a cave and soon fell asleep. Upon awakening the female gorilla, deceived by the professor's strange disguise, was holding him lovingly in her arms, evidently having accepted him as her champion and mate, as was the custom of her kind.

CHAPTER II.

SLOWLY, with infinite pains, so as not to awaken the ape, Professor Penola extricated himself from her arms and stood erect. He rubbed the painful spots about his anatomy, which had resulted from the fight the day before, and also from his unaccustomedness to sleeping on the rocky floor of caves. He stretched himself, walked slowly, or rather hobbled, to the fissure in the rock and looked out. The jungle was silent and still, it was early morning, and the sun had not dispelled the mist from the valley of the small river.

Penola felt a fumbling clutch upon his sore and aching shoulder. Quelling the wild desire to flee, he turned. The female gorilla stood at his side, somewhat behind him. As nearly as a gorilla could smile, an ingratiating smile of affection and good will, she was doing it.

This confirmed Penola in his idea that he was regarded by the lady as her future husband. With trembling exultation he spoke the monkey word for food. He spoke it again and again, changing and rechanging the accent, until at last, when he was on the point of giving up in despair, the gorilla understood. Her deep-set brown eyes brightened, and with a guttural, whistling sound, she repeated the word for food. Penola then spoke it again as nearly like her accent as possible. He saw by the change on her expressive, hairy face, that she had understood. She made as if to leave the cave, Penola stepped aside and the gorilla led the way down the rock ledge and into the forest beyond. She shambled along as one sure of her way. Penola followed and they were soon in a thicket of wild berries, eating their fill.

Penola's adventures in the jungle, participating in gorilla fights, and having female gorillas select him as a mate, was exciting; but—as that dusky gentleman himself would have put it—he had nothing on Sam.

Following the two pistol shots and the crashing flight into the jungle, Sam and the old gorilla hunter had gone to Penola's rescue. They had proceeded cautiously as befitted the nature of the country. That is, the old hunter had proceeded cautiously, Sam merely following—a more or less unwilling participant. The jungle was getting on Sam's nerves. Those wild screams and snarls, the shrieks of agony that had come to him from the direction Professor Penola had gone, together with the fact that he could not understand a word the mis-shapen gorilla hunter said to him, filled him with terror.

Sam did not have much mind, but what he possessed was peopled with every ghastly phantasm, ghostly terror and haunting horror that the weird imagination of the negro race could conjure into being. And when the clearing was reached and the dead and mangled gorilla found there—together with the trampled vines and the bloody trail leading off into the jungle—Sam's terror bordered very closely upon insanity.

The old hunter examined everything with minute deliberate patience, shaking his head and muttering to himself. Finally he clutched Sam's arm, held up two fingers and pointed in the direction the gorilla and Penola had gone, as was shown by the disturbed vines and underbrush. Sam looked at him in undisguised contempt.

"Say, nigger, why don' you talk 'stead uv makin' signs an' p'intin' here an' yondah all de time? Talk U-nited States—same as I does!"

"Our white brother has gone there," said the old hunter, in Zulu. "With him has gone, following after, a soko-mitsu who is wounded in the left leg. We will go forward to rescue, or perhaps it may chance to give our white brother honorable burial." With this speech the old man started forward.

"I don' know whut you said," mutterred Sam as he scrambled after the sure-footed, soft-walking old man, "but if you thinks I am gwine ter help you hunt up dem varmints whut yells wuss dan any fire engine I ever hearn, why you is wrong, nigger, dead wrong! I ain't los' nary one uv 'em an' I ain't——"

Sam's words were never finished. Seemingly a hand clutched his throat from above and he was swung upwards, struggling and choking until his eyes started from his head and his brain seemed a molten ball of red fire.

The old hunter was faring likewise, but Sam didn't know it. In fact, Sam didn't know anything when his body, still jerking convulsively, came to rest upon a small, rudely built platform, high up in one of the great trees. Beside him on another platform lay the old gorilla hunter. The little people on the platform jabbering and squeaking to each other, swiftly bound both unconscious men with cords made from jungle grass and then stood about waiting curiously for their consciousness to return to them.

Sam soon regained consciousness, but he nearly lost it again when he looked up and saw peering down into his face the hideous, squat, weirdly painted faces of the tree pigmies. He turned his head slowly and cautiously and beheld the old Zulu on the adjacent platform. "Good Lawd," he exclaimed, "we shorely is in it now, and dese yere varmints dey lives in de trees! Whut else, Lawd, whut else!"

As the old Zulu became conscious he sat up and looked wildly about him. It didn't take him long to realize that he was among the tree pigmies, and that this was a newly established hunting platform of theirs. Nor did it take him long to comprehend, from the look of disgust the pigmies bestowed upon his gaunt and withered frame, and the grunts and expressions of approval a view of Sam's oleaginous proportions brought forth, what the pigmies had in mind regarding the ultimate fate of their prisoners. They were to be eaten.

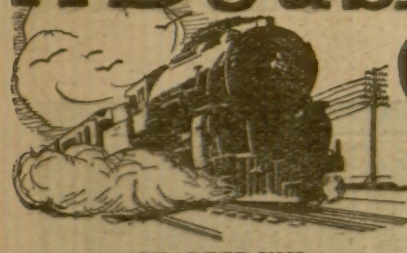
Descending to the ground with apelike agility, the pigmies carefully lowered their prisoners and set out with them at a rapid jog thru the jungle. All that day they traveled, first one game path and then another, until at least twenty miles from where Sam and the old Zulu had been captured. As the swift twilight came upon them they reached their village among the sheltering, densely foliaged trees. Here ensued a great pow-wow. The little people gathered about the prisoners, curiously chattering and jabbering among themselves.

After a time they seemed to decide the question under consideration, and the crowd dispersed. The captives were then taken to a special hut, built high up among the branches of a very tall tree, and after a time they were fed a

(Continued on Page 19.)

New and Unexpected Turns in

A Double-headed Conspiracy



by Horace Howard Herr

Who's Who in the Railroad Drama

HARDIN M'KEARNEY, General Manager of the Continental Line's Western divisions, and stockholder as well; expert railroad man who began his career as fireman on freight trains, when his big dinner paid frequently contained nothing more substantial than stale air.

KATE M'KEARNEY, the General Manager's wife, who as a healthy, jovial girl had been the life and mascot of a certain popular railroad restaurant; cashier she was, but never too proud to hand a humble railroad lad a slab o' pie and a smile.

PATRICIA M'KEARNEY, just graduated from a young ladies' seminary; full of big and noble ideas; anxious to "democratize our democracy" and to aid the Midnight Missions in "rescuing the perishing;" a good girl who always meant well.

HARDIN JACKSON M'KEARNEY, just out of college, whose mind ran principally to golf, bulldogs and cigarettes, but willing to master the railroad game **from the top down;** believed he could start as master bridge builder, if the governor would say the word; but the governor wouldn't say it.

JACKSON REILLY, assistant to the General Manager; was rear brakeman when Mac, Sr., fired the big freight hogs; knew and admired Kate in the old, grimy days; made his home with the happy pair after their marriage; when children arrived became the "fetch and carry," the Newfoundland dog of the family; in fact, he's the droll, humorous chap who relates the whole amusing story.

BURALEEN BISHOFF, a former seminary girl of veiled family connections; much too pink and flimsy to win Jackson's approval; Patricia's guest in the McKearney home, but not entirely welcome, apparently, to her parents, because of her marked attentions to Hardin J., the son; scant dresser at the dinner table; "liable to fall out of her clothes most any time," according to the loquacious Jackson.

SPEEDY BARBER, ranchman and deputy sheriff much feared by cattle rustlers; a dead shot, let the foe be mountain lion or two-legged prowler; he didn't believe in wasting ammunition; friend of Jackson's and Mac's.

BILLY BARBER, Speedy's son; chip of the old block; at the age of 10, proud owner of the ill-fated Arizona burro. "Let Jackson tell about that particular burro." That's what Billy, now a broad-shouldered, regular he-man, would say.

This story began in No. 13, the Ledger for April 1. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER VIII.

"OH, I'M taking a little jaunt down the pike," I replied to Hardin J.'s query about my destination. "You've got to keep a weather-eye on your opposition in this railroad game. Where are you going?"

"To be frank with you, Jackson, I'm not sure."

"Just walking and a-riding, so to speak!" I suggested.

"Quite so. I thought I knew my destination when I started, but I may change my mind before I arrive."

"Oh, I'm Taking a Little Jaunt Down the Pike," Replied Jackson.

"Have you much time to think it over?" I asked.

"Enough, perhaps. What time do we arrive?"

"Arrive where?"

Hardin J. very deliberately took the hat check from my hatband and compared it with his. Both had two punch marks on them and the figures 286. He held them out as if they had been the high cards in a showdown where everybody stayed.

"What time do we arrive?" he repeated.

"Guess you know as much about the timecard on this rattler as I do. You never know when you're going to arrive on this road. All depends on how many times the bullgine gets on the ties."

"We are right on time, so far," Hardin J. said as he looked at his watch. "Did you know I was on this train?"

"How would I have known it when you didn't come home last night? You ought to cut out these night runs."

"Really, I was detained by business last night until an outrageous hour, so I just turned in at the club."

"Luck any good?" I asked.

"It wasn't cards, Jackson. I met quite a clever chap, a fellow by the name of Bronson; he piqued my curiosity and I found him interesting."

"What was his game?" I asked knowing that curiosity is what makes a shell game profitable.

"I believe he is a publisher of biographical books."

"Prominent citizens and captain of industry stuff, I suppose."

"Something of that sort," Hardin J. replied. "I have a suspicion that while the project, on its face, seems quite legitimate, it's a bit shady some place."

"Faces are mighty misleading, I'll admit," I put in.

"Quite so," Hardin J. agreed. "The chap dropped a remark that suggested it might be profitable for me to make a little investigation and, rashly perhaps, I started."

Just for a minute I wondered which one of us was getting the best of the stalling. I couldn't make sense out of what the lad was saying so I shoved in with my switch shanty diplomacy.

"That's perfectly good talk, Hardin J., but what's the big idea? Why this jaunt to Eversdale?"

"Just what I'm telling you," he replied. "I'm going down to make a little investigation, or at least I started out with that intention. I've been wondering if it's just the fair thing to do."

"All of which makes as much sense as a Chinese laundry ticket," I protested. "Let's talk in real car numbers and tonnage. What are you going to Eversdale for?"

"For what are you going?" he grinned.

"Fair enough," I replied. "I'm going to Eversdale to find out something about Miss Buraleen."

"How interesting!" he exclaimed. "Quite a coincident——"

"Almost a collision," I interjected.

"I'm on the same mission," Hardin J. continued. "I feel rather nasty about it and yet I believe I can justify myself. I shan't be surprised if she has designs on father."

"Great balls of red fire!" I exclaimed. "Designs on Mac? Did you ever have your eyes examined? She's got designs on you."

Hardin J. laughed:

"You may be an authority on engines, road beds and freight cars, Jackson, but you have much to learn about women. Buraleen plays for—I say, a fellow should not make such statements until he is sure, and I'm not. It's not quite the part of a gentleman to be talking wildly about a young woman."

"I like that sentiment all right, Hardin J." I said feeling that it was safe to go quite a ways with him, "but any woman's reputation is safe between us two. I've got some suspicions of my own about Miss Buraleen. From what I've heard of Dane Bishoff this young woman isn't up to the specifications I would expect in his offspring."

Hardin J. laughed in a superior sort of a way as if he was trying to be tolerant of my intolerable stupidity:

"Did she ever say to you, in positive and direct fashion, that she was Dane Bishoff's daughter?" he asked.

"Did she ever say to you, anything in a positive and direct fashion? She's the best I ever saw when it comes to permitting you to draw your own conclusion. I'd be afraid to ask her to change a ten dollar bill because she might take the bill and leave you to infer that you had received your change. Why——"

"Oh I'm bally sure she isn't dishonest!" Hardin J. interrupted. "She's peculiar and interesting."

"Pecuniary and interest, would be better," I volunteered. "I believe I'd be willing to bet a passenger engine to a hat check that she's a fortune-hunting adventuress——"

"You have no right to talk that way!" Hardin J. protested. "She is not a bad sort, a bally good sport and much more fun than most of those primly polite persons who always are accompanied by a mother bent on matchmaking. I say, Jackson, if there is one person to whom I owe a grudge it is the person who goes in for meddling in matrimonial affairs."

"Yes," I agreed as I slipped a little farther down in the seat and wondered if Hardin J. was handing me something, "if there's one thing in which you are sure to get your fingers burned it's matrimony. There's more grief on the Matrimonial Special than on any run I know of; the time's fast and there's no end of hot boxes and chaining up and setting out and engine failures and pay day doesn't mean anything."

"But it isn't so bad, Jackson, if you get the right woman."

"But when the man gets the right woman, it's a ten to one shot the woman gets the wrong man, and there you are! It's too much of a gamble to attract me. I'm never going to be the unsuccessful husband of a successful wife!"

Hardin J. and I, being unembarrassed by the hard facts of marital experience, had a most interesting discussion of married life, while the Snail Limited crept over the rails toward Eversdale. If it hadn't been that the earth in its rotations was bringing Eversdale toward us, we never would have arrived; with the assistance of Providence and the law of nature, so to speak, we pulled into the station just two hours late, which is about as close as our rival line ever comes to its published time card.

Just two hours late in this instance meant that we showed up at the Commercial Hotel no more than a cup of coffee and a piece of mince pie ahead of midnight. Hardin J. got a room and bath and I took just a room because it wasn't Saturday night and I didn't feel like paying for a fancy stall when there wasn't enough of the night left to enable me to get my money's worth out of the bed. When I was alone in my room I got the hotel yard office on the 'phone and left a call for 6:30 because I wanted to have my ham and eggs in the clear and be out on the main line and running strong before the boy showed up.

I FELT as if I had made some progress in getting acquainted with Hardin J. while we were riding that Snail Special on the In and Out; it being understood that its owners called it the International & Overland Railroad Company which is a heavy name for a light road. My suspicion that Hardin J. was a tolerably level-headed youngster was confirmed by the convincing evidence that this Buraleen person hadn't roped him any more completely than he wanted to be roped; he knew she was daring and different and that regardless of the signals she was carrying, her rights on the society time card were uncertain. Of course that discovery was gratifying but it was evident, too, that Hardin J. wasn't above marrying the girl just because she was daring and different and that discovery wasn't gratifying. On one hand it was plain that Hardin J. was doing his own thinking and on the other hand he had the nerve to act on his own conclusions and judgments. That made it bad. I've observed that most of us are quite willing for the other fellow to do his own thinking, but we insist on his accepting our conclusions.

You Could Tell by One Good Look at Him That He Felt He Had the World by the Slack of the Pants.

I can't say that the new evidence, favorable and unfavorable, of Hardin J.'s mental maturity, perspicacity and pertinacity—it being understood that I am borrowing a few words from Pat—kept me awake. In fact the telephone bell and the announcement that it was 6:30 didn't keep me awake. I went back to bed and tried to remember what had so impressed me with importance that I would want to be up with the robins. Failing in this I went back to sleep and as a result it was just 10:24, when I came out of the dining room with one dollar and six bits of breakfast concealed in my person and, in the lobby, met Hardin J. coming in from the street. For a person who had slept in his underwear I thought he looked very fresh and cocky. You could tell by one good look at him that he felt he had the world by the slack of the pants and a down hill pull and he didn't care who knew it.

"I trust you slept well, Jackson."

"Well, if I didn't sleep well, I slept long and sometimes quantity makes up for quality. What's in the cards this morning?"

"Everything is quite satisfactory. I'm returning on the noon flier."

"Flier!" I exclaimed in disgust. "There should be a law prohibiting a road like

the In & Out from misrepresenting thru the use of that word. You mean the noon creeper, the old start-and-stop, the hop-step-and-jump——"

"The noon train," Hardin J. interrupted. "Call it what you want. I'm quite satisfied with my morning's work."

"Found the young lady?"

"The young lady!" Hardin J. repeated as if he had to make a conscious effort before he could recall the fact that there were young ladies this side of Mars. "Oh yes, Miss Bishoff! Really, don't you know, Jackson, I fancy I'll not have time to look her up. It is——"

"But I thought you said——"

"Of course I did," Hardin J. interrupted in that exasperating way of his. "But Mr. Dane Bishoff has cleared up that phase of the matter."

I took Hardin J. by the shoulder and gently but quite firmly, piloted him to a leather settle in a distant corner of the lobby because he was being naughty and I didn't want any one to see me punish him.

"Now get down to earth!" I said when we were seated. "Don't pull any more of that superior brand, on me. You know it wasn't so very long ago when I'd get the milk bottle for you every time you'd say 'Num-num,' and it isn't quite so long ago when you wore a straw sailor hat with ribbons tied under your chin and we had to put a towel 'round your neck every time we brought you to the table. What do you mean when you say Dane Bishoff cleared up something? Have you seen him?"

"Had an enjoyable hour with him. Very decent sort, is Bishoff!"

"Ask him about this Buraleen person?"

"It was quite unnecessary. He volunteered the information that he has no children."

"Well what excuse did you give for calling on him?"

"It was quite unnecessary to state an excuse, I called on business."

"Bulldogs or golf?"

"There are times, Jackson, when you are quite impossible."

"But for every-day purposes I do very well," I retorted. "There's a shipment of real information due at this station consigned to me and I want you to unload it right now. You know, of course, that Dane Bishoff hasn't any love for the Continental system and he's fighting Mac all the way round the clock and all the way across the country. If you haven't heard it, then I'm telling you news when I say, Bishoff is one of the financial pillars of the Brainbridge crowd. That gang of railroad wreckers have been trying to get the control of the Continental away from Mac for two years and when Mac's sole male offspring calls on Dane Bishoff in the early hours of the morning it's up to some one to come clean with an explanation."

"Now Jackson, you are not insinuating that I'm doing something unfair to father?"

"I'm insinuating nothing," I replied with some heat. "I don't do business by insinuating. I'm just telling you that Dane Bishoff is my idea of nobody on whom to call if you are standing with the McKearney crowd. Now what's the big idea?"

"Father wants me to go to work, doesn't he?"

"I admit that's a natural inference to be drawn from his recent behavior."

"Well, I'm going to work."

"For Bishoff?"

"Why not?"

"But why not go to work on the Continental?"

"Principally because father won't hire a man without a reputation and, at the same time, he won't give a man the chance to make the reputation."

"Mac'll give you a job, and you know it," I insisted.

"But he won't give me the job I want and——"

"Of course, Dane Bishoff will!"

"Not only will, but he has. I'm to take charge the first of the month."

"Take charge!" I exclaimed. "Take charge of some tool room or a cigar stand, maybe!"

"Take charge of the bridge building on a stretch of construction work that is one of the most difficult ever undertaken in this country. Now Jackson, that's all I can tell you and be fair with Bishoff. I've got a job and when I do that job you and father may be quite astonished to learn that the college education wasn't all golf and bulldogs."

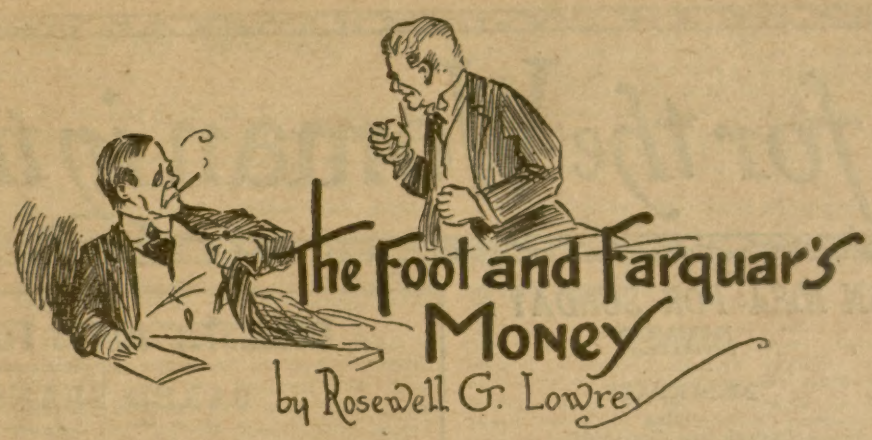
"The Brainbridge crowd is working in the West," I said.

"I've given you all the information I can consistent with the interests I represent," Hardin J. remarked and it was all that I could do to keep from laughing in his face, his manner was that important.

"And what about Buraleen?"

"I'm not interested in Buraleen. As I told you I suspect her prospective victim is father. She's a clever girl and, perhaps, she'll take some of the conceit out of father along with a check for a thousand or two. Since I had made up my mind to see Dane Bishoff about this position I thought I would look into the game Buraleen was playing. I know she is not Dane Bishoff's daughter and I guess my interest in the case ends there. I'm sure father wouldn't admit

(Continued on Page 15.)



The Fool and Farquar's Money

by Rosewell G. Lowrey

IF PATRICK LANDON, Ph. D., Th. D., D. D., had been more sophisticated it never could have happened. Tall and gray he was, and trustful. He, who thought that the whole world was honest, had fallen into the hands of the master wolf of all west Texas.

Dr. Landon, after holding the professorship of Bible in St. Mark's University for fifteen years, had suddenly been ordered by his physician to seek a high, dry climate. He had landed in Saltillo, where the flat, purple prairie stretched away to the breaks of the Canadian River, as dull and uninteresting as the professor's past. Saltillo was a strange town. The scorching, sand-laden winds had no power to wither its green hopes and glittering promises. Its sun-baked streets were filled with jostling throngs of cowboys and homeseekers. It boasted nineteen paper millionaires, fifty real estate offices, a daily paper supported by their advertisements, and a clanging, flat-wheeled trolley car which ran from one end of Polk street to the other twice in an hour.

King and creator of this dusty land, the one among them whose fortune was not built on paper, L. Q. C. Farquar sat in his plate glass office in the Farquar National Bank. It was to him that Dr. Landon went. Because the Professor must make a living, and because he knew no business except the school business, he dreamed a dream and made a proposition.

The wolf inwardly licked his chops, as a true wolf should, but outwardly he was the prey of qualms and fears. He stroked the gray mustache that dropped from his fat jowls, and gave the blue-eyed savant who sat across the table from him ample time to contemplate the ornateness of the lodge emblem which graced the white front of the financier.

"I do not know, Dr. Landon, i have my doubts about that. I think the lots in Farquar Heights will sell well enough without your seminary for young ladies, tho it might add somewhat to their value. I am unwilling to take the whole risk. Now, if you were in position to share it with me——"

Farquar's plan for the robbery, as finally outlined in that interview, would have satisfied the most exacting highwayman. Yet to Dr. Landon it seemed harmless enough. Stretching for a mile to the north of the city was a vast expanse of laid-off streets and vacant lots which was known as Farquar Heights. The banker was to deed to his victim three barren blocks of this property, which he had purchased in the old days at five dollars an acre. One of these blocks was to be the campus of the new school. The sale of lots from the other two was to furnish the money for putting up the first building. Enter, the breath of the wolf. Dr. Landon was to sign an agreement by which he forfeited the school property if he ever sold any lot for less than five hundred dollars. To bind the bargain he was to pay to Farquar the sum of ten thousand dollars; his savings for fifteen years.

It was after the trade had been made that the savant met the Fool for the first time. The Fool, dressed in greasy gray overalls, waited at the corner of Polk and Third streets for the car. He, too, was tall, and somewhat heavier than Dr. Landon. His wavy black hair was beginning to be grizzled with gray, but his face was the face of youth. The Doctor, who had never known a stranger, waited beside him. Silence in the company of a fellow mortal became intolerable. He turned his eyes heavenward.

"It looks as if it might rain," he said.

"You are a newcomer, ain't you?" said the Fool.

"I have been here just two weeks."

"I thought so. Nobody ever predicts the weather in this country except fools and newcomers. You are wrong about the rain. I am looking for a long, dry spell."

"Have you been here quite a while?" asked the Doctor.

"You got me, all right. I belong to the fool class. Been here just two years. I did some business with Farquar when I first landed, and been too poor to get away ever since."

"Is he close?"

"Close? He lost a half dollar once at this corner right here. It lay out over night before he found it, and he spent two hours scraping around in the gutter looking for the interest."

But the car was coming. On it there was a boy selling papers. Dr. Landon purchased one and read:

FARQUAR SECURES COLLEGE FOR SALTILLO.
Dr. Pat Landon, Noted Eastern Educator, to Found School for Young Ladies.
Farquar Heights Gets New Institution.

He further learned that thru the generosity of Mr. L. Q. C. Farquar, who was contemplating the immediate construction of a fifty thousand dollar residence on the Heights, a large number of lots were to be placed on sale, the proceeds to go entirely to the new school. There was a full page advertisement stating that the Farquar Realty & Loan Company would handle the sale of the lots.

THEY sold. Farquar took ten of them himself. The boom was at its height, and there were speculators enough in town to take the others. They milled like cattle around the door of the Farquar Realty & Loan Company office. The terms were fifty dollars down, and the balance in five equal annual installments. With this backing Dr. Landon borrowed eighteen thousand dollars in order to finance the construction of the school building. He got it from friends in the East, and pledged his reputation, his friendship, his honor as security.

Then Farquar offered to do a really magnanimous thing.

"You should have a residence on the Heights. I'll lend you five thousand to build. For security you can put up such lots as may come back to you when the first installment falls due on the land you have sold. You will be protected, then.

So in May ground was broken for three buildings on Farquar Heights. The residence of L. Q. C. Farquar faced the Landon Seminary. Half a block down the street was Dr. Landon's home. The initial unit of the school was designed to accommodate twenty-five pupils.

The Fool helped to install the plumbing in the schoolhouse, but when the crew was shifted to the home of L. Q. C. Farquar, he quit.

"I am not working for my health," he told Dr. Landon, "and there ain't any money in anything connected with that man for anybody but him."

The school opened in September with its twenty-five places taken. Dr. Landon was gratified. It was evident that he would make operating expenses and a fair living. There was only the borrowed money to worry him. After October 15th, when the first of the five payments on his lots came in, he would be able to reduce his indebtedness considerably.

Then the wolf showed his fangs. The Farquar Realty & Loan Company announced in a full page advertisement repeated three days, that on October 1st the Farquar Heights Addition would be opened to the public. Lots were to be placed on sale at two hundred and fifty dollars each, easy terms, ten per cent discount for cash. This time it was real homeseekers who blocked the sidewalk at the office door.

But Dr. Landon, being one of the innocents, saw no harm in the situation for him.

"It was thoughtful of Farquar," he told his wife, "not to place his lots on the market till mine were sold." For Dr. Landon was of the old school who believe that the righteous man sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not.

It was not until the 15th that he

(Continued on Page 23.)

$1 Send 00 and we will deliver this 25 Cal. Automatic to your door

Made of regulation blue steel. Has double safety and is practically **fool-proof.** Holds 7 cartridges. Shoots standard Auto Cartridges. Has rifled barrel, hard rubber checkered grips, and **safety lever.**

Guarantee
We guarantee entire satisfaction or money back

We Trust You

Every citizen owes it to himself and family to **be fully protected,** especially in these times of many holdups and robberies. **We are doing our bit to help you** get the protection you need by offering the wonderful brand new automatic pictured, on **terms so easy** that you can't afford to be without one. No red tape. All you do is **sign and mail coupon** and enclose first payment as mentioned below. **We trust you** and will ship by return **prepaid mail. Act quickly** for you might need this protection tomorrow.

RUSH this COUPON

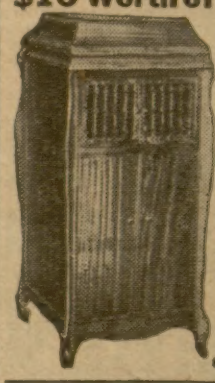
Consumers Sporting Goods House
Dept. 100, 1265 Broadway.
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find **$1.00.** Ship 25 cal. Automatic as advertised. I will pay postman $5.00 on arrival and send you a dollar a week thereafter for four weeks.

SPECIAL We have a few Automatics 32 cal. Brand new Military model, **Extra Magazine Free** to close out at a bargain price. If you want one of these, enclose $2.00 and pay postman $6.00 on arrival and pay $1.00 a week for 4 weeks.

Name_____
Address _____
City_____ State_____

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
$10 Worth of Records FREE



Simply wonderful! The limit of value giving! Just think! A GENUINE DAVIS PHONOGRAPH on 30 Days' Free Trial, and on terms as low as

$2 A MONTH

in case you decide to buy. Magnificent instruments in quartered oak or mahogany piano finished cases, equipped with the finest worm gear motors, rich toned machines — at less than half the standard prices—and $10 worth of records FREE.

Send No Money

Just a postal with your name and address. Only a limited number of machines shipped on this extra-liberal offer. Better act quickly. This is a life-time opportunity.

DAVIS, Dept. I-Z, 6101 May St., CHICAGO

42 PIECE DINNER SET Free

Distribute only 2 doz. pkgs. of our famous Soaps, Perfumes, etc., among friends and neighbors to introduce and we will send you free this magnificent 42-pce. gold and floral decorated China Dinner Set. No money or experience needed. 50 other fine premiums. Write for Free Sample Outfit.
TYRELL WARD CO., 4531 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES—LOWEST PRICE

SEND NO MONEY

JUST WRITE AND SAY YOU WANT TO TRY THE *Faultless Drop-Head, Steel Ball Bearing Sewing Machine*

When it arrives use it free for 15 days. If then you are fully satisfied with it, send us $3.95 and pay $4.00 each month for 7 months—$31.95 in all. If it does not suit you ship it back at our expense and we will refund even the freight you paid on arrival.

Genuine Oak Woodwork, beautifully finished; **Iron Stand,** enameled glossy black; **Head folds** inside, leaving flat table top; **Automatic Bobbin Winder; Self Threading Cylinder Shuttle; Adjustable Stitch.** All up-to-date improvements. All tools and accessories free. **Write today.**

FREE 15 DAY TRIAL

NATIONAL FARM EQUIPMENT CO.
DEPT. 34, 98 CHAMBERS STREET NEW YORK

25 YR. GUARANTEE

A Page for the Woman in the Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

THE question propounded to each of the guests was: "What do you think the man in this picture was?"

It was a glorious party and there were some bizarre contests held. Imagine a great, old, carven, tapestried room with the adornments and fittings born centuries ago and stretching right over into this present century. It gave one a feeling of being famous, only to touch the tortured arm of a forbiddingly proper "throne-chair." We wouldn't have breathed upon the walls, sapphire satin monotone fretted with leafy-framed herons; we wouldn't have even looked upon the great paintings, some extending from floor to ceiling, except for the fact that our hostess requested our looking at them. They were not her ancestors: This she took the pains to explain to us. They were of the great men and small men of all periods. The men who were painted, in some cases, had been famous; in other cases proved to be unknown as far as worldly fame goes, and the mere fact that a great painter had painted it made it valuable. We all had pencils and paper, and as we passed from masterpiece to masterpiece, we wrote on our slips of paper opposite the number designated, our answers to the question about the picture. And the question, as I stated above, was: "What do you think the man in this picture was?"

Well, dears, there seemed to be no question about any of the pictures! Most assuredly it stood out all over each picture what the man was. I do well remember the last division of pictures. How easy a game. Of course, number 1 was a roisterer. I could just see him holding up a mug of ale in some tavern in Florence, Italy. A handsome, devil-may-care fellow, a nobleman adventurer who would snip off a gentleman's purse for the pleasure of the thing and then flee to France in self-imposed banishment to try his fortunes there. Alas, we were all wrong. He was the composer, Donizetti, and sat in one spot all day long writing operas. But I will have my "last word." The characters in his operas were the adventurers!

Number 2 I knew must be a lawyer. He must be of a high estate for his coat a diamond-studded medal where his necktie should have been. The collar was so high it cut him across the cheeks to the very corners of his mouth. Number 3 was unmistakably a counting-house clerk. His shyly protruding chin and timidly sucked-in underlip brought to our minds the shy clerks from dear father Dickens' stories. His scant hair was brushed back, his black coat was shabby, but neat. His eyes were mild. They seemed to say, "Just give me a small position and I'll be more than glad to live from day to day." They seemed was embroidered elaborately and he had to say, "I have never had an ambition in my life."

Number 4! Who could mistake this man! Who could misunderstand those pained, sad eyes, that wistful, half-inquiring expression of the exquisite eyebrows and delicate forehead; those pleading, yearning features? A poet he must be! A handsome man, heartsick, disappointed in the motives of people, hurt to bleeding, by the callousness of apparent friends. Grey must have looked like that.

Number 5—why that must be King Louis the Fourteenth of France. The cold eyes, the fat cheeks, the pudgey nose, the long and handsome white curled wig, the gold braiding, the self-possession and aplomb! Who was he? Dear readers, he was that gentle Handel.

Who was the poet? No poet at all, but the illustrious Massenet who lives today and has given the world that heart-rending song, "Elegy."

And who was our clerk and our lawyer? Two other famous opera composers, Auber and Spontini. There were four more. Saint-Saens looked like a musician and we all put him down for that. But Thomas who wrote the opera "Mignon" looked like a novelist; Wagner like some kindly fairy-book cobbler who probably could sew men together again had they been cut into pieces; and Bizet looked like the sternest kind of a schoolmaster.

There is an uncanny similarity, however, between what these men looked like and what the famous opera characters in their operas were like.

But the point I wish to make is that one can seldom tell a composer of music by looking at him. You may think a man a plumber and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he may be a plumber; but in the hundredth case he is very likely to be a composer of music.

WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?

Editor's Note: Have you a peculiar problem of the heart that is vexing you? Are you puzzled as to the rule to follow in some social event in which you are to participate? Do you wish specialized information on

(Continued on Page 11.)

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S DINNER

BREAKFAST.

Apples
Cereal and Top Milk
Bacon
Rice Croquettes
Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Ragout of Beef
Boiled Potates Buttered Beets
Celery
Apple Pie

SUPPER.

Salmon Soup
Bread and Butter
Date and Apple Salad
Cocoa

Rice Croquettes.

Season hot boiled rice, cooked very soft, with salt, pepper, butter and grated cheese; and to one pint of rice, add yolks two eggs well beaten. Mix well and shape when cool in balls or ovals. Crumb, egg and crumb, and fry as usual.

Salmon Soup.

One can salmon, one quart milk, one quart water, one tablespoon butter. Pepper, salt and parsley. Pick out bones and skin, boil all together and serve hot.

Ragout of Beef.

Cut some very thin slices of beef from a cold roast and season with salt, pepper and a little grated nutmeg. From the bones and trimmings of the roast make a cupful and a half of rich, well seasoned stock, strain, add chopped onion, a tablespoonful of minced parsley and a cupful of canned tomatoes. Let it come to a boil, add the thin slices of beef, thicken with a tablespoonful of flour and butter the size of an egg rolled together. Serve very hot.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

BAKED BEANS LEFT OVER

WHEN there are left-over baked beans, what do you do with them? Do you warm them up a couple of times and then serve them cold and then throw away what is left because you are tired of them?

No need to throw any away, for there are good ways of serving every last bean.

For one thing, mash them up, moisten with vinegar or catsup, and spread between slices of bread and butter in sandwiches.

For another, boil with plenty of water, a can of tomatoes and a couple of onions into a delicious soup.

For another make them into little cakes. Heat them up with a little water, rub them thru a colander, and season them with salt and pepper. Form the paste into cakes and fry until brown on both sides. Serve with tomato sauce, catsup of chili sauce.

Or try reheating them in this way: Heat up left-over beans either in a double boiler or in a casserole, with a little water. Season additionally if necessary. Broil two slices of bacon for each person. Have ready neat pieces of toast, well buttered and very hot. If you keep the toast hot in the oven moisten a little, unless the beans are very moist. Now place the beans neatly on the toast, top with two slices of bacon for each slice, and serve at once.

Add baked beans to any sort of vegetable soup stock. They give flavor and thickening, both. You can run them thru the chopper before adding if you are not cooking the stock for a long time, for they should be soft and shapeless, really disintegrated, by the time the soup is ready to serve.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

FOR THE BOBBED HEAD

YOU may have heard that bobbed hair was going out of fashion. To be sure, a good many fashionable women in this country and in France who adopted the bobbed haired coiffure when it first came into vogue at beginning of the war, have allowed their hair to grow, but there are a great many others who are having their hair bobbed not for the first time. So bobbed heads are actually on the increase. One observer, prominent in society, predicts that ten years from now the woman with long hair will be hard to find. This is undoubtedly an exaggeration. But at all events bobbing is going on merrily and every day some young girl or old surprises her family and friends by appearing with a Dutch haircut.

So as far as fashion or good form goes not a word can be said about the bobbed coiffure for women. Howbeit the woman who is no longer a girl is bound to be conspicuous when she first appears among her friends and acquaintances with her hair shorn. She must think well whether she is willing to attract attention before she says "bob it," to the barber.

The same observer who predicted the increase of bobbed heads also expressed great astonishment over the way girls and women comb their bobbed hair in public. Combing up the back and side hair in public is a greater nuisance than powdering the nose or touching up the lips with a lip stick ever used to be. Probably no girl who is really well bred needs to be told that to run a comb thru the back or side of her bobbed hair in a public place is in extremely bad form. But many young women dressed charmingly in evening gowns are now seen at the theater and other places of amusement using a comb to fluff up the locks that have been crushed by the hat. If a girl doesn't have a comb in her own hair she asks another girl in the party for her comb and then uses it without apparently the slightest notion that her act is offensive to good taste. What would you say to the young man who took a pocket comb from his vest pocket and proceeded to comb his mustache or to rearrange the parting of his own smooth locks?

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about it; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

JUDITH

Judith is sometimes confused with Edith because of its similarity of ending, but this is an erroneous contention. It really has its origin in the difficult Northern name of Gyda or Gytha, which, because it sounds like Gith, the contraction of Eadgyth, is believed to have some connection. But Judith is purely Northern, having belonged to the proud damsel of Hordaland, who refused to marry Harald Harfagre unless he was sole king of all Norway. Later, it was given to the semi-Danish ladies of Earl Godwin's family and melted into Gjutha. Finally Jutta appears as a contraction for Juditha.

Judith, according to the Old Testament, was the heroine of the book of the same name in the Apocrypha. She was a beautiful Jewess of Bethulia, who, when her town was besieged by Holofernes, the general of Nebuchadnezzar, attended him in his tent and when he was in his cups, killed him and cut off his head, whereupon her townsmen fell upon the Assyrians and defeated them with great slaughter. Judith has always been a favorite Biblical name.

Perhaps because of this courageous deed of the Biblical heroine, Judith came to mean "praised." Judithe and Juditha are favorite English derivatives; the Italians have a particularly musical version, Guiditta. Judy is a diminutive, used generally as a form of affection, except in the instance of the Judy of the famous Punch and Judy show.

Judith has been beloved of authors, but curiously enough, her name has been rather neglected by the poets. There seem to be no noteworthy examples of odes to her, or her heroic deeds. But the lack has not discouraged the popularity of her name in England and America, while the harmonious Italian version has great vogue in that country.

The jade is Judith's talismanic stone. Its milky green depths hold promise of freedom from danger and insure fearlessness in its wearer. It is a curative, according to popular superstition, and hence is believed to ward off disease, and the jinx of bad luck. Tuesday is Judith's lucky day and 4 her mystic number.

Next Week: MADELINE. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 11 and 26

Victoria Grey's Talks to Women

(Continued From Page 10.)

any subject? Do you wish to consult some one upon any phase of painting, sculpture, music, the stage, or writing? Do you want to ask a question concerning beauty culture?

If so, you are invited to put your question to Victoria Grey. The chief condition of publication in the column which will appear on Page 2 is that it shall be of general interest—one that all of us may read with profit to our understanding. Only your initials will be published in our columns, or, if you prefer, your pseudonym as it appears at the bottom of your letter.

Victoria Grey, born and reared on a farm, has been in turn a successful portrait and landscape painter, a successful actress—starring on Broadway, and a successful musician. In the many short-stories and widely published novels which have flowed from her pen she has constructed literally thousands of heart problems and other kinds, too, and solved them all for her readers.

If you are beset with any kind of a problem just send it in to Victoria Grey, care of the Ledger, and if of general interest you will find it answered in Victoria Grey's new department, to appear soon on Page 2.

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS

No. 9600.—Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch material with 8¾ yards binding. Price 12 cents.

No. 1329.—Ladies' Blouse. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 12-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

No. 1131.—Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material with 3¾ yards trimming. Price 12 cents.

No. 9941.—Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 1303.—Stout Ladies' Corset Cover. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 1062.—Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch material with 4¾ yards binding. Price 12 cents.

ORDER BLANK FOR LEDGER PATTERNS.

Chicago Ledger Pattern Dept., 230 South Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

Inclosed find..... Send me the Patterns listed below:

Pattern number ..... Size ..... Price 12 cents.

Pattern number ..... Size ..... Price 12 cents.

Name .....

Street or P. O. Box.....

Town..... State.....

Inclose stamps or coin (each pattern is 12 cents). Wrap coins carefully.

All In the Way of Business

(Continued From Page 4)

was that the threats with which Wike had bombarded Shattuck probably never would be carried out. He rose to get aid just as Commissioner Voshell came in.

Benton City's police executive at once took matters in his own hands in the coolly insolent way that was characteristic of him. He called in the detectives who were on duty at the club; sent for a physician, and ordered his motor car around to convey Wike to a hospital.

While first aid was being given the injured man the detectives searched the clubhouse, and found nothing. The frightened girl who had charge of the cloakroom was quizzed, but elicited no information of value. One of the ladies had asked her to repair a torn coat. She had no needle and thread, and had gone to the stewardess to get some. It was not clear in her mind whether or not she had locked the door. No one—boo-hoo! —had ever accused her of carelessness before.

"Well," said Voshell resignedly, "we can't get anything from her. That's clear. Possibly we can gain some statement from Wike when he recovers consciousness. At any rate, we can be quite sure that the thief hid in the cloakroom when Aggie left it. There is a switch in here that controls the lights in the ballroom. He turned them off, rushed out and stole Jud—Miss Shattuck's brooch, struck down Mr. Wike, and made his escape. That seems logical, and fairly obvious. We have to find out who he was; what Wike, himself, was doing in here; and how his assailant escaped."

"He couldn't have gone thru that window," said Detective Harris. Harris was a little man, who slouched in a suit of clothes too big for him, and whose cheeks were black with a beard an hour after shaving.

"You stationed me on the edge o' the fairway opposite this window. I'll kiss the book that nobody came out o' it. I saw the light go off an' then on again. I had my smoke-pole out when you sent for me."

"Divvle a person come out be way o' the porch," declared Shaughnessy, who was big and flat-footed and obviously nothing in the world but a municipal detective. "I was there all the time."

"An' if that faller got out back," broke in Jacobson, who had a big jaw and watery blue eyes, "he was hid by the old Hex herself. I saw nobody, and I watch right."

Voshell swore. The thief had escaped, but how? He had left no trace behind him. For an hour the investigators worked. Harris, who was something of a fingerprint expert, having been detailed in the Bureau of Investigation for a year, found nothing to aid them. There were asphalt walks and cinder drives around the clubhouse, and, besides, two weeks of rainless weather had made the ground hard as iron. Nothing to be hoped from the conventional footprints, always left (in fiction) by disappearing criminals.

It was Wally who found the broken whisky bottle. He had chosen to prowl around that part of the grounds before the detectives, and his pocket-light focused on it. The neck had struck a stone, and broken off cleanly; and the liquor had seeped into the ground. Wally did not believe that the bottle was any sort of a clew, but all the mystery stories he had ever read were impressive with the value of little things. He wrapped the bottle in a bit of newspaper and thrust it into his hip pocket.

Had Voshell of the detectives acted with anything but lofty condescension, Fallon would have turned it over to them. But they were so superior that Wally mentally consigned them to a warmer climate, and decided not to make a fool of himself by handing them the bottle as a possible clew.

"Well, I guess it's up to Mr. Wike," said the commissioner when they gathered again in the clubhouse. "I instructed Shaughnessy to stay with him at the hospital until he regained consciousness and was able to make a statement."

A few minutes later the telephone buzzed insistently.

Voshell picked up the receiver.

"That you, commissioner?" inquired a voice on the other end of the wire. "This is Shaughnessy. Mr. Wike died on the way to the hospital without regaining consciousness!"

III.

WALLY FALLON, at the wheel of his Ledoux-Mercedes roadster, idled along the moonlit road between Whispering Hills and Petrie Shattuck's home, where he was to spend the night. Voshell had taken Judith in his limousine, so Wally was alone and thoughtful. After all, he felt sure of her. The capriciousness she had displayed that evening had been due to pique at his inattention, probably. He had been thinking too much of business and too little of her recently, no doubt.

Just now the murder held the center of the stage in his thoughts. Barton Wike had made himself almost as prominent in Benton City as Petrie Shattuck, tho he did not wield the power that the shipowner swung like a lash.

In personality they were direct opposites. Wike came of a blue-blooded, soft-handed line of idlers, while Shattuck, for all his wealth, was still part and parcel of the sea. Each was keenly class conscious, and that consciousness played no small role in their enmity.

Shattuck was ruthless and not too scrupulous. Wike was possibly as ruthless in his effort to reform the world—or to bring it to his way of seeing things. He had the inquisitorial mind. But he assumed a mask of sanctity to cover it.

Neither was an asset to Benton City, for Barton Wike was negative, colorless, a fomenter of trouble among the innocently happy as well as among those who violated the law; while Shattuck was an active agent of evil. A strange man, an incomprehensible one, this "boss" of Benton City. His hatreds were many. He loved only one person—his niece, Judith. There was not another living thing in the world that he would hesitate for a moment to crush if it would react to his advantage.

Just what phase of the African West Coast Navigation Company's method of doing business Wike intended using as a basis for a Federal investigation, Fallon did not know, for his activities were entirely outside the office. That it had Shattuck worried he knew beyond question. And he had heard his employer more than once curse Barton Wike with the accomplished vocabulary of the second mate of a tramp steamer—yes, and threaten him, too.

Wally shrugged his shoulder impatiently. That line of thought led to the conclusion that Petrie Shattuck was responsible for Wike's murder. The theory was hardly tenable. Tho the president of the Navigation Company might conceivably kill a man in fair fight Fallon did not believe that he would do it thru the medium of a hired assassin.

Wike must have been killed by the thief who had frightened the Whispering Hills folk for a week back. But who was the fellow? Wally told himself

(Continued on Page 17.)

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Perfectly Natural and No Gray

You can do anything you like with your hair after you restore it with Mary T. Goldman's. The beautiful, even color is perfectly natural — no streaks or freakish discoloration to betray your secret.

Nothing to wash off or rub off — Mary T. Goldman's isn't a crude dye, but a clear, colorless restorer — safe, certain and easy to apply.

Mail the Coupon

Don't accept any statement on faith, but judge for yourself by results. Fill out the coupon carefully, and if possible enclose a lock of hair in your letter.

When you have judged by this test on one lock, get a full-sized bottle from your druggist, or direct from us.

Mary T. Goldman, 1043 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair jet black..... black or dark brown..... medium brown..... light brown, drab or auburn.....

Name.....

Address.....

Please print your name and address

All Silk Canton Crepe

$14.95 POST PAID

Here's a model of all silk crepe de chine, designed to give stout women a fashionable and becoming slender figure. Made of beautiful quality and is embroidered in heavy self-tone silk. The exquisite pattern of embroidery on skirt panels, front and sleeves are features which add to its attractiveness. The becoming sweater vest is of georgette crepe. Has self-material sash belt. Feature underskirt of same quality Canton crepe. Colors: Navy taupe or dark brown. Sizes 39 to 53.

SEND NO MONEY

Mention style No. L309, name, address and size. POSTAGE FREE. Pay Postman only $14.95 on arrival. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money back.

WELL MAID Manufacturing Company
130 East 25 St. New York

CORDS 6000 MILES "OUR GUARANTEE" A NEW TIRE FREE!

$9 30 x 3½

Most amazing tire sale ever offered the motorist. These prices are only made possible by our tremendous factory output. Each tire carries our wonderful guarantee.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES

Size	Tire	Tube	Size	Tire	Tube
30x3 1-2	$ 9.00	1.75	32x4 1-2	$16.80	$3.29
31x4	10.80	2.25	33x4 1-2	17.80	3.45
32x4	13.80	2.40	34x4 1-2	18.80	3.60
33x4	14.80	2.65	36x4 1-2	19.00	3.80
34x4	15.80	2.80	35x5	20.00	4.05

EXTRAORDINARY GUARANTEE

Every tire that goes out of our factory carries this iron clad guarantee. If you don't get full 6000 miles from any tire purchased from us, we will give you a new tire FREE.

Rush Your Order! Don't Delay—send in your order now—to be sure of the sizes you want. Send $2.00 initial deposit—balance on examination—10% for cash on orders for two tires or more. WRITE TODAY.

CHICAGO GUARANTEED TIRE CO.
Dept. 84C 531 Parkside Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

Catch Fish, Fox, Rabbits, Skunk, Weasel, Mink, Muskrats etc., in large numbers, with our new, folding, galvanized **Steel Wire Traps.** They catch them like a fly-trap catches flies. Made in all sizes. Strong and durable. Write for Descriptive Price List, and our Free booklet on best bait known for attracting all kinds of fish.
J. F. GREGORY, Dept. 45, LEBANON, MO.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address **PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.**

Honor Among Thieves

by Leland S. Chester

BUZZARD ARNOLD, Jim Baines and Squint Feasley were bad men. They were so bad that Arnold was worth twenty-five hundred dollars, and Baines and Peasley one thousand dollars each to any man who should deliver them, dead or alive, to the sheriff of Sandoval County. They had been worth this for close to a year now, and yet they were still at large, free to murder and pillage at their own sweet will. They appeared at intervals of a week, two weeks, or perhaps a month, struck quickly and effectively and then disappeared as completely as tho the earth had swallowed them.

It had been almost a full month and no one had seen or heard of the Arnold gang. Sandoval and adjacent counties began to breathe easy once more. Then the Arnold gang swooped down upon the little town of Pascola, looted the general store of two thousand dollars and wantonly slew the proprietor.

Sandoval County yelled for action. As usual Sheriff Clem Holcomb with a posse of loyal and vengeful citizens picked up the fresh trail and followed it to Swift River. And there, as usual, they lost it.

He Ripped the Poster From the Tree and Re-read It at Close Hand

Therein lay the mystery. Swift River, from Tombstone Rock to the foothills a mile distant, was a shallow, sluggish stream some thirty feet in width with a solid gravelly bottom. From there on as it rose into the mountains it became swifter, narrower, following a bowlder-strewn course with numerous rapids over stair-forming rock strata. Then for four miles it ran between the walls of a narrow canyon, and ended smack up against a thirty-foot pouring over a bench in the mountains.

For two days Sheriff Holcomb and his posse ranged the river from Tombstone Rock, where the bandit trail had entered it, to the falls fourteen miles higher up. They made wide detours into the foothills, searching every foot of ground over which a horse could travel; but so far as they could discover neither hoof nor human foot had touched either bank again. As usual it was as tho the Arnold gang, along with the horses they rode, had dissolved into the thinnest of thin air.

Weary, discouraged, baffled, the sheriff gave up the hunt and turned his posse homeward. He was ready to quit. And to further aggravate matters he found upon arriving at his office an urgent message from Judge Aaron Baxter. The Judge wanted to see him at the earliest possible moment.

Judge Baxter, a big, honest, kindly man nearing 60, was deep in the records of a complicated land suit now being tried before him; but as Sheriff Holcomb clumped dejectedly into his office he swept aside his work and greeted the officer with a good-natured, lazy smile.

"Well, what luck, sheriff?" he inquired pleasantly.

Sheriff Clem Holcomb, tall and gaunt and dust-covered from the soles of his wrinkled boots to the crown of his sweat-stained, slouched hat, sat down wearily and smoothed his straggly mustache with the knuckles of a bony hand.

"Same as usual," he said, spreading his palms in a gesture of helplessness. "Trailed 'em to the river and then lost 'em, like I always do."

Judge Baxter eyed the crestfallen officer speculatively for a time.

"Clem," he said at length, "this thing can't go on. I've been over the ground myself and I know what you're up against. But all the same something has to be done. Those fellows are not birds and they're not spirits, and, by golly, they're not fish! They go into the river by land and they have to leave it by land. Besides, they ride horses. And no horse can travel in this country without making tracks."

"It would seem that way," returned the sheriff gloomily. "But them horses don't. I've hunted that river from end to end, dozens of times, and never found hide nor hair of 'em; and not so much as a turned stone or a crushed leaf showed where they'd left it. It's sort of uncanny, Judge. It's got my goat."

"We're getting to the point now," said Judge Baxter. "And speaking of goats, everybody else round here is minus a goat, too. Delegation out looking for you this morning. Red-hot and howling for action. They want this Arnold gang cleaned up, and cleaned pronto. Any suggestions to that end, sheriff?"

"No," snapped Sheriff Holcomb. "I've done my darndest. Tried every scheme I could think of. If anybody else thinks he can catch that bunch of magicians, let 'im go to it. I'm thru."

Judge Baxter waved him to silence.

"Hold on a minute," he said. "That isn't the idea at all. Folks are not blaming you. They merely want results and are all ready to lend a hand. We talked the matter over and decided to try out a scheme I've been thinking about for a month or so. Then I got the Governor on the telephone and, as a last resort, he authorized us to go ahead with it."

He reached into a drawer of his desk and drew out a bundle of heavy glazed paper, still strong with the odor of new ink. He unfolded the topmost sheet and spread it out before him. "Here it is," he explained. "Came from the printer not twenty minutes ago."

Sheriff Holcomb, looking over his shoulder, read the heavy, glaring words and sat down again.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Settin' a thief to catch a thief. It won't work, Judge."

"Never can tell," mused the Judge. "I knew these fellows before they graduated into full-fledged banditry; when they were just cheap, swaggering bullies, as ready to turn up a friend as an enemy if profit and personal safety were assured them. Human nature doesn't change much in the course of a year or so. They'll do the same thing now if we make it worth their while. There's an old saying about honor among thieves; but somehow I cannot associate honor with that bunch. What do you think of the idea, sheriff?"

"Well," returned Sheriff Holcomb slowly, "it can't hurt anything, I reckon. And if you and the folks that elected me think it'll do any good I'll scatter 'em all over Sandoval County and hope for the best. But me, I'd rather see 'em all three strung up in a row if it took ten years to do it."

BUZZARD ARNOLD, so named because his hunched shoulders, his forward-thrust neck, long, hooked nose and pointed chin gave him a distinct vulturine resemblance, was on a reconnoitering expedition. Mounted on a slim-legged, powerfully-built black horse, he emerged from the foothills, traveling in the river, and allowed his mount to splash leisurely down the knee-deep stream toward the open country. It was 6:30 of a summer afternoon and still broad day. Long immunity from arrest had made the bandit leader bold, even careless.

Some ten miles west of Tombstone Rock, where their trail always entered and left the river, lay Iron Springs, a village of a hundred or so inhabitants, in which was located a small but thriving private bank. Arnold and his gang had looted the bank ten months before and gathered in a rich haul. It should be pretty well recovered by this time. Buzz was on his way to Iron Springs now to look things over. He planned to arrive well after dusk, when there would be little likelihood of recognition, and get a line on the place. If all seemed favorable he would return with Baines and Peasley a few nights hence and make a second cleaning.

He was nearing Tombstone Rock, letting his horse pick its way leisurely down-stream, when his attention was attracted by a notice posted to a tree on the right bank. His own name glared at him in bold, black letters an inch high, and, reining in his horse, he read:

BUZZ ARNOLD, JIM BAINES, SQUINT PEASLEY, TAKE NOTICE.

To any one of the above-named persons, members of the so-called Arnold gang, who will deliver into the hands of the Sheriff of Sandoval County, dead or alive, the other two members herein named, will be paid the reward offered (2,500 for Arnold —$1,000 each for Baines and Peasley) for their apprehension and allowed his own liberty, all charges now pending against him being dismissed, provided that within forty-eight hours he leave the State and remain

(Concluded on Page 22.)

RADIO Equipment

Big FREE Catalogue

THIS FREE catalogue tells you the kind of a Wireless Telephone to own, so that you receive inyour own home all the latest news, music, church services, lectures—everything broadcasted throughout the United States.

Every home will soon have a wireless telephone outfit. We now offer complete outfits from $15 up.

Everyone interested in radio should see our low prices on parts and accessories. Write for this book. Learn about the miracle invention of the age. Easy to install, as simple to operate as a regular telephone.

One copy of this booklet is yours, free. Write for your copy.

Address, Dept. R-12
Montgomery Ward & Co.
Chicago
Kansas City St. Paul

TYPEWRITERS

Famous No. 9
OLIVER $38.90
Pay Only 10 Cents a Day

SLASHING cut and UNUSUAL terms to sell at once a big stock of the Famous No. 9 Oliver, two color, back spacer, latest model. Every one reconstructed for "A" grade showing, to stand up under SEVEREST strain.

Any Child Can Operate It
Book of Instructions FREE

Will serve the busiest stenographer; will delight the beginner. Use this famous typewriter for 5 days, on your own work under your own conditions, then if satisfactory it is yours on our easy payment plan—only 10 cents a day. $3.00 per month.

5 DAYS FREE TRIAL --- GUARANTEED 5 YEARS

Send only $3 with order. Remember we will take machine back and refund your $3 if you don't like it. We stand behind our guarantee—we've been in business 16 years—CASH PRICE $38.90 or $41.90 on payments.

MAIL COUPON NOW

International Typewriter Exchange
177 N. State St., Dept. 23, Chicago

Ship typewriter F. O. B. Chicago. I enclose $3.00 deposit and agree to remit $3.00 per month for 13 months, title to remain in you till $41.90 is paid. If not satisfied after 5 days, I will return and receive refund of deposit.

Name.....P. O.....

Shipping Point.....State.....

ABOVE PRICE OR TERMS SUBJECT TO WITHDRAWAL WITHOUT NOTICE

FINE OLD VIOLINS

On Easy Payments
30 Days Free Trial

allowed, no matter where you live. If not more than pleased with our values return violin AT OUR EXPENSE—and no harm done. Ability to play the violin brings social and financial success. Get a violin with a rich, mellow tone and it will create in you a desire to master it.

Free! Magnificent Album-Catalog

containing portraits of the world's greatest violinists since Paganini's time, a half-tone of "Stradivarius in His Workshop," and the romantic story of The King of Musical Instruments. A postal brings all to you FREE — no obligations.

CREMONA VIOLIN SHOP
Dept. H1, Chicago

Japanese Rose Bushes
Five for 5c

The Wonder of the World

Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we Guarantee it to do so. They will BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS Winter or Summer and when 3 years old will have 5 or 6 hundred roses on each bush. Will grow in the house in the winter as well as in the ground in summer. Roses All The Year Around. Pkge. of Seed with our guarantee only 5c. To introduce our 1922 Catalog we will GIVE with the above, a pkge. of Flower Seeds. [Our selection].

Japan Seed Co., Dept. 809, South Norwalk, Conn.

$200.00 A MONTH

with NEW MODEL COMBINATION CAMERA. It takes and instantly develops twelve entirely different styles of pictures, combining 3 sizes and 3 styles of PAPER POST CARDS, and also the same sizes and styles of Tintype Pictures. Requires no experience whatever. Everybody wants pictures. 500 per cent profit. THE WORLD'S BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER. Small investment secures complete outfit, including Camera, Tripod and Material for 150 pictures. Make money the first day, no matter where you live or what you are doing. WE TRUST YOU. Write today for free information and our great half-price "Special" offer.

W. J. THOMPSON CO., 615 W. 43d St., Dept. 214, NEW YORK

BOYS! MAKE MONEY EVERY WEEK selling our papers, The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. No experience necessary. You can't lose. No money in advance. We show you just how to build up a route of steady customers that means steady profits every week, and just what to do.

START TODAY

Send us a postcard and say, "I will sell your papers. Send me as many as you think I can sell."

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Dept. 10, 500-514 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

The Adorable Charlatan

By G. L. Dearing

There in the Firelight We Could See a Fiji Islander Dancing About.

AURELIUS AMMANCROW tilted his chair backward and planted his feet on the hotel balustrade.

"I hear the proud sirens of agriculture are going to reap a lucrative harvest of wheat in this section of Indiana," said I.

I was sorting labels of "Dr. Espicurius Epicunium's Hair Restorer" and "Madam Melbray's Marvelous Balm of Beauty" while Aurelius picked his teeth with a goose quill.

"Your ears," remarked Aurelius, "are registering fact, plus hearsay and truth, Have I, by any chance, ever enlightened you as to how me and Philander Pod shook down the butternut masticators of Iowa and made the Lone Star blush to the roots of her roseate reputation? It was ten years ago, and the stage set for a scenic effect of the Hawkeye State.

"Pod and me was selling bunion plasters, beauty balm and patent rights to the he and she population of the town of Prairie Pride. Business was mellow, if not rotten. The corn growers were soured on homeopath pills, powders and paste and focused the boiled optic upon our line of medicus patentus, having been skinned the week previous by some conscienceless charlatan who sold shaving paste that removed hair plus hide.

"This Shylock had secured a few pounds of epidermis with the flesh and wool thrown in when his ante was called by the city council whose maps were bandaged in mourning for late lamented and departed soup strainers, coy dispositions, and a cubic yard of manly beauty and handsomeness besides.

"The populace, resembling a turn-out of Kentucky night riders, rode Shylock out of town on a fence rail, his person adorned with a thick resinous substance obtained from pine and fir trees and decorated with the plumage of the barnyard fowl.

"Deposited without recourse in a sand bank on the edge of the town, he was tendered his valise and ordered to unburden the corn belt of his hatred presence, which he did without argument or digression.

"Prairie Pride, as a sample, was no better or worse than other towns of its size. It had, I judged, about 1,000 inhabitants of people, the largest per cent being made up of men, women and children, a few of whom were human beings. The lid was on with a gasket underneath. No ice cream sodas on Sunday, no cigars. Nothing served but church, Sunday school, prayer meeting and song service, taken after each meal at bedtime and upon arising.

"We gave Prairie Pride the once over and walked back to the hotel to thaw out. It was summertime and hot, but from the reception accorded us I figured Professor Amundson was lookin' in the wrong location for the North Pole. We invoiced Pod had two dollars and ten cents and I dug up a flat silver certificate good on call at the U. S. Treasury for one dollar.

"'It looks,' says Pod, 'like such little items as Neapolitan ice cream, perfectos, claret, and chocolate eclairs would be absent from the dinner card this evening. Can you suggest alternates?'

"'My self-starter of suggestiveness,' says I, 'is short-circuited in the distributor box. My appetite, however, is hitting on all six. While taking the pulse I noted on the outskirts of town a field of juicy, delicious, and ripening corn. Ere now, I doubt it not, the festive fowl reposes peacefully on the roost. Steaming roasting ears and roast chicken are not bad entrees, served a la carte, without cost, charge, or bill of expense.'

"'Your cranium,' remarks Pod, 'is registering brains. Let us repair to the hoop skirts at once, shake King Corn down for a few ears predestined by Nature to cop the ribbons at the county fair and cause the ruralist's coop to unburden its finest specimen of physical perfection. I used to play in the silver cornet band and I feel perfectly at home with a drumstick in either hand.'

"We sauntered down the main stem and by the time we hits the edge the town was dark.

"'When it comes to copping the night bird from its boudoir,' says Pod, 'I have a Maxim silencer in either hand.'

"'In which case you're elected,' says I, 'an' th' lot of corn falls to me.' And a lot of it did. I reekon we both lived up to our boasted attainments, tho I hate to brag.

"AN HOUR later we was safe as the babes in the tall woods, with a kettle of roastin' ears dancin' a jig over the fire and a big fat hen roastin' on green wood sticks.

"All of a sudden out of the bushes back of us a curdling screech that sounds like a cross between a calliope and the war cry of a Comanche Indian bursts forth and Pod an' me goes in to clean up the world's record for the hundred yard dash. We looked back. There in the firelight we could see a Fiji Islander prancin' about in joyous manifestations of delight with a roastin' ear in one hand and the northeast corner of roast chicken in the other, and each one a-tryin' to beat the other to the subway entrance of certain destruction. Pod takes a hitch in his trowsers and says:

"'Come on, Caw. No son of a sea cook dressed up in nakedness and murmurin' like a volcano inside can butt into the game and grab my stack of chips. I'm going to make him show his hand.'

"We ambles back to the scene of the midnight frolic and Pod addresses abrupt remarks to the human ogre:

"'What's the big idea,' says he, 'of hornin' into our tea party without presentin' your callin' card or havin' your name announced by the head butler?'

"The black man tries to answer Pod but a mouthful of truck makes a mumble of it.

"'Speak up,' says I, 'you imp of Mephisto, or place your order with the undertaker and send for the cut flowers. Our sense of social obligation and ethics has been violated malgre nous.'

"'Boys,' says the black man between a sob and a swallow, 'I crave for pardon. But (munch munch) food in its delicate and savory senuousness (munch) has lured me thither. Food and I have been (munch) utter strangers for days.'

"'For strangers,' says Pod, 'you mingle well. Why the masquerade in the cannibal costume and the hide out in the tall and uncut pines?'

"Fiji casts away a cob and draws fresh provender from the kettle.

"'You invite meditation from its luxurious couch and history from the archives of a bitter past. Now that you have invited me to join you in this feast fit for the gods (munch) fall to, boys. I would not feast alone.'

"You seem to be doin' pretty well for a monologue party,' says Pod, 'but your suggestion is not without merit. Eat we will, not wisely, but in self-defense. Come on, Caw, before this human food destroyer cleans the boards. There's just about two ears of corn left, and Holy Grimbo! About all there is left to that chicken is its altrustic disposition. Those drumsticks have beat their last tattoo. Yon tail will never wiggle again, nor those wings gently flutter hither and yon. In Heaven's name, you Ambassador to Dahomey, what did you leave besides the country?'

"We took the remnants of the chicken's constitution and by-laws and sat down. Fiji joined us.

"'Now,' says Pod, 'expurge, unburden and come clean—I mean as clean as you can, seein' as how you didn't come extra clean. My academic soul yearns for recitation.'

"Well, he was the shaving cream vendor all right. Pod and I figured that the minute we sets eyes on him. Society had somewhat misused him. He glistened like a new buggy in the firelight, and smelled like the roof of a forty-story skyscraper.

"We tried to get the tar off with a pocketknife, but it stuck to him tighter than the Solid South to a Democratic candidate. His howls would have drowned the murmur of Niagara. We laid off, finally, and thought up all the means known to homeopathy and medicine.

"'Taint no use,' groans Fiji.

"I couldn't tell whether the groan comes from his pent-up and injured feelings or the load of garbage he was on the outside of. Pod thumbs his lips and puckers his brow in painful meditation.

"'Shy,' he says after a moment, 'you might connect with 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' as Topsy or pose in front of a cigar store advertisin' licorice chewin' gum. Lookin' back over the future you have a delightful an' pleasin' past to draw from.'

"'Oh!' groans Shylock, the Fiji, 'What'll I do, boys, what'll I do?'

"'You mean,' says Pod, 'who will you do. It's gonna take a sandpaper factory to bring you down to normal delinquency. You ought-a been satisfied with skinnin' the public out of their pin money instead of their skin.'

"'I was,' answers Shy, indignant. 'I used muriatic instead of boric acid by mistake, that was all. A slight technical error you must admit.'

"'Oh, a mere trifle,' says Pod. 'I have always been in favor of smokeless powder for the face and dynamite sticks for Roman candles. But there's the public, my dear man. They always blow up over such trifles as acetylene was plants and gasoline stoves. Be that as it may, the treatment accorded your person was to say the least, slightly, exaggerated.'

"Shylock would-a been mighty glad to exchange the pound of flesh he got from the citizens of Prairie Pride for the five quarts of tar and trimmin's, but in the law of barter and trade he had been worsted. He said it made him feel bad to be treated like a leaky roof when the inside of him was full of good intentions toward the misguided civilians. The more he thought about it, the more eloquent he become. Then he begins to get mad and to cuss.

"HE SURE knew all the word phrases, and embellishments of the profane section. He began with the city council and the mayor, sideswiped the school board and maligned the town marshal. He seared and scorched the townspeople.

"His gentle stream of abuse widened into a rearing torrent of epithetical fury and in order to round out his oration he slammed the suffrage question, kicked a rib out of the Trusts and charged madly upon the Carnegie pension fund for college professors.

"We left him orating with his hands and feet to the stars and went to sleep.

"I walked into Prairie Pride in the morning and sells two members of the antiquated old maid's society a couple of bottles of face restorer made of cornstarch and blushin' with cherry coloring.

"They gave me two dollars and their confidence, and I left them 5 cents' worth of glucose and breathless anticipation. When I got back to camp I finds Pod playing solitaire.

"'Where's the son of Ham?' says I.

"'Oh,' says Pod, 'I guess he heard a voice cryin' in the wilderness and beat it. What sayeth the busy Deborah?'

"'Two bottles of Madam Melbray knocked down to the Superanuated Old Maid's Union for two bucks, cash in hand. After the funeral——'

"'Whose funeral?' asks Pod.

"'Trade,' says I, 'has joined the morticians. It has croaked, expired and

(Continued on Page 24.)

The Busiest Corner in the World

We own and occupy this entire 17 story building and the services of this great institution are at your command. Our immense Cash Buying power enables us to secure the world's best bargains for you.

Your money back if you are not entirely satisfied

A Choice City Style Only $1.98 Per Pair Postpaid

Paris created this lovely style, we made the low price and when have you seen anything prettier or such a bargain? Think of it! Only $1.98 for these elegant patent leather or black kid finished leather "Cleopatra" slippers trimmed with the new tassel ornament and dainty perforation. Flexible leather soles and stylish Cuban heels with rubber heels attached. Send only $1.98 or pay your postman when the parcel arrives whichever is the most convenient for you. Sizes 2½ to 7. Width D & E. Order Patent Leather 6B392. Order Black Leather 6B393. Price delivered free - - $1.98

Boston Store Chicago Ill.

Send No Money

7 JEWEL WATCH $8.75 POST PAID

Bracelet & Chatelaine Pin

Season's Most Startling Watch Offer.

This beautiful high grade ladies' small size, 10 year guaranteed, seven jewel watch and bracelet ($10 value) now only $8.75. Stem wind and set—beautiful case, attractive gold dial, all modern improvements, accurate timekeeper. Sent in velvet and silk lined case. Limited qty. Send no money—just send name and address. Pay postman on delivery $8.75, plus few cents advertising price. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write today.

Standard Jewelry Co., 839 Roosevelt Rd., Dept. 51, Chicago

Embroidered Linene
$3.59 For One Dress
$2.98
2 DRESSES ONLY $4 EACH
Polka Dot Organdie
This astonishing advertising offer makes it possible for you to choose either ONE of these lovely $7 dresses for only $3.59. And if you order BOTH, whether for yourself or with a friend, the price is cut again to only $2.98. No time to lose, not one cent to risk or send—so be the first to write for these marvelous bargains!
Season's 2 Prize Styles!
Search where you will, you cannot find 2 such elegant, fashionable dresses anywhere else! The youthful, graceful lines are becoming to all figures and ages. Highest quality material, delicate summery colors. BOTH dresses launder beautifully!
At Last A Real Cut Price Sale!
Embroidered Linene
DRESS — Elegant wash material, won't shrink. Popular ONE-PIECE model. Great big artistic 2-color wool-embroidered MEDALLION of French knots covers front of waist, matching the rich embroidery on both novelty pockets and bottom of skirt.
LAUNDERS PERFECTLY
Dotted ORGANDIE
DRESS — Polka-dot Organdie, the favorite summer material this year. Crisp white Organdy, dainty dots of Hardanger Blue or Rose design. Tuxedo collar and cuffs trimmed with VAL. lace. Vestee of sheer white Organdie. White Organdie Panel skirt.
Harding Blue or Old Rose
No. A1016
SEND NO MONEY!
No. A1016. Order ORGANDIE dress at right by No. A1020. Be sure to state color and size wanted. Women's sizes 14 to 20. Misses' sizes 14 to 20. Remember 1 dress, $3.59. 2 dresses, any 2 sizes or any 2 colors, sent again to only $2.98 each. WE PAY POSTAGE. Pay bargain price when dresses are delivered. Money and postage instantly refunded if you are not delighted, so don't wait a minute, order right away!
International Mail Order Co. Dept. 104 CHICAGO
$3.59 For One Dress $2.98
2 DRESSES $4 EACH
$3.59
2 DRESSES $4

FLIRTATION SPOILED

"AH, LITTLE one," said the facetious patron, "I could sit here all day and let you work on my nails."

"I'm afraid you couldn't," said the fair manicure.

"Why not?"

"The large barber up in front is my husband. I can tell from the way he's shuffling his feet that as soon as he gets thru shaving the man he's working on he's going to stroll back here."

Little Girl's Conclusion.

A little girl was spending a night away from home. When it was time to go to bed she knelt at the knee of her hostess to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting.

This not coming, she was heard to remark: "Please excuse me. I can't remember my prayers, and I'm staying with a lady that don't know any."

Sure Sign.

Putting things as simply as she could, the teacher of the first grade class in physiology asked the children if they knew there was a fire burning in the body all of the time.

"Yes, teacher," said one little girl, "'cause when it's a cold day I can see the smoke."

Can't Be Done.

"Poor little man," said the policeman to the little boy who was crying the other day in a busy thorofare, "so you've lost your mother. Now, why didn't you keep hold of her skirt?"

Between sobs the little fellow blurted out, "I c-c-c-couldn't re-reach it."

A Permanency Instead.

"I hear George is to be married next month to that brunette he became engaged to at Christmas."

"Why, I thought that was one of the temporary holiday engagements."

"George thought so, too."

Painting the Landscape.

"This fellow tells me he is a landscape painter."

"Well, he does decorate the landscape in a way. Paints advertisements on rocks and trees."

There Are Others.

Hill—According to the highest theologians, Adam was merely hypnotized at the time of his marriage.

Dell—Why pick on Adam?

Friendly Caution.

Boarding-house Guest—Say, old man, I wouldn't risk the rice pudding—there was a wedding next door yesterday.

SOLID IVORY

THAT'S GRATITUDE

Excited Father—Are you the man that saved my boy from drowning?
Rescuer—I am, sir.
Excited Father—Well, where's his hat?

MUST OBEY ORDERS

A COUNTRY farmer walked into the little general store with a firm and decided step. "I want," said he, "that tub of margarine and that lot of bacon, and all the other foodstuffs."

"Good gracious!" said the recently bereaved widow who kept the store. "What do you want with all them things, Mr. Giles?"

"I dunno," replied the worthy farmer, "but, you know, I'm the executor of your husband's will, and Lawyer Stiles said I was to be sure and carry out all the provisions."

On the Train.

Passenger—Conductor, why did the train stop?

Conductor—There were some cattle on the track.

Five minutes later.

Passenger—What's the matter now?

Conductor—Aw, we caught up with those darned cattle again.

Comforting.

Old Lady—Oh, sir, please stop the train! I've dropped my wig out the window.

Fellow Passenger—Never mind, madam! There is a switch just this side of the next station.

Airy About It.

"Where are you off to, Bill?"

"To raise the wind."

"What for?"

"To meet a draft."

To Fillum Up!

Actor doing a five-a-day in vaudeville went crazy recently and imagined he was a film.

New Name; Old Song.

Customer (in music seller's)—I want a copy of "The Stolen Rope."

Assistant—I am afraid I don't know of such a song.

Customer—Why, it goes "Tum-tum-tumpety-tum."

Assistant—Oh, you mean "The Lost Chord."

Customer—Ah, that's it!

Cynic!

Timid Youth—What do I pay for a marriage license?

Facetious Clerk—Well, you get it on the installment plan.

Timid Youth—How's that?

Facetious Clerk—Two dollars down and your entire salary every week for the rest of your life.

Professional Rivalry.

Kriss—While dining in a restaurant last night we were held up by two bandits.

Kross—That must have made the waiters real jealous.

OUR OWN MA GOOSE.

Hickory, dickery, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock was on a lady's stocking—
The words she used were simply shocking.

Space Fillers.

"Why the crinoline costumes?"

"Well, we got a small company. With them costumes six girls can fill the stage."

Heard on the El.

"Such a dear little bungalow Maud has had built for herself. It is so neat."

"Neat! I'll bet she had every nail in it manicured."

REDUCED PRICE

SPLOSHKINS wanted to sell his horse, so he prevailed on the local dealer to come and see the animal.

"That's a good horse, Mr. Taylor," Sploshkins said to the dealer. "It cost me $2,500, but you shall have it for $250."

The dealer gasped.

"That's rather a big reduction, Mr. Sploshkins, isn't it?" he asked.

"Well," the vender admitted, "the fact is it bolted one day and killed my poor wife, and now I've got no further use for it!"

Ah, the Dog!

"Goin' in that house over there?" said the first tramp.

"I tried that house last week. I ain't goin' there any more," replied tramp No. Two.

"'Fraid on account of the dog?"

"Me trousers are."

"Trousers are what?"

"Frayed on account of the dog."

Correct.

Members of the Naval Board were examining young applicants for appointment to a naval college.

"Well," said an old Admiral to one of the youths, "what must an officer be before he can have a funeral with full naval honors?"

"Dead," answered the bright youth.

Day Rate Is High Enough.

"I see by your sign that you now charge 10 cents extra on all drinks served at the fountain after midnight."

"Yes, in the future a quarter will be what I may call the nightrate of soda."

Crossed Wires.

Pastor (from pulpit)—Many are called

Parishioner (half asleep in church)—Right. But the wire is usually busy.

NO VISIBLE HOLES

A WISCONSIN editor was visiting in Chicago and decided to buy a new Panama hat. Going into a store, he asked the price of one that looked good to him.

The clerk replied: "Fifteen dollars."

"Where are the holes?" the editor asked.

The clerk appeared bewildered for a moment, but managed to ask, "What holes?"

The editor replied: "The holes for the ears of the ass that would pay fifteen dollars for a hat like that."

Doing Well.

"I guess my daughter has taken a course in housework at college."

"Heh?"

"She writes that she is on a scrub team."

From Out the Centuries

(Concluded From Page 5)

the word—love. We two will go into civilization together—and you, Hajji Dass, have not the power to take her away from me!"

"The power I have and will use it!" cried the ex-yogi; and then in sharp warning; "Have a care, man, have a care what you do! Centuries of forces—countless, eager rahtis—are back of me. They will tear you to pieces!"

"I do not fear them—or you, Hajji Dass," retorted Walverain, "because I know them and you for what you are. You have only the false and the misplaced Energies behind you and they have only the power human fear gives to them. In life they were impostors, as you are, Hajji Dass, never true Adepts, but always with evil aims; and they wander, forever denied your Nirvana and never again to be permitted incarnations. You are an impostor with only the power of impostors behind you; and this night I will defy you and defeat your centuries of gathered forces by the power of a single Will!"

"Then be thy doom on thine own head!" cried Hajji Dass in Sanskrit. And raising the Garuda stone he once again pronounced his invocation.

"Oh, great and restless Energies! Oh, wandering Rahtis, souls out of the unattainable Nirvana, thine aid I again command! Concentrate yourselves again in the stone that I may manifest thy power and mine!

"I will that thou crush this Earth creature who defies thee, reduce him, body and spirit, to cosmic dust, efface even his memory from the thoughts of men! And then give me the maiden that she may be my slave in the Garuda Temple!"

The lights of Rooksedge faded. Again a darkness, deeper than the darkest night prevailed. Again the cold of etheric space gripped all present.

Now God defend you, Lycias Walverain, and God protect you, you Norse maiden! The Thing is present—the Thing of countless evil faces, of countless thousands of terrible claws! They clutch at your throat, Lycias Walverain, they tear at your vitals! Yield you but the breadth of an atom, believe in them, fear them for one second and they will be upon you!

And the girl moaned and was fearful as she knelt in the darkness, but the man stood tense and undismayed. And the Thing circled about him and foamed with rage; and then the Evil Faces, gnashing their teeth, disappeared leaving behind only wisps of filmy vapor; and the man stood, strong undismayed, even scornful.

Then out of the wisps of smoke came countless winged serpents—cobras, slimy and deadly, squirming across each other as they floated about. And yet the man did not fear. Only, tiny beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. But the skeptic in him was heard to cry out: "Illusion! All illusion!"

And then the room was again ablaze with light, and Hajji Dass, with a cry like that of a mortally stricken animal, stood staring with bulging eyes at a little pinch of marble dust in his hand; for the effort of his own force had dissolved the Garuda stone. And Hajji Dass reeled before the terrible fact that his dream of evil power was over.

But Yournee, released, fled. Sobbing, to Liza and her mother, to swoon, strong woman tho she was. Only Doctor Walverain stood as tho turned to stone and now the sweat of his effort was upon his face. And it may be that, skeptic tho he was, he felt that a momentary loss of confidence might have lost him all.

Down the steps from Rooksedge's main entrance tottered a man whose steps were feeble, who had to be supported from either side. In one brief hour Hajji Dass had grown old, old, old—old beyond his years and before his time!

XV.

LOVE IN THE LONG AGO—AND TODAY.

"LISTEN!" said Walverain, as Yournee, with eyes shining, came into the room again. And he opened a window which looked out on the sea.

Far away across the dunes came a series of pistol-like volleys. The electro-vapor launch was getting under way.

"It is Hajji Dass' farewell," said the scientist.

"Impostor he was, but certainly no ordinary one," said the doctor thoughtfully, speaking in the Norse-English tongue; "and sincere in his theories no doubt as I myself. For after all what belief did I hold that was good? If I believed anything it was that Life is a nightmare of devil's angels and we Earth-folk are the children of their hateful dream.

"Hajji Dass' ways were no more evil than mine, despite the difference in our methods; and yet he has lost all and I have gained everything. But it is for me to keep what I have gained. I am not too old, I think—I am but in my early forties. I have wealth, skill in surgery, a knowledge of many things. And greatest of all, I have an impulse—that kind without which no man can do a good work in this world. And I have much repairing to do before I am worthy of you, my Yournee."

But Yournee was reminiscent. "It was Ulvorstede, the Scarred-Neck, the terrible Berserk, who taught me that men I could not love or trust, but must always hate and defy. I was strong, but he was many times stronger, and besides he beat me with his great club. The bruises I have yet and they hurt me at times, altho they are ten centuries old. And he was dragging me to his ship, when my brothers came—but my father and brothers, too, were terrible and cruel as were all the men of that day. And I learned to fight so that I would not be like the other women who walked always in the shadow of fear. But with you, I think, there would never have been a shadow, but always the beautiful sunshine.

"I am old, very old," she finished with her pretty lisp, "altho my Yesterday in the Long Ago was but a short one. Ah, yes, I am old, but it does not matter for to love I am very young. And it is all so splendid." And then she slipped into his outstretched arms.

THE END.

A Double-headed Conspiracy

(Continued From Page 9)

that he needs my protection, Jackson."

"And you're going home on the noon train?"

"I am, Jackson, because I'm going to be very busy between now and the first of the month."

"All right, just hop to it!" I said as I got up from the settle.

The boy started away and then turned back to me:

"Jackson, every man has his ambitions," he said and his earnestness reminded me of the day when, as a little chap, he talked me into buying him a velocipede. "I have mine and I'll make good on them in an acceptable degree. Please don't say anything about this at home. Patricia is a good sister but sometimes—well she just doesn't know much about men's mental processes and as for father, he can't realize that I have grown up. I want to show him, Jackson, that I can start as bare-handed as he did and go just as far. Permit me to break the news in my own way."

Always, I've wished that Kate and Mac could have been within ear shot and heard that little speech. The way he said it made little tickles run up and down my spine. He made me realize he had made up his mind and already I knew that having made up his mind, like his father in such a case, h—l and high water wouldn't change him. I thought I could look down the right of way and see some rough spots in the road bed but I said nothing about them at that time. To have, done that, in the language of Pat, would have been a gross impropriety, which is a society way of saying "joy killer." I just stuck out my hand to the youngster and said: "I'm for you, Hardin J. Go your best!"

"And you'll keep me posted on what goes on at home?"

"I sure will."

"And if I get in a hole, Jackson, maybe you'll let me tell you about it and show me the way out?"

"I sure will."

"You're a brick, Jackson, and I'm going to miss you like the devil."

The farther that conversation went the more brilliant grew my part of it. My throat felt rather dry and my vocabulary exhausted. As the youngster walked thru the lobby to the street I realized, for the first time, how much he resembled Mac and while I had no very clear idea of what were his plans and purposes I was ready to go out and bet at least one year's income that he'd go thru with whatever he started, even if it was showing his dad that he, the youngster, was the son of his father.

Will Hardin J. make good? Will he succeed in mastering the railroad game "from the top down?" Or will the vampish Buraleen throw a switch and shunt his ambitions from hard work to the luxurious ease of the Honeymoon Express? Perhaps the next number of the Ledger will tell. Perhaps. Anyway, don't miss it.

* * *

Apaches of Paris.

ALMOST every newspaper reader has read, at various intervals, of the Apaches of Paris, but few really know exactly what they are.

In plain English they are just hooligans, but they received the name of Apaches because their cunning and cruel methods were supposed to resemble those practiced by the red Indian tribe of that name.

Apaches, according to H. J. Greenwell, an author, are both sexes and are organized in gangs, each with its own allotted territory and its own "king" or "queen," as the case may be.

Apaches never do any honest work. They are human tigers, forever on the prowl. And, like the wild beasts of the jungle, they prefer to stalk their victims under cover of darkness.

They hotly resent the charge of cowardice, which is a fact so often leveled at them, and it is a fact that many male Apaches fought bravely in the war.

There is one story of a notorious Apache, who when he was mobilized, went to the police station and asked to see the commissaire.

"I am going to the war," he said, with an insolent smile on his face; "will you shake hands with me before I go?"

The commissaire refused. No doubt he was worried and had no time to shake hands with Apaches.

Two years passed.

Then the Apache reappeared at the police station, this time in uniform. One sleeve of his tunic was dangling loose.

"Before I went away," he said to the commissaire, "I had two hands and I asked you to shake one of them, but you refused. Now I have only one hand; will you shake it now?" The commissaire shook.

Nine-tenths of the street robberies and "holdups" in Paris are the work of Apaches. They prowl everywhere and woe betide the belated stranger who falls into their clutches.

To be robbed of all he possesses is the least he can expect; while if he attempts to resist or "squeals" he is more likely than not to be sandbagged or knifed.

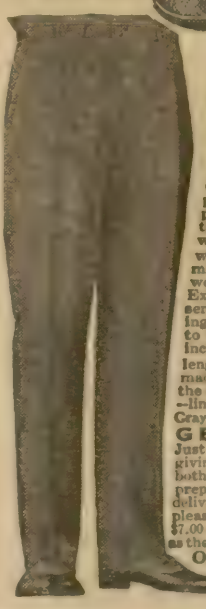
The Apache has no family, no wife, no home. He has a language of his own which is very picturesque.

The Black Maria is a "salad basket" and the prison is a "violin." When one Apache invites another to take a drink with him he will ask if he will "strangle a parrot."

Hardly anything is ever called by its real name in Apache land.

DANDY HAT FREE

BARGAIN Fine Serge Pants



$7.00 Value NOW **$3.98**

SEND NO MONEY

Here is one of the biggest values offered to readers of this paper. Will send this splendid pair of serge pants and with it this fine latest style hat FREE—without asking for one cent with the order. PANTS are made of extra quality blue serge, well tailored in every way. Extra heavy pocketing, all seams serged, no raw edges, bar tacking, strong belt straps. Waist 30 to 44, inside seam length 30 to 36 inches. Be sure to give inseam length. HAT we give free is made of good quality wool cloth in the new stitched soft fedora style—lined throughout. Colors: Tan, Gray or Green. Sizes 6½ to 7½.

GET A HAT FREE

Just send your name and address, giving sizes wanted. We'll send both pants and hat by parcel post prepaid. You pay mailman when delivered. Your money back if not pleased. Here is positively a big $7.00 value for only $3.98. Send Now as the number of free hats is limited.

Order by No. 17 C80.

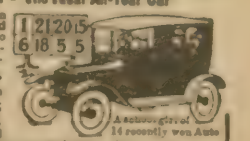
HOWARD-LUX CO.

DEPT. 17 CLEVELAND, O.

Ford GIVEN FREE

A Luxurious Sedan - The Ideal All-Year Car

Join great Auto Club and win Grand Prizes including Ford Sedan! Can you make out two words spelled by figures in picture? The alphabet is numbered—A is 1, B is 2, etc. What are the two words? 10,000 Ford Sedan votes given for your answer. Other valuable prizes and hundreds of dollars in cash given. Everybody wins! So easy you will be surprised. We've given away many Autos. Everyone has an equal opportunity. Why not you? Send Answer today. Ford Willson, Mgr. 141 W. Ohio St. Dept 2723 Chicago, Ill.



Actual Photo of 14 recently won Auto

Free for 10 Days' Wear

Send no money—just your name and address. We will then send you one of these genuine Tifnite gems to wear for 10 days. Note its dazzling brilliancy. Put it alongside the costliest diamond. If you can tell the Tifnite from a real diamond send it back.

Like a REAL Diamond

A genuine Tifnite has all the fire and flash of a real diamond. And like a real diamond, every Tifnite is set in a beautiful solid gold mounting.

Gents' Ring No. 1

Genuine Tifnite gem. Almost 1 karat in weight. Solid gold mtg. Wide flat band. 8-prong setting to hold stone securely.

Ladies' Ring No. 2

Newest style mounting. Solid gold and hand-made, guaranteed. Genuine Tifnite gem, almost 1 karat weight, in exquisitely rich setting.

Order Quick We have only 5,000 of these rings to quickly introduce ourselves to new customers. Prices specially low, terms very easy. Everything on pay-as-you-wear basis. Send strip of paper fitting around second joint of finger for your ring size. We will send you your choice of these Tifnite rings. When it arrives, deposit $1.50 with postmaster. Wear it 10 days at our expense. If anyone can tell it from diamond, send it back and we will refund your deposit. If you decide to buy, merely pay the balance at $3.00 per month until the special price of $12.50 is paid. Write today.

THE TIFNITE COMPANY

511 S. Plymouth Ct., Dept. 560, Chicago, Ill.

THIS WALKING, SLEEPING, CRYING DOLL FREE!

This is Betty Blue Eyes—the most lovable doll you ever saw. She is almost human, for she can walk, go to sleep, and cry out loud. There are some dolls that can do one of these things, some another, but Betty Blue Eyes can do all three. Did you ever before hear of such a wonder doll?

And, besides, she has soft brown hair that you can comb and curl, and the cutest little dress that you can take off and put on. Won't it be heaps of fun to waken Betty Blue Eyes from her sleep, spank her if she cries (for she really can cry out loud), and then get her all ready to take a walk?

Our Wonderful Free Offer to You

All you need to do is to send us your name and address saying you want Betty Blue Eyes for your own. We will then send you 8 beautiful pictures—copies of famous paintings to distribute among your friends and neighbors on our easy plan. You can easily do this the same day you get the pictures. For doing this, we will send you, FREE and POSTPAID, beautiful Betty Blue Eyes—the wonderful walking, sleeping, crying doll. Sit right down and mail your name to us TODAY!

Address DOLL DEPT. "J."

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

BOY'S SUIT $4.50

100% Pure Wool

Just give age and color wanted, and we will send you the biggest suit bargain ever offered. Highest grade, 100% pure wool cassimere, in black, green, gray, or brown mixtures.

Style

New York's most popular model.

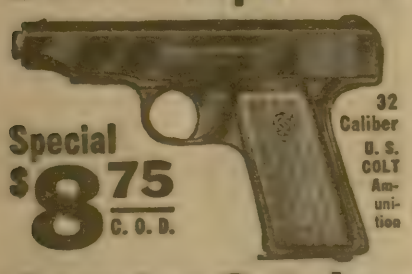
Service

Pants are fully lined throughout. Durable lining and trimmings. Full roomy sizes for boys from 7 to 17. You can pay postman for suit and postage on arrival. Price of suit with one pair of pants $4.50, with two pairs of pants of same goods $5.75. Your money refunded if not highly pleased. Order by style No. 51, give size and color wanted. Say if you want suit with one pair or two pairs of pants. All orders shipped same day received.

Send No Money

JOHN NATHAN CO., 105 Bleecker St., New York City

Just Imported



32 Caliber U. S. COLT Ammunition

Special $8.75 C. O. D.

Genuine Ortgies

The revolver German officers carried in the war. Nothing better as a home protection. Very responsive, but safety devices make accidental discharge impossible. Shoots nine times without reloading. Made of blue steel, flat in shape and light in weight. Guarantee on money back basis. Send $1.00 deposit with order—balance C. O. D. No order filled without deposit. **Order at once.**

UNION SALES CO. 15 SO. DES PLAINES ST.
Dept. 23, Chicago, Ill.

Vacant Government Land

HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : :

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated Lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 50c, POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS: Here It Is

Fastest operating and lowest priced Fire Extinguisher made. Patented. Plays 12 streams. Smothers the blaze, be it gasoline or wood, or any other burning substance or fluid.

Money Back if Not Satisfied

We want men in every county. No capital or experience necessary. All you do is take orders. We deliver and collect. Pay you every day. Fell of Detroit made $90 first week. Write for sample and territory.

Thurston Mfg. Co. F. E. 109 Dayton, Ohio

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in a systematical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are always looking for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake, be sure to give your street number and town, also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 25 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

The Cat That Wouldn't Scat

(Continued From Page 6)

and putting his hand upon Lawrie's shoulder, "I was darned sorry to read of it, old man; darned sorry."

"Come in and look things over, Jack. Sit down. Have a cigar. I'm downright glad to see you. Expecting Essie here in a minute. How'd you know I was here?"

"Read the news in the papers and beat it straight to Mrs. Malone's. She said you had gone over to 'the house'."

There was a courteous half-hour of condoling, after which Jack ever so gently hinted at the prospective manner of payment for these furnishings that had recently been installed.

"Why, that will come out of my uncle's estate, of course," said Lawrie, "won't it?"

"Are you his heir?" asked Holden.

"Why, no. Not his heir, I don't believe. His telegram said he was going to make out his will to me as soon as he reached land. There was a will in my behalf, you know. In a fit of displeasure at me, my uncle destroyed it two years ago, but you can see by the telegram he wanted Essie and me to have the house and money for the furniture."

"It wouldn't go in law, you see," came the feeling but necessary reply. "As far as the courts would admit, any one could have phoned in that telegram."

Lawrie stared as tho paralyzed. Suddenly, "My God!" he cried. "What will this mean? Where's Essie! Where's Essie. She was to have met me here long ago. D—n you! Get out of here!"

Holden started, then realized that the last remarks were addressed in a frenzy to a little black, white and tan cat sitting over across the room upon the hearth.

"Why, I'll put it out, Lawrence," said Holden, stooping over to stroke the little animal who responded in loud purrings. He picked her up and carried her outside, closing the door after her.

"Don't like cats, eh?" he remarked on returning.

"I'd rather say I don't believe in them as members of households. The uselessness of the house cat is my pet subject. That creature must have come in with you. Pleasant little animal—but I don't believe in them. That cat has sauntered in here with Essie and me every time we have come to receive and arrange things. I'll be blasted if it gets in next time!"

Mr. Holden strolled over to a chair, lighted a cigar, and sat down.

"When were you to have been married, Hutchins?"

The pain on Lawrence's face was heartrending.

"Tomorrow," he answered. "Here, in front of the hearth." Then, suddenly: "There must be a will, Holden. Really, man. There must be. Uncle could never have been so shortsighted, once he had made up his mind."

"Oh, no! There's no will," came a strange, harsh voice.

Both men looked up, startled, and saw a heavily coarse, feminine face looking in at the window. "There's no will," was repeated. Then followed loud knockings upon the door.

"If you'll open, Holden, I'll see that that cat, by gad, doesn't get in," moaned Lawrence.

A FAT, frowsy lady and a dark, keen-faced man were given entrance.

"I am the late Mr. Withersby's lawyer," proffered the latter, "and this lady is Miss Sheldon of the Sheldon Girls' Academy, Mr. Withersby's first cousin and only living relative. Mr. Withersby died intestate. You gentlemen, I presume, are from the press?"

"I am Lawrence Hutchins, Mr. Martin. Don't you remember Uncle Frank's ward?"

"Why, so you are! Why, how are you, Lawrie?" Lawyer Martin pressed Lawrie's hand as he whispered, "Desperately sorry, Lawrie; I can't tell you how sorry I am."

"What a delightful place," Miss Sheldon had begun to enthuse, immeditely making herself at home. "It looks as tho Cousin Frank had this designed especially for me. It's almost my taste. He was really a millionaire, wasn't he, Mr. Martin?"

Lawrence, unobserved, turned away.

"I've got to hunt up Essie," he muttered simply. "How can I tell her, Holden? And what is left for me after I have broken the news to her!"

His hand was reaching for the knob when the door opened and Esther entered, flushed, solicitous, holding the little cat in her arms.

Placing his hand upon Esther's, young Dr. Hutchins looked gravely into her eyes.

"Esther—in Heaven's name, not now! Not the cat."

With a wistful "mew," kitty was deposited without the door again. Lawrence drew Esther to a chair with an "I have something to tell you" and soon he was launched upon an exposition of all these recent developments.

"There must be a will. I demand a search for a will," said Esther Franklin softly when everything had been explained to her.

"And I demand that every one of you leave my house immediately!" sniffed Miss Sheldon, overhearing her and casting her own hat upon the horrified Arabian Girl lamp.

Miss Sheldon is right, dear. There is no will. This is a trick of Fate—not the only one that that unfair lady has played."

"But Lawrie!" whispered Essie in quick breathfuls, "I am convinced. Oh, it is not for myself I am urging. I know how you have dreamed of me and this—a home—always together; our home, just materializing and about to be snatched away from you. And I know one other thing: Mr. Withersby hung on every word I said, when it ever so vaguely concerned you. I am sure he has not been careless when your fortune was at stake. No—I'd feel over every inch of the wall paper before I'd give up. Am I not right, Mr. Martin?"

"You are quite within your rights, Miss Franklin, but not exactly prudent. A will is never hidden for the purpose of not being found. As I said before, however, you are within your rights."

Esther glanced with her brave little flushed face toward Jennie Sheldon. The latter exploded immediately.

"Why you miserable little upstart! Search to your heart's content. Search till you're good and sick of it. I'm going to bed. I guess I have a letter Frank wrote me two years ago saying he had destroyed the will in Lawrence's favor. And you—you ingrate—after all my cousin did for you—you have the effrontery to bring this brazen piece, this female, into his home and try to drag from him dead what you couldn't drag in life. Oh—search! Search! Of course! But you'll find nothing."

With this she threw open the door leading to their potential sacred bedroom, flaunted into it and turned the bolt.

MR. HOLDEN took his leave here with grim face. Having seen him to the door, Lawyer Martin asked permission to withdraw to a little spinet desk in the corner, to look over some notes, with which he always kept himself supplied.

"Thus we come to the end of a perfect day," he said. "and if you kids want to look around a bit, I can remain here occupied but accessible."

So, Esther drew Lawrence down beside her on the davenport.

"We must plan our search now."

"Oh, it's so useless, Esther. Yet, I suppose it can't hurt anything. Just as you say, Essie. Mr. Martin, have you a match? I'm afraid my little bird will catch cold here."

Mr. Martin searched—researched and searched again, after which he decided he was out of matches.

"Never mind," said Esther. "The cold will keep us alert. Now first we'll move the furniture from the east wall, feel over all the wall and then get down; then the south wall; then above the fireplace there."

As she said this and pointed to the wall before her, something happened; the wall spoke, or rather, rasped. All three had a start. Then, all laughed.

"Some cinders dislodged from the chimney," was Esther's verdict, "and listen! it's raining—and how hard it is blowing!"

Equanimity was restored. Mr. Martin turned back to his work and Essie recommenced her plan of attack upon the walls.

She had not gone very far when the rasping sound came again; a peculiar scratching or grating, and they decided it could be no cinders from the chimney. It sounded rather like some one walking, stealthily, within the wall. They sat as if entranced for many seconds. Suddenly, the sound ceased, and, as before, each of them very uncomfortably ridiculous, laughed it off and shivered. Lawrence wanted to call "Who's there?" and, had he been alone, should have done so.

Presently Essie piped up, "Why, we've forgotten our good old electric stove in the kitchen. We can warm up in a minute."

"Why, so we can," cried Lawrence, and accordingly the three filed icily into the kitchen.

They had not been there very long when some one came shuffling toward the kitchen, the door opened and Miss Sheldon appeared, startling everybody with her few strings of greasy hair down over her huddled shoulders. Except for her hair and her slippers, however, she was still completely attired, and hugged her coat tightly about her. The wind was blowing a dirge outside in a whining minor key.

"Very free you are with my electricity," she sneered. "Mr. Martin, there's no bedding in this house. That won't hamper me, tho; I'll stay the night thru. Funny when a person can't have her own house to herself without a lot of wolves hanging about to steal it from her!"

She settled herself in a chair in front of the oven, closed her eyes and was soon nodding.

Lawrence was looking very hollow-eyed and tortured. Essie pressed his hand.

"Come on," she whispered. "Mr. Martin has started his work on the kitchen table, and we have work to do also. Let's start in now, in the living-room. Sneak that kitchen chair out to stand on."

IN THE living-room, Lawrence moved the furniture from the east wall as Essie directed and together they ran their fingers over the entire expanse of paper, feeling carefully about the moldings and windows. When they had completely satisfied themselves that there was neither secret panel nor wall-safe anywhere on that wall, they proceeded to the next. Thus for hours they worked from wall to wall, from ceiling to floor. Then they righted the room and sat down.

The wind was moaning like a thousand sick children. Lawrence imagined they were stretching their little hands toward him, pleading with him to give himself to them.

"Now some one's getting gloomy again," chirruped Essie. "The dining-room is next. March!"

Lawrence, with little heart, and Essie, with heart enough for both, conducted the search thru the dining-room; thru the bedroom. It lasted most of the night. The Only Reliative could be heard snoring thruout the entire search and Mr. Martin had long lain his form over his coat on the floor beside her, risking a landslide.

At 3 o'clock poor Essie's courage gave out. The wind was weeping dolefully. The cold gusts came out of the fireplace sickeningly.

"Dear," spoke poor Lawrence, "It's like the sick babies calling me. I am selfish to want you, a home, all this. tI must be decreed that I have my life for the little pale hands that always reach toward me."

"Oh, we all get matyredly morbid when we're tired to death," was her attempt at being cheerful.

They had strolled into the living-room where the soft light from the Arabian Girl glinted over the polished surfaces and sunk softly into the stuffs.

"Our beloved home," she whispered as she seized a davenport cushion and buried her face in its yieldingness. It's like a piece of ourselves." Then, after a silence: "We'll always have these five wonderful days to remember."

There was a shocked tension in the silence again. There was—there was some one moving behind the wall! Or was it this side of it? It seemed just now to come this side of it.

Slowly from under the log in the fireplace came a whirring sound. Essie moistened her parted lips. Lawrence caught his breath, then crept toward the log, swallowing air.

Suddenly he spoke in everyday accents.

"Now I am going to drown you!" he said as he pulled from under the log the relaxed, purring body of the little cat.

But what was this other sound? A tiny mew of protest came, not from the cat in Lawrence's hands but from the ashes upon which kitty had been lying. Essie was down upon her knees in an instanat beside Lawrence.

"Why here's an animalcule of a Jap-faced kitten," he said, picking up the squeeling palmful and holding it, belly up, under the light. "Hello! What's all this on it?"

IT WAS a flake of burnt paper. Big kitty was alternately strutting and lunging herself against Lawrence's and Esther's ankles, and purring to Heaven. They then discovered that one side of her was covered with flakes of burnt and scorched paper.

Essie ran to the log; fingered and fingered under it in the blue-gray ashes, reached a spot and stopped; rooted out from its buried depths an oval lump, covered with ashes and dripping flakes. It must have been made up of a considerable packet of documents before it had been consigned to the flames. Carefully she fingered the lump. The central papers had only been singed on the edges. From the middle of the central papers she drew forth a paper which bore at its top the typewritten words, "This is my last will and testament."

"You darling little mother!" Esther almost wept and laughed at the same time. "You queenly little being!"

Kitty hereupon purred to the Seventh Heaven, granting the Seventh is still higher than the First.

"How did it get in?" was all Lawrence could say, helplessly.

"It must have been thru the ash-chute back here!"

"So that was the ghostly sound we heard back of the wall! Where's a match, dear? I want to burn this cat article of mine. All hail Kitty."

Esther's jaw fell open and a look of horror tinged her face.

"Lawrence!" she cried. "If we had set fire to that log tonight everything would have been ruined! What Goddess of Fortune decreed that neither you nor Mr. Martin should have a match!"

"And that we didn't think of lighting it when Holden, who had matches, was here! Essie! Have you thought how disinterestedly I can devote myself to the children now, without a thought for finances?"

"And this house shall always be open to them, to stay as long as they want or need. It will not be a cold, white asylum. It will be a retreat. It will be

their rich doctor-friend's house, where they are always, always welcome—for dinner, for tea, for week-ends, for anything they wish!"

And now, if you visit Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hutchins' house in Highland Gardens, beside the matter of a bright little cripple or two, resplendent in "company manners," you will hear a peculiar whirring sound, suspiciously like two little cats purring on the hearth.

All In the Way of Business

(Continued From Page 11)

that it certainly was not Whitey Belziger. Probably a mighty clever professional; witness the manner of his escape.

The headlights of the Ledoux-Mercedes blazed on a cheap little car drawn up by the roadside. A man was on his knees beside it, fussing with a tire. Fallon slapped on the brake, and came to a stop.

"Need any help?" he asked.

The man looked up. Wally recognized him as Baranson, the club superintendent.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Fallon, is it?" Baranson asked in a shaky voice. "That affair out at the club gave me a bit of a turn, sir. I'd made up my mind that you was a bloody hold-up man. No, thanks, I've got this tire fixed now. It held me up a bit, and I'm anxious to get home."

"So you heard about the murder, did you. Mr. Voshell wanted to keep it quiet."

"I heard it just as I was getting ready to go home, sir . . . About how the blasted chap got away with nobody seeing him. I'll wager I know how he did it, too."

"How?"

"Well, sir, there's a sort of trap-door under the counter in the cloak-room that leads to the cellar. I don't know why it was made, because there's no stairs, so it's not much use. But I'll lay a week's pay that the blighter who killed Mr. Wike knew about it. He must have dropped thru into the cellar; waited there till the detectives had gone inside, and then slipped out the cellar window easy as you please . . . Why, where are you going, sir?"

"To the club," said Wally briefly, wheeling his big roadster about. He stepped heavily on the accelerator, and raced back toward Whispering Hills.

The clubhouse was dark when he tooled his machine into the drive, and left it there. Armed with an electric torch, he walked around to the back of the house. He wanted a look at that cellar window. It might tell a very interesting story.

He passed the professional's room, with its ghostly bristle of clubs in the window, and then stopped in his tracks, the hair on his neck rising like the hackles of a fighting dog.

There was a flickering light in the cloak-room!

Fallon cautiously worked his way forward; then waited.

Presently the window opened softly. A darker shadow appeared against its blackness, and dropped to the ground. Wally leaped forward, one arm encircling the stranger's throat in a stranglehold that dragged him backward. But the fellow, who was big boned and powerful, twisted out of the grip, and wrapped his gaunt arms around Fallon's body, squeezing in a bear hug that made the latter's ribs crackle. Wally fought himself free, and panting, drew back a step.

The masked intruder, slatted with moonlight, reached up under his armpit, and whipped out a broad-bladed knife. Fallon rushed in with the speed of a lynx, but slipped on a stone just as his opponent made a downward slash. The knife came so close that the holder's knuckles brushed thru Wally's hair. While falling, Fallon managed to jerk one leg under himself, and check his downward momentum. One hand flashed up and gripped the bony wrist. Then he pulled himself into an upright position.

Breast to breast the two men strained in the silent struggle. Beads of sweat broke out on Wally's forehead, and trickled saltily into his eyes. His muscles cracked under the frightful strain, but desperately as he tried to wrench the weapon away the intruder matched his efforts with silent ferocity. It seemed that he had been twisting at that wrist for hours His own ached frightfully, and there was a heavy pounding of blood in his head. One of them must give in very shortly.

Suddenly the steel arms of his opponent melted into putty. The knife clanged to the ground, and the bony man went backward. Fallon fell with him, naturally enough, and they whacked to earth together in magnificent disaster. But the fight had not been taken out of the intruder yet. He rolled Wally off him with a sudden retching heave. The latter spun quickly around, only to meet a knee that came up against his chin with frightful force.

Everything went black before Fallon's eyes. He tried to get to his feet, but his legs lacked strength. His neck felt as tho it had been broken. When, at last, he was able to sit up on the dewy grass his late opponent had disappeared.

In a moment or two Wally got to his feet, and flashed his electric torch around the vicinity of the struggle. His watch had fallen from his pocket, and been smashed by their trampling feet. But that was not all. Partly embedded in the ground was a bunch of keys—the usual keys that a man carries with him. There was a metal tag attached to the ring, and Wally held it closer to the glow to decipher the inscription. It read:

> "Kindly return to Petrie Shattuck, African West Coast Navigation Company, Hightower Building, Benton City."

Besides, the cellar window—which was supposed to have furnished the point of escape for the murderer of Barton Wike—was covered with dust and spider webs. It had not been opened in months!

IV.

THE next morning dawned soggily hot. Wally rose, and dressed leisurely, thinking about the keys. He had seen Petrie Shattuck hand them to Solomon Handy the previous forenoon when the latter had been sent on an errand to the Shattuck home!

Handy, himself, had no reason for hating Barton Wike. But the president of the African West Coast Navigation Company had, and the tall, solemn faced ex-sailor would do anything for him. Had Shattuck ordered Wike to be killed? It was possible, for he would look on such a trifling peccadillo as the ordinary way of business. A conscienceless rogue—Shattuck—a man whose one redeeming feature was his love for his niece. And Wally doubted that he would spare even her if she stood too strongly in the path of his ambitions. No one in Benton City knew Shattuck as Fallon did. He knew the ruthless nature of the man; his intolerance toward those who opposed him; his savage hatred of Barton Wike. There was sufficient motive. And if Shattuck had really instigated the murder he was clever enough to have planned the thefts, including that of Judith's brooch, to cover his tracks. Wally had always given him credit for the sort of courage that would balk at having another man do his killing. Had he been wrong in that surmise?

The room was stifling. Fallon opened the door a little way to create something of a draft while he shaved. As he smeared the lather on his chin he saw the wiry form of Mr. Shattuck, reflected in the mirror, stride briskly thru the hall, open the door opposite—and leave it open.

His employer's voice boomed out as tho he were talking to someone a block or two distant.

"What the devil is this I hear happened at the club last night," he snorted. "Come on, Judith, I know you're awake, so don't try to pretend you're not. That brooch of yours is gone, isn't it?"

Wally heard Judith turn over and yawn. "Who told you, old dear?" She always was cool when an argument with Uncle Petrie developed.

"Never mind who told me. It's gone, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Who got it?"

"I don't know, uncle. The person who killed Mr. Wike, I suppose."

"I heard about Wike, too." Shattuck spoke as tho mentioning a casual bit of news. "Well, the world will lose nothing by his death, and damned if I'll be hypocrite enough to say that I am sorry. Tell me what happened at the club."

Judith's soft voice, almost inaudible in Wally's room, sketched the happenings of the night before. Her uncle did not interrupt. When she had finished he cleared his throat raspingly. Fallon could visualize those heavy lids lifting for a moment to disclose the dull blue of his eyes.

"What is being done?"

"Everything that is possible," said Judith with conviction. "Mr. Voshell is handling the case himself."

"Voshell!" Shattuck's voice was contemptuous. "He's a dancing butterfly—not a policeman. He couldn't catch a cold. It will take a cleverer person than Voshell to catch the man who killed Barton Wike."

Fallon scraped away industriously at his jaw with the razor. That statement was rather significant.

"I haven't anything against Voshell personally," continued Shattuck. "If I did he wouldn't continue to hold his job as commissioner of police. But he isn't the sort I like to see you travel with Jude. I can read men. He hasn't the goods."

"He led his men thru the hottest part of the Argonne," flashed the girl.

"What does that signify? I saw a chap—notorious for his thievery from Penang to Gibraltar—dive into a sea that was alive with sharks to pull another fellow out. Physical courage is the commonest attribute of humanity. Do you think for a minute that it qualifies a man to be your husband——"

"O-oo-h!" It was a cry of tortured protest. "Please stop boring me." Her voice sounded smothered as tho she had buried her face in the pillows.

Petrie Shattuck unburdened himself of an expletive or two that would have befitted the mate of a tramp.

Then he went out, and banged the door.

When Fallon came down to breakfast in no very jubilant frame of mind he found that his employer had gone to town without the formality of breakfasting. So he cut moodily into his grapefruit, and wondered how Shattuck would explain that bunch of keys if he should happen to be asked.

The butler appeared at the door of the breakfast-room. "Mr. Voshell is here, quite anxious to see you as soon as possible."

A frown puckered Fallon's brows. Voshell? So early? Had he stumbled on some incident that made him suspect Shattuck, too?

"Tell him to come in, Diggles," said Wally. Almost before the words were out of his mouth the Benton City commissioner of police appeared in the doorway. For once in his well ordered life Voshell was shaken out of his annoying calm. He fairly jigged into the breakfast-room, shouting: "I've got him, by George, I've got him!"

"Got whom?"

"Whom? Nobody but the man who kicked up all the trouble at Whispering Hills last night—the murderer of Barton Wike. We found Judith's brooch on him. Look!" He held the jewel out in the palm of his hand. "Pretty quick work, wasn't it?"

Wally agreed with him—mechanically.

"Who is the chap?"

The commissioner of police fixed him with a suddenly hard glance. "He's that Belziger fellow you got the job for at the club. There's something peculiar in it, Fallon—something you may have to explain."

"What do you mean? Are you intimating that I am implicated in the affair?"

"No—not exactly. But there is a funny angle to it, you'll have to admit that yourself. St. Louis Whitey Belziger is an ex-pugilist who has served a term in San Quentin. He isn't the sort of man that you would be interested in. Frankly, now, is he?"

"You have this all wrong, Voshell," said Wally impatiently. "There is nothing in the least mysterious in it. Belziger is a nephew of Captain O'Byrne, who commands our steamer, the Empress. He asked us to get the boy a job in Benton City. Besides, I like Whitey. He saved my life once, and, by the Lord, I'm going to stick by him! He did not confess, did he?"

"No—but it does not matter. We found the brooch on him. It is your story that I am particularly interested

Here's an amazing bargain for women of large figures who are anxious to dress becomingly. This dress has been specially styled to fit the large figure and to give slender lines. Our bargain price enables you to save nearly one-half, for this dress is made of extra fine quality woven gingham.

The neatly embroidered linen collar and cuffs are points which make this style more attractive. Other special features are the pearl buttons down the center of the front and on fancy pockets. Has a wide sash belt of self-material.

Sizes 40 to 52. Colors: Red and white check, red and white check, or blue and white check.

GUARANTEE

We guarantee absolute satisfaction after examination or money back.

HOW TO ORDER

Send no money. Rush name, address, size and color desired and mention style No. L550. Your amazing bargain will be sent by return mail. POSTAGE FREE. Pay Postman only $5.49 on arrival.

Well Maid Mfg. Co.
130 E. 25th Street New York

Let Me Send You FREE on trial a Pair of Handsome Tortoise Shell Glasses

For many years people have been coming to me from every part of Chicago on account of my wide reputation for supplying glasses that fit. I am now offering the benefit of this wide experience to people everywhere. No matter where you live, I positively guarantee to give you a perfect fit or there will be no charge whatever. I promise to send you a pair of glasses that will enable you to see perfectly and satisfy you in every way, or you will owe me nothing. They will protect your eyes, preventing eye strain and headache. They will enable you to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, see far or near.

SEND NO MONEY

I will not accept a single penny of your money until you are satisfied and tell me so. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below giving me the simple easy information I ask for and I will send you a pair of my Extra Large Tortoise Shell Spectacles for you to wear, examine and inspect, for ten days, in your own home. The glasses I send are not to be compared with any you have ever seen advertised. They are equal to spectacles being sold at retail at from $12.00 to $15.00 a pair. You will find them so scientifically ground as to enable you to see far or near, do the finest kind of work or read the very smallest print. These Extra Large Size Lenses, with Tortoise Shell Rims, are very becoming and your friends are sure to compliment you on your improved appearance. There are no "ifs" or "ands" about my liberal offer. I trust you absolutely. You are the sole judge. If they do not give you more real satisfaction than any glasses you have ever worn, you are not out a single penny. I ask you, could any offer be fairer?

SPECIAL THIS MONTH

If you send your order at once I will make you a present of a handsome Velveteen Lined, Spring Back, Pocket Book Spectacle Case which you will be proud to own. Sign and mail the coupon NOW.

Dr. Ritholz, Madison & Laflin Sts., Station D.R.1020, Chicago, Ill., Doctor of Optics, Member American Optical Association, Graduate Illinois College of Ophthalmology and Otology, Famous Eye Strain Specialist.

Accept This Free Offer Today

Dr. Ritholz, Madison & Laflin Sts.,
Station D.R.1020, Chicago, Ill.

You may send me by prepaid parcel post a pair of your Extra Large Tortoise Shell Gold Filled Spectacles. I will wear them 10 days and if convinced that they are equal to any glasses selling at $15.00, I will send you $4.49. Otherwise, I will return them and there will be no charge.

How old are you?.....

How many years have you used glasses (If any)

.....

Name .....

Post Office.....

R. R..... Box No. .....

State .....

The 650-word pen is silver [illegible] Cameo [illegible] complete with holder. Think of it! 650 words with one dip of ink. Endorsed by bankers, stenographers and bookkeepers. Equal to any $5 fountain pen in office, school or home. Send 15c for sample 3 for 25c. Postpaid

AGENTS WANTED. Money refunded and you keep the pen if not satisfactory. One agent writes "Have placed your pens in the saving banks of Augusta, Me., and am very anxious for the sales agency.

TODDLE BEAR TOY CO.,
39 Richmond Street, Rochester, New York

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain In a Week?

So easy now to have the lovely, rounded neck and shoulders that everyone admires.

Scientific Discovery of VITAMINES Quickly Builds Up Thin, Scrawny Figures—No Drugs or Dieting—Quick Relief For Tired, Worn-Out People. Sample Sent FREE.

THIN? You needn't be. Now it is possible for anyone to have smooth, full shoulders, rounded neck and a plump, trim figure. Alexander Vitamines, extracted from a wide range of foods, are primarily responsible for converting food into firm flesh and producing new vigor and vitality. Lack of Vitamines in the diet causes nervousness, loss of weight and vitality, headaches and many deficiency diseases such as skin eruptions and emaciation.

Alexander Vitamines

Quick Relief—No Drugs or Dieting. But when Alexander Vitamines are added to the diet, the results are amazing in their rapidity. Within a few days an emaciated, scrawny figure begins to round out—bony angles and ugly hollows disappear. Your weight quickly becomes what it should be according to your height. The flabby, useless tissues which are now a handicap become firm flesh and muscle—rich, red blood is produced—tasks now wearisome are quickly done because the food you eat is converted into energy.

A Clear Complexion, Too!

Along with the healthful gain in weight comes a new, clear complexion, free from pimples and blemishes—rosy cheeks which are indicative of new vitality and a consequent personal magnetism and charm that make for social success.

Important: Alexander Vitamines are not to be confused with "vitamine" products now on the market containing drugs. Alexander Vitamines are pure vitamine concentrates, nothing else, and are widely recommended by physicians. Guaranteed to comply with all federal and state food laws.

Gains 3½ Pounds in Four Days

"I gained 3½ pounds the first four days I took Alexander Vitamines and am still gaining. Have increased my weight 9½ pounds and feel like a different person."

Gained 8 Pounds Quickly

"Alexander Vitamines have increased my weight 8 pounds and done wonders for my complexion. They are the first thing I ever tried that put weight on me. I advise every nervous, scrawny woman to take them."

Generous Sample FREE

Send No Money I want everyone to have an opportunity to try ALEXANDER VITAMINES in their own homes at no expense. To introduce these vitamines in a million new homes, I will send a free sample to anyone who will write for it. I want to make it plain that this does not cost a cent, nor does it put you under any obligation whatever. Merely send me your name and address TODAY—a postcard will do if you wish. I will send you the sample postpaid absolutely FREE.

E. R. ALEXANDER, Pres.

Alexander Laboratories

1216 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

in just now. It does not jibe with the facts as we know them."

"Meaning that I lie?" blazed Fallon, rising.

"No," Voshell hedged, "but I just came from the Belzigers' room where Shaughnessy and I arrested Whitey. Mrs. Belziger, Whitey's mother, told me that they did not have a single relative in the world. That rather knocks your O'Byrne story in the head, it seems to me!"

V.

FALLON did not reach the Hightower building that day until after noon. Voshell's story recalled to his mind the brief chat he had with Barton Wike a week before that gentleman's sudden demise. He remembered that Wike had sneered at his statement that Belziger was Captain O'Byrne's nephew. He had said, "O'Byrne is a long way out to sea, and can't deny it."

So Wally went to see Mrs. Belziger. She was a wistful little woman, broken by the stress of life, but she stoutly asserted Whitey's innocence. It had been his day off at the club, and he was home with her. It was true, she said, that she had no relatives. She had never heard of Captain Patrick O'Bryne.

The extra editions were full of the story of Wike's murder and Whitey Belziger's arrest. In recent weeks there had been wholesale criticism by the Benton City press of the manner in which the police commissioner's and district-attorney's offices had been administered. In common with other sections of the country Benton City was suffering from a crime wave. Theft and murder were not uncommon. Bootleggers thronged the streets.

The series of robberies that culminated in the murder at Whispering Hills would have made splendid ammunition for Voshell's enemies had not the arrest followed on the heels of it.

"We demand efficiency in office," they had roared. "Either check the crime wave or put someone in your place who can."

The quick apprehension of St. Louis Whitey was a distinct feather in the police commissioner's cap. Even the newspapers admitted it, tho with rather poor grace. Rattray, the district-attorney, was tremblingly anxious to share in that public approval. His office would work night and day to hustle the accused killer of Wike to the electric chair. Fallon understood that there was no personal animosity on Rattray's part in this procedure. It was all in the way of business with him.

All the power of the state would be directed toward that end. Whitey spoke of that rather moodily when he talked with Fallon in his cell.

"They say you're innocent until proven guilty," said the boy, "but when you go in a court the jury takes a slant at you, and says, 'If he ain't done nothing why is he here?' And then the lawyer has to work like a fool to prove that you're innocent. Besides, all the newspapers take it for granted that I'm guilty, and every man in the jury box will have that idea before they hear any evidence. . . . Oh, I know. I've been there before. They're talking a lot about the two years I put in at San Quentin, but nobody tells 'em why I was there. There was a fellow beating up his girl. I butted in, and we had a fight. I knocked him down, and he fractured his skull on the curbing. Then the girl turned on me, and swore that I had picked a fight with him. They sent me up for involuntary manslaughter. That didn't make me a criminal, did it?"

Fallon shook his head. He wanted to prove Whitey guiltless; he was the only man in Benton City who intended defying the juggernaut. Yet all he had were his suspicions, and the keys and the broken whisky bottle; none of which would amount to anything in a court of law. The keys and suspicions were directly connected with the murder; the bottle might merely have been thrown away by some roistering young man at the club. On the other hand, it was possible that it had been in the possession of the murderer.

With that possibility in view, Wally took the bottle to Tommy Morris, an old friend who was the police department's finger-print expert.

"I want you to look this over, Tom," he said, "and keep quiet. If you find any finger prints check them against the records of St. Louis Whitey and Solomon Handy. You people have 'mugged' Whitey already and have his prints; and I got hold of a passport that was issued Handy during the war. It has his finger prints. Will you do that?"

"Sure," said Morris.

So Fallon went back to the Hightower Building. He had decided to have a show-down then and there. Petrie Shattuck was leaning back in his chair, peering at the ceiling thru a haze of cigar smoke. He looked a bit drawn, and worried. Perhaps he still heard those fingers of dead men tapping at his windows.

The tall, glum faced Handy was dusting the bookcases in a perfunctory sort of way, looking like one of Blackbeard's pirates condemned to that monotonous job for his sins.

Fallon stared at him disapprovingly. He never had liked Solomon Handy, and his suspicions heightened that dislike now. The ex-sailor's face was scratched, and he kept his cuffs hitched down over his wrists as tho to hide the marks Wally had put on them the night before.

"Will you send Handy out, please?" asked Fallon in a low voice. "I have something to talk over with you."

Shattuck lips edged up a bit, and his dull blue eyes focused on the younger man's. He had caught a note of suppressed excitement, and was instantly on his guard. But he nodded.

"You've done enough, Solomon."

Handy's gaunt face reddened, but he touched his forelock in an old time seamanly way. "Aye, aye, sir," he said, and disappeared thru the ground glass door.

When Shattuck had resumed his study of the ceiling, Wally said: "I overheard you talking to Judith this morning. Apparently you didn't think much of Voshell's ability, but he has arrested a man for the murder of Wike—and recovered Judith's brooch."

Shattuck grunted.

"I don't believe that Whitey Belziger is guilty," said Wally sharply.

"Why not?"

"Because of this: Last night I went back to the club after everyone had gone home. The man whom I believe killed Barton Wike climbed out of the cloak-room window. I tried to capture him, but he succeeded in getting away. However, he dropped a bunch of keys—your keys, Mr. Shattuck—the ones that I saw you hand to Solomon yesterday morning!"

Shattuck's brown face remained expressionless. "I presume that you intend to convey the belief that Solomon Handy killed Wike?"

"That is exactly what I mean. And, Mr. Shattuck, if Handy killed Wike he did it with your knowledge or at your order. You hated that man, and Solomon, who is your devoted dog, knew it. Whitey Belziger was not at the club on the night of the murder. I know that Handy was. Yet Whitey is in jail with a murder charge to face, while your man is not even suspected. It's a frame all right. I know that conscience never interfered with you in the way of business. You've killed men before this, Mr. Shattuck!"

A cynical smile twitched up the corners of the other man's lips. "Yes, I have killed men, when it was a question of their lives or mine. Look at these hands——" He stretched them out for Fallon's inspection. "With these I fought my way up from an ordinary seaman to the cabin. Hard days, rough days they were, when an officer could knock down a man, and kill him if the blow was resented.

"That was the atmosphere I grew up in. When I was 15 my companions were drunken sailors. When I was 25 I commanded them. I proved how much better I was than any of them, and I jammed the law that might is right down their throats. That is still my law. Some of these reforming pups may sneer at what they term my slave-running career, but d—n them I'll show that I can do what I like! And one of those things is to send Whitey Belziger to the chair—whether he killed Barton Wike or whether he didn't!"

His lids raised for a moment to show the flaming pupils of his eyes.

"God! what a black soul you have if you framed this up," mumbled Wally.

Shattuck lounged back in his swivel chair, apparently unmindful of what his subordinate said. He studied the ceiling with minute care. He looked at the windows, against which the long since dead often tapped with fingers of rain. When he spoke his eyes were still veiled by their heavy lids.

"You know what your position is with me, Fallon—what it will be if you alienate my interest. You can imagine what your chance of marrying Judith will be. Use your senses. The police and district attorney are satisfied that Whitey killed Barton Wike. Why shouldn't you be?"

"Because you are so anxious to railroad him to save Handy; because the whole thing is so damnably unfair and one sided. Lined up against this friendless boy is the star legal talent of the public prosecutor's office. And whom has Whitey to defend him? That bleary-eyed drunkard, Amos Folk. But I'm going to throw a bomb into your complacent little party. I'll wire to De Saulles and Radcliffe, the best criminal lawyers in New York. I'll——"

Shattuck's abstraction dropped from him like a cloak. He sat up rigidly. His dry, poreless skin was feverish.

"I have done well by you in the past, Fallon. If you are sensible I'll see that you are made general manager of the African West Coast Navigation Company; I'll see that Judith——"

"You mean that if I am sensible I will let Whitey Belziger go to the chair?"

"Yes. Some men must necessarily be crushed in the way of business, and Whitey is not an important cog in the machine. Use your brains, Fallon."

Wally touched his suddenly dry lips with his tongue. He felt that all the good turns fortune had done him were wiped out. If he fought Shattuck his career in shipping circles was ruined, and perhaps his employer could make Judith turn against him. It was hard.

"And you are willing to let Whitey go to the chair when you know that he is innocent?" asked Wally, in high tones.

"Yes," said Shattuck, pleasantly. "for it will cause me a lot of trouble if he doesn't."

"And for that reason you'll murder an innocent boy; you'll break his mother's heart? Can't you see that this is different than killing a man in fair fight? Why, you have enough power here in Benton City to save yourself even if you are guilty. Can't you see that a human soul is worth more than your own dirty ambitions?"

"No," said Petrie Shattuck. "I can't say that it is to me. Are you going to be sensible?"

Fallon rose, resting his hands flat on the desk-top, his contemptuous gaze boring into that of his employer. "Of course, I'm going to be sensible. I am going to prove that Whitey Belziger is innocent, and be d—d to your threats!"

If the young prizefighter is innocent, how it is that Judith Shattuck's diamond brooch was found in his pocket? How did the thief and Wike's slayer come to be in possession of Shattuck's keys? Was Solomon Handy the man who dropped the keys? Was Handy the slayer? If not Handy, or Whitey, then who? The concluding instalment of the story bids fair to be intensely interesting. You will find it in the Ledger next week.

Thumb Mark on Knife Blade.

THE curious mark that often is found on the blades of English table knives just between the maker's name and the shoulder looks as if some one had touched the blade with a greasy thumb. This "thumb mark" consists not of grease or dirt, but of iron.

The steel used in making knife blades is very expensive, for it must be of good quality, otherwise it will not take a fine edge. Tho the blade itself be of steel, there is no reason why that part which runs down thru the handle—the tang—should be of the same metal, as a matter of fact it is not, except in the case of expensive knives. When the blade has been roughly forged a piece of iron is welded to its lower end, and from this are made the shoulders and tang. The "thumb mark" is the place where the two metals are joined. It shows up because iron and steel have different colors.

The size of the thumb mark is a guide to the quality of a knife. If it is small the blade is all steel, if it extends a good way up the blade then you may be sure the knife will not cut well.

Peter the Great Reforms.

IF PETER THE GREAT of Russia could have lived on down to this beardless, petticoatless age he would have seen realized one of the dreams he dreamed back in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Peter, while abroad, before he assumed the throne of the Czars, formed a liking for the clean shaven, neatly dressed inhabitants of western Europe. The Russian still wore the full skirted garb of the Tartar from which he was so largely descended.

Peter put a tax upon beards and petticoats, but succeeded in increasing his revenue instead of diminishing beards and petticoats, it is recorded in history. He then resorted to force, and by "entertaining a score of tailors and barbers" at each gate of Moscow, whose business it was to fasten upon every man who entered, and "to cut his petticoats all around about," as well as his whiskers, he at last succeeded in humanizing the Russian national custume.

He required both sexes to learn dancing and he directed the performance, like a general directing military maneuvers, insisting on the gentlemen kissing the ladies on the lips.

FOR EXCESSIVE

URIC ACID

TRY THE WILLIAMS TREATMENT

85 Cent Bottle (32 Doses) FREE

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, an aching head, burning and bearing down pains in the back—**worn out** before the day begins—do not think you have to stay in that condition.

Be strong, well, with no stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic pains, aching back or kidney trouble caused by body made acids.

If you suffer from bladder weakness, with burning, scalding pains, or if you are in and out of bed half a dozen times a night, you will appreciate the rest, comfort and strength this treatment should give.

We want to prove The Williams Treatment gets results in Rheumatism, Kidney irritation, Bladder weakness and all ailments caused by excessive uric acid, no matter how chronic or stubborn.

If you send this notice with your name and address we will give you an 85 cent bottle (32 doses) free. Please send 10 cents to help pay postage, packing, etc., to the The Dr. D. A. Williams Co., Dept. W 1707, F. O. Building, East Hampton, Conn. Send at once and we will mail you by parcel post one regular 85 cent bottle all charges prepaid. Only one free bottle will be sent to the same person, address, or family.

The Head of Professor Penola

(Continued From Page 7)

plenteous supper of antelope meat and ant bread. Sam did not know what the strangely smelling, queer-looking mixture was, but he was hungry enough to eat anything. After supper the old Zulu philosophically took a pinch of snuff, curled himself up in a corner of the tree hut and went to sleep. The old man knew both by tradition handed down among his own people regarding the tree pigmies, and what few words he could understand of the tree people's dialect, what was coming; but he also knew that they would eat Sam first. It would take some time to put flesh on his withered old frame if they did not finally despair of doing so and put him to death. In the meantime why worry? So in a few minutes he was asleep and Sam following his example did the same. At the foot of the tree two pigmy guards cracked the antelope's marrow-bones, sucked out the marrow and chattered in a low tone as they listened to the snores of their prisoners.

AS PROFESSOR PENOLA and his fair companion dined sumptuously off wild berries, he was attracted by mutterings of thunder. It appeared to be a long way off, but the day, now almost noon, had become breathless and torrid. The air was very still and the jungle suddenly became strangely silent. The birds ceased their calls, the insects became still and even the female gorilla became restless and uneasy. There was a tropical thunderstorm brewing, and while Penola had never experienced one, he knew of their character thru reading of them.

The gorilla became more and more restless and agitated. Finally when a nearby bolt of lightning brought a terrific peal of thunder, she turned and fled back towards the cliffs, chattering and whimpering like a frightened child. Penola followed her as fast he was able. As she neared the proximity of the cave, however, she did not clamber up the side to the fissure in the rock, but abruptly veered to the right, and after running along the course of the small river for a few hundred yards she disappeared seemingly into a dense thicket of small bushes.

Penola followed and when he reached the place where the gorilla had disappeared he made his way thru the tangle of underbrush along the trampled path she had made, until he saw a small opening, almost obliterated, seemingly in the solid face of the cliff. It was a cave, but evidently an artificial one. This was confirmed by the hieroglyphics and graven characters hewn out of the rock on the side of the entrance, but which he did not stop to examine at that time.

He entered wonderingly, and was soon amazed at what he saw. Before him was a long lofty passage-way and in the distance, perhaps a hundred yards away, was a phosphorescent glow showing dimly a vast rocky passage-way, evidently lit by huge dim lamps, at least it had that appearance. Penola proceeded cautiously, stumbling over masses of rock and hewn stone strewn about the long passage-way, as if workmen had left their work unfinished and had gone out for their noon-day meal.

As Penola proceeded down the passage he was attracted by this glow previously mentioned, which apparently emanated from the roof and sides of the passage-way. As he made his way forward he noticed on each side, high up on the rocky walls, hideous caricatures of a skull and cross-bones. Beneath each one was a rude imitation of the Masonic emblem. Penola stood with open mouth in surprise. What had he stumbled on, and what was this glow, this phosphorescence which he had first mistaken for lamps, but which he could now see came from the walls and roof itself, and reminded him of the radium paint placed on the hands of clocks, in order that the time may be told in the dark?

The emblems were too high up on the wall for close scrutiny, but he stopped and gazed upwards, straining his eyes into semi-darkness in an effort to make out their meaning and to trace the source of this strange glow. His interest in the storm raging without had ceased, in fact he had penetrated far enough in the cave that the noise and tumult of the elements reached him only faintly. He had forgotten the storm. As he gazed at the hideous grinning, gigantic skulls with their incandescent, cavernous eye-sockets, they seemed to glow and tremble with added light. Fascinated, speculating, wondering, Penola stood gazing back at the skull with all his might. With a jerk he recalled himself and stumbled on, the glow in front of him neither increasing nor diminishing. Indefinite, indefinable, everywhere, yet not anywhere, it filled the lonely man's soul with an exalted dread. Exaltation for this wonderful discovery which he had evidently stumbled upon; dread for what might be in store for him beyond the stony passage-way, the end of which he could not see.

In a few minutes Penola noticed again far above him, the crude emblems of Free Masonry and the skull and cross-bones. These were exactly as the preceding ones; only not so high up on the wall. From this he conjectured the wall to be becoming more narrow and lower. Before him for an interminable space the ghostly phosphorescence dimmed and glowed. He came out at last into a vast room, what he afterwards judged to have been an ancient hall of assembly for the craftsmen who had wrought this wonderful work. He looked about him in wonder.

The first thing he saw, huddled about the farthest wall, was what appeared to him to be at least three hundred gorillas. His heart was in his mouth as he beheld these great beasts who apparently had taken refuge here from the storm, but from the appearance and condition of the ground and the smooth worn surface of the rock wall, which indicated their favorite method of sleeping, he judged this to be a foregathering place for the man-apes. There was no hostile movement made against him. His appearance in their midst evidently being regarded as a matter of course. His disguise still deceived them. Penola took courage and looked about him.

Here and there about the vast chamber there were great chairs hewn out of the solid rock. A closer scrutiny showed an orderly arrangement, one chair larger and more elaborately chiseled than the others being on a raised dais. Above each chair was the skull and cross-bones and the symbolic emblem which resembled those of modern Masonry. Penola looked up at the vast dome and lofty roof, in search of the source of the curious, half-bright, half-dim glow, that seemed to penetrate every nook and cranny of the hall. The light apparently originated from the roof, but what was it? As he gazed the great dome sparkled and glowed, occasionally a glimmering streak or finger of light would quiver across the glowing mass, altogether like a miniature Aurora Borealis. The light would appear somewhat dim and then would glow out again almost brilliantly. It was very puzzling and as he mused, the gorillas forgotten for the moment, his blood was chilled by a touch on his arm.

THE professor's experience with wild animals had taught him never to frighten them with a quick movement when possible to avoid it, so he turned slowly. Peering over his shoulder from behind was the female gorilla, who, fleeing from the storm, had led him here. Upon her face was the kindly grin. Penola spoke the peace word, the guttural grunt, rather, of friendship. She returned it and stood placidly awaiting his pleasure. Penola turned and with the female following him started out to explore the cavern farther.

The corridor or tunnel which he now traversed had evidently been carved out of the solid rock by some civilization long ago extinct. As he walked aimlessly and curiously along, Penola racked his brain in an effort to recall something that he had read of such a civilization, or an account of the people who made such excavations in Africa. He could not remember one. Then it occurred to him that he was in the gorilla country. The dim, dark, mysterious portion of Africa unknown and practically unexplored even to this day.

Walking along musing over these facts, he was hardly aware of his entrance into a small chamber richly carved out of the rock with every grotesque deity of the ancients grinning hideously down on him from the walls and roof. From their faces glowed the mysterious phosphorescent light. On each side of this smaller chamber, as in the larger, was the skull and cross-bones.

What was the cause of this weird, mysterious light? Who had carved out these images and these vast chambers from the solid rock? Looking about the smaller chamber he saw the same four-square arrangement of chairs. Here there were no gorillas, except his female "Friday," who padded patiently after him.

Penola went up to one of the stone chairs and examined it more closely. Apparently it was also hewn out of the solid rock and above it was the curious Masonic symbols and the skull and cross-bones. Obeying a curious impulse, which is innate in most of us—that is, to sit down in a chair when we see it—he climbed upon the pedestal and sat down in the stone chair. As he did this he saw directly in front of him was a small fissure or slit in the rock. He got up and squeezed thru it, finding himself in another still smaller chamber. All about the place were scattered tools of bronze and small skin bags. A small parchment roll also lay upon the floor, tied with a leather string. He picked it up and examined it curiously. It was evidently a roster of workmen's names, written maybe many centuries before, but the characters were still legible. Penola could not read them, nor could he determine the language, altho it had the appearance of ancient Greek characters. He picked up one of the skin bags and shook it, and it crumbled to pieces in his hands; the ore which it contained, fell upon the floor. He picked some pieces of it up and looked at them. The ore was greyish and heavy, resembling nothing that he had ever seen. The light from the ceiling of the smaller cave was much brighter than the larger one. As he looked at the brighter ceiling of this smaller cave a possible solution of the light came to him. Could it be radium? His heart almost ceased to beat from the very thought of it.

If the source of this mysterious light was radium, here was enough radium ore to enrich a man beyond the dreams of avarice. He stooped again and picked up some of the ore, but knowing nothing of radium or its source, he could learn nothing by examining it, so he threw it down and began to explore the smaller chamber. He found a sort of mining shaft with stone steps leading down, but all below was dark and a dank earthly smell came up to him from below. He did not dare to go down. The tools he saw after examination were very much like the mining tools in use today, but were evidently of bronze or similar metal. There were also stone tools, principally hammers, and a curious box or casket the nature of which Penola could not determine. It was exceedingly heavy as if it contained mercury or something of that sort.

Penola pulled and tugged at the small bronze ring of the casket and finally with the aid of a small bronze crow-bar he overcame the ancient fastenings and pried open the lid. Within, heaped to the brim, were gold coins with a curious stamp upon them. In his younger days he had been a coin collector and by chance he recognized the coins that the casket contained. They were the coins of ancient Phoenicia, a people so far away down the years, in the dimness of antiquity, that little is known about them except that they were great traders and merchants. Penola concluded that this must be some ancient mine worked by the Phoenicians and undiscovered by the peoples who had come and gone in Africa until this day. Evidently this was the place utterly unknown except to the gorillas, who used it as a place of refuge.

All conjecture was cut short however, by hideous screaming and chattering clamor from the outer chamber. There was rage in the terrible sounds the gorillas were making, and the sounds were intensified because of being confined by the cavern roof. But in the sound of rage was a shuddering terror impossible to describe. The sounds of these screams almost paralyzed Penola for the moment, but he hastened to the narrow entrance slit which he had discovered, and looked within. The gorillas were in the end of the cavern, away from the entrance, huddled against the farthest wall, jammed as closely as possible, each fighting and straining at the other for the more favored place, and making the cavern hideous with their shrieks and cries.

At first Penola could not determine the cause of the tumult. He pushed farther in the narrow slit and craned his neck. Then he saw. Just thru the entrance, partly coiled, and with its

PAINS ACROSS SMALL OF BACK

Husband Helped in Housework.—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Strong

Foster, Oregon.—"I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for pains across the small of my back. They bothered me so badly that I could do my work only with the help of my husband. One day he saw the 'ad.' in our paper telling what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is doing for women, so I began to take it. It has helped me wonderfully. I am feeling fine, do all my housework and washing for seven in the family. I have been irregular too, and now am all right. I am telling my friends what it has done for me and am sure it will do good for others. You can use this letter as a testimonial. I will stand up for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound any time."—Mrs. WM. JUHNKE, Foster, Oregon.

Doing the housework for a family of seven is some task. If you, as a housewife, are troubled with backache, irregularities, are easily tired out and irritable, or have other disagreeable ailments caused by some weakness, give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. Let it help you.

Base Ball Suit Given

BOYS! Here is your chance to get a real Base Ball Suit, consisting of cap, shirt, belt and pants, absolutely Free. Each piece is well made of good material on the same order as a regular Base Ball Suit, and great care is taken to see that they are made to fit. You will be the proudest boy in your neighborhood with such a suit as this. Just think of the fine times you can have playing ball in this real Base Ball Suit.

I will give you this suit free and also tell you how to get a good ball and glove, so you will have a complete outfit.

Send No Money:

Just your name and address and I will tell you how you can get this dandy Ball Suit. Be the first in your neighborhood. Write today.

BASE BALL CO.,
711 FRIEND BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

High Grade Knife $1.00

INTRODUCTION OFFER

Full size knife with any design wanted mailed for $1.00. For 25c extra your name and address put on knife. Size 3¾ inches.

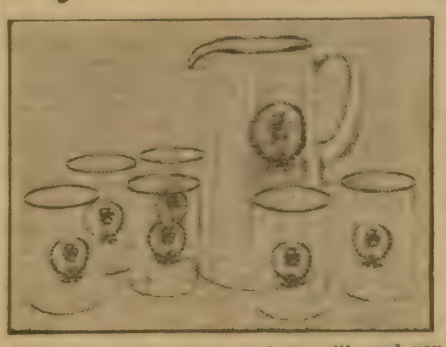
EASY MONEY

$75 to $200 Month'y — All Or Spare Time.

We want Sales Agents in every county. Transparent handle Knives and Razors. Blades finest steel. Every knife guaranteed. We train the inexperienced.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO.
1123 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

7 Pc. Sterling Silver Crystal Water Set FREE



Your Own Initial In Sterling Silver

Each Set consists of six one-half pint tumblers and one three-pint pitcher, all of the finest American Made Glass. Egg-shell thin and with a sheen like the finest imported ware. Every piece is decorated with your own initial in Sterling Silver, surrounded by a sterling silver wreath. The rims are also banded with sterling silver.

Our Great Offer

We will give you this beautiful set absolutely free, in return for a few minutes easy work. Just send us your name and address, and we will send you fully colored 16 x 20 art pictures. Distribute these among your friends and neighbors on our greatest of all 50-cent offers, and we will send you the 7-piece set free to your home. You will be surprised how easy it is. Many do it in two hours.

To the Crystal Department, CB
W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I want the seven-piece Crystal sterling silver water Set, Free by your special offer. Send me the 12 pictures and full particulars.

R. F. D., Street No
Name.....P. O. Box.....
Town..... State.....
(Initial wanted on set).....

Don't Delay! Act Now
Use the Coupon

or letter, or post card will do, but send at once. The sets are going fast. Get yours now.

CRYSTAL DEPT.
W. D. BOYCE CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.

great flat head held erect some three feet from the floor, was the largest python Penola had ever seen. It must have been fully eighty or ninety feet in length, and as it slowly uncoiled its folds and began to move towards the gorillas, with head held alertly erect, the light from the roof gave the shining folds a curious, ghostly glitter.

The gorillas were evidently terrified into almost a delirium of fear, and Penola as he gazed on the huge snake found himself losing reason and courage. But again, as on the previous day, there came into his heart the lust for combat, the ungovernable rage of primitive man; he felt his face suffuse with blood, he ground his teeth together, the hair bristled at the back of his neck and foam came out upon his lips as he leaped into the front cave thru the slit, with the crow-bar of bronze in his hand. All fear of the snake had left him and the lust of battle was upon him.

As he ran rapidly toward the snake, which stopped advancing toward the gorillas and was regarding him curiously, Penola picked up a stone from the cave floor and hurled it at the snake's erect head. The stone hit the snake on the neck and for a moment threw it into a panic. The great reptile made several swift to-and-fro movements of his neck and upper body as if wounded, and then opening his mouth with a mighty hiss he came towards Penola. Apparently he had determined which gorilla he would have for his dinner.

Penola had only time to hurl another stone—which missed; then he turned and ran without thought, but unconsciously he made for the slit in the wall leading into the small cave. Just in time he reached it, and squeezed thru as the great snake struck the wall behind him a mighty blow with his head. He had aimed at Penola's back, and if the blow had gone home it would have broken his spine.

THE snake recovered himself quickly and his hisses filled the cave with nerve-wracking sound. Evidently the blow against the rock wall had slightly stunned him. He swayed his head from side to side and coiled and uncoiled his folds. Just these few moments gave Penola time to hit upon a plan. If he could remain safely where he was, keep the snake from coming thru the slit, and induce him to batter his head upon the wall in fruitless attacks, he would be safe, and perhaps be able to seize a favorable moment of attack, himself; even kill the huge reptile.

Goose-flesh prickled over his body as he thought of how in his first ungovernable rage he had rushed to the attack. Was there also in this rage, he swiftly thought, a herd-instinct, a desire harking back to primeval times to do his bit to protect the others? Penola did not know, but all this flashed thru his mind as he stuck his head thru the opening and jabbed viciously with his bronze crow-bar at the python's body. As Penola had hoped, the snake responded by again hurling his battering ram of a head at him. He jumped quickly back; and the battle was on.

How long the fight lasted, Penola did not know. After the first fear was over, he began to enjoy the excitement of it, for it was a battle of superior intelligence against brute force. Very little harm could come to him as long as he could hold the snake to its present form of attack. In fact, the snake did most of the fighting. All that Penola did, was to jab at him with his crow-bar in much the same manner as a small boy annoys a dog on the other side of the fence, and then he must manage not to be there when the snake struck at his head. For an hour or more the snake struck blow after blow with his living battering ram. It never seemed to enter his flat and truly hard head that he was playing a losing game. With bloody snout he struck and hissed, and struck and hissed again; and Penola struck and jabbed in return.

Cowering over in the farthest corner, paralyzed with fear, with no thought of escape, thru the now clear outer entrance, the gorillas watched the contest.

Either the snake's mighty neck muscles had become wearied, or he became less cautious, for as he struck he did not withdraw as quickly. Penola watching his chance struck with all his force on the back of the neck and head before the snake was out of striking distance. This partly stunned the huge reptile, his head fell down and his mighty body coiled and uncoiled in a writhing struggle to recover. Penola leaped out of the opening and struck him on the head, blow after blow; even then he was in danger of the heavy writhing coils, the very weight of which would have injured him, and one squeeze would have crushed him. Even after the head was a bloody mass of battered, broken bone, the muscles of the writhing body lived on and it was a long time before the monster lay still—dead at last.

Penola, with sweat pouring from him, dashed the briny drops from his eyes and looked over toward the gorillas. They still cowered and gibbered together in the corner; to them a dead snake was apparently as dangerous as a live one. There came to Penola then, the solution of the age old horror of snakes which is shared by all the human race.

Just such scenes as this in that dim time before man had come into his own, when our ancestors, lacking the later-acquired, herd-defense instinct, stood by in unutterable terror before huge writhing reptiles who calmly crushed the shrieking victim and devoured it leisurely before the feared, paralyzed, helpless living, who were capable of destroying the monster easily if they had acted together. This great fear of snakes thus impressed on the terror-benumbed brain cells had come down thru the ages as an inheritance of fear.

Herd-instinct, that was the solution, acting together, all as one, a unit in defense of the whole. Penola mused on; could he teach these gorillas to act together? Could he? His heart leaped! Darwin in all his lifetime had never dreamed of such a chance, such an opportunity as this!

He would try. The task would require infinite patience, untiring perseverance. All these he had in abundance, acquired by years of effort in biological laboratories. He would begin at once.

Penola turned and spoke the monkey word for safety. He repeated and repeated the word with varying accents. He stamped upon the body of the dead python. He pushed its bloody and unresisting head about with his foot. From the gorillas there was no response. They gibbered among themselves, but remained in their corner where alone seemed safety.

At last Penola approached them, cautiously because he was yet somewhat afraid of them, and experience had taught him that an animal in great fear is always dangerous, even to its own kind. Singling out the female gorilla he caught her by the paw and pulled gently, speaking softly over and over again the word for safety.

Gradually she yielded and made slow steps forward, but a glimpse of the snake would make her snarl hideously and shamble back to the wall again. Finally after an hour's patient effort her fears were subdued and he got her up in close proximity to the snake.

This victory won, Penola tried another of the gorillas, but with no success this time. With a dangerous menacing snarl the gorilla, still quivering with fear, jerked away and clambered back to the furthest recesses of the cave.

Penola was too wearied to pursue the subject further. He went into the smaller cave, sought out a favorable spot and lay down and stretched out his wearied and sore legs to rest, with his head upon one of the skin bags of ore. In just a few moments he was asleep.

As he sank into slumber the thought occurred to him, that all the time he was fighting the snake with primitive weapons he had a perfectly good automatic in his clothes under the gorilla hide, but had not thought to use it. In fact, civilization and its weapons were fast going out of Penola's consciousness.

While he slept he again had the half-dreaming, half-waking sense of being gently raised from the floor and propped up against the wall; therefore, when he awakened in the morning he was not surprised to find the faithful female gorilla beside him and his head pillowed upon her hairy chest. He did not speculate long upon this contingency, which after happening twice, was becoming in this strange land almost a matter of course. His problem now was food for which his stomach clamored. He again repeated the word for food and was overjoyed to find that it only required two repetitions this time before the gorilla understood. So they went forth into the sunshine of the early morning and again dined on the wild berries.

IN THE meantime Sam, in the clutches of the tree Pigmies, lived on the fat of the land and waxed fat thereon. Each day the head men of the Pigmies would make an official visit to their prisoners, lovingly finger the folds of fat on Sam's body, and look with contempt on the lean and wiry old Zulu who had not gained a pound.

Sam had not realized why he should be petted and fed, but took it as a matter of course, without worry, as was his nature.

One day he became lonely, thru just sitting on the ground during the day and climbing a rude grass ladder to a bed in the tree-top at night, so he made motions that he be allowed to open up his pack which the Pigmies had brought with them and stored in one of the tree-top houses. After much physical effort he made them understand and the pack was opened for his inspection.

Sam seized upon the little phonograph that had never left him since he left America, and among a gaping crowd of wondering Pigmies set it up, wound it, put on a record and soon the primeval forest was filled with the Alabama minstrel jazz song, "It Takes a Long Slim Gal to Make a Preacher Lay His Bible Down." However, the words did not scatter any farther than did the Pigmies. King, soldiers, guards, women and children fell over themselves in precipitated flight and in just a few minutes he and the old Zulu were alone. Sam laughed 'til the tears rolled down his cheeks. He haw-hawed until the monkeys in the trees chattered and yelled back at him.

The old Zulu did not laugh, however; old warrior that he was, he kept his wits about him at all times and he saw in this diversion a chance to escape. Without argument, which was useless with a man who could not understand him, he grabbed Sam by the hand and motioned toward the forest. Together with the old man crashing in front and Sam with his handicapped fat following behind, they fled all day or rather what remained of the afternoon, without rest; the old man finding his way and sense of direction by the sun.

When night came they crawled into the hollow trunk of a fallen, gigantic tree, and slept as best they could until it was light enough to resume their way. Their progress was slow and tedious, the old Zulu pausing occasionally to look back anxiously and to listen intently until near noon. At this time they chanced upon a huge patch of wild berries matted in with the undergrowth of the jungle, and they paused to eat. Even then the old Zulu was not content. He insisted by signs and motions that they should crawl far up into the mass of vines and underbrush before beginning their meal. This they did at the expense of many a scratch from the matted thorns.

After they had eaten their fill of berries, with the sun on the Western turn and the air therefore cooler, they made themselves as comfortable as possible and were soon sleeping the sleep of weariness and repletion.

Sam was just in the midst of a dream in which he was graphically describing his adventures to an admiring crowd in the colored Methodist Church in his home town, when his lusty snores ended in a snort of terror, caused by a shaking clutch of the Zulu's arm. With his hand over Sam's mouth to prevent outcry, the old warrior silently pointed thru the bushes and tangled brambles. Not thirty yards away were two gorillas feeding on the berries and walking thru the brambles toward their hiding place.

"The soko-mitsu!" said the old Zulu simply. Sam felt the back of his neck drawing. His hair bristled on his head and his stomach quivered with fear. He looked at the two enormous gorillas as they were quietly feeding and his eyes bulged. He put out a trembling hand and clutched the old Zulu's arm in terror.

"Man, whut is we gwine ter do? I asks you, whut is we gwine ter do? But shucks! Whut's de use tryin' ter talk ter a man whut ain't got sense enough ter understan' plain U-nited States talk!" said Sam, his disgust at not being understood overcoming his fear.

Then a great change came over the darkey. With a surprised grunt he got up on his hands and knees and stared at the two gorillas. Then in a voice that quivered with fear, yet held inexpressible joy, he cried out:

"My Lawd, perfessor, is dat you, honey? Talk quick, perfessor, 'cause I'se jest about daid—skeered plumb ter death. If dat's you, fer Gawd's sake, say so! Fer here we is safe an' sound—me an' grandpa, bofe!"

At the sound of his quavering voice, one of the gorillas looked up with a snarl of fear and shambled off a few yards toward the high cliff in the distance; pausing to glance back at her companion. The old Zulu, thinking Sam had gone suddenly mad, cursed him softly under his breath and tried to pull him back down to the concealment of the brambles and briars. The other gorilla, to Sam's unspeakable joy, glanced up quickly and said, ungrammatically and joyfully:

"Yes, Sam, it's me. Come on out and

VIGOR SOON RESTORED BY A NEW DISCOVERY.

Extract of an African Bark Gives the Tingle of Health and the "Pep" of Youth in Just a Few Days.

The wonderful vitalizer discovered several years ago in the bark of an African tree is now being supplied to the public by an American laboratory. It is already widely used in Europe and is pronounced an amazingly quick and powerful invigorator and builder of nerve force. Its energizing influence is felt in a day or two, and within a week the circulation improves, the "pep" of youth returns and the tingle and glow of health are felt in every part.

The Re-Bild laboratories, which are supplying the extract in America, combine it in tablet form with other powerful tonic and invigorating elements, the product being called "Re-Bild Tabs." Thousands say it has raised them from weakness and misery to abundant, magnetic vitality and the true joy of living. In fact, the laboratories are so confident of its merit that they invite anybody to try the remedy on the basis of "no results, no pay."

Any reader of this paper may test the "Re-Bild Tabs" on that basis. Simply send your name and address, without money, to the Re-Bild Laboratories, 127 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo. A full treatment of the remedy will be mailed to you at once. On delivery pay postman only $1.00 and postage. If not amazed and delighted after taking the tablets a week, notify the laboratories and your deposit will be refunded in full. As this test offer is fully guaranteed, no one need hesitate about writing for the tablets.—Adv.

BARGAIN Sale

BEAUTIFUL CHECKED GINGHAM

Advance Spring Style

$3.49 POST PAID

Here's an amazing bargain in a beautiful quality and an exquisite stylish woven gingham dress.

The picture shows you how becomingly you can dress in this advanced spring and summer style. The big demand by New York's fashionable women has already marked this style as a big leader for the coming season. Has fancy white organdie collar, cuffs and pockets, which have a fancy trimming so as to add to its attractiveness. The vestee is also of white organdie. A silk bow tie at the neck adds another dainty touch. Exceptionally well made, being reinforced and double stitched throughout. Patent leather belt.

Sizes: Misses', 14 to 20; ladies', 34 to 46 bust.

Colors: White and white check, red and white check, or brown and white check.

GUARANTEE

We guarantee absolute satisfaction after examination or money back.

HOW TO ORDER

Send no money. Rush name, address, size and color desired, and mention style No. L350. Your amazing bargain will be sent by return mail. POSTAGE FREE. Pay Postman only $3.49 on arrival.

Well Maid Mfg. Co.
130 East 25th St., New York

CHINESE Good Luck Ring

This Mystic Chinese Symbol of Good Luck, Health, Happiness and Long Life has been looked upon with the deepest reverence by the Chinese for centuries. It is reputed by them to be almost uncanny in its power to bring Good Luck, Riches, Success in Love, Health and Happiness. Amazing stories of good fortune are told by its wearers.

Brings Fanny Brice Ziegfield Follies' Star, $2,000.00 in 48 Hours

This famous stage beauty and popular idol says: "Eight hours after I put on my Chinese Good Luck Ring, I received a check for $2000.00. It was an entirely unexpected present. I call it the best of luck." An actor who had been out of work over a year signed a contract three days after he put his ring on. A mechanic out of work for three months secured a job the next day. The fad of the hour in fashionable New York and Chicago society. Worn by rich and poor alike. Millions sold in the larger cities. Every man, woman and child should have one. Get your Chinese Good Luck Ring at once, or send one to some friend who has been unfortunate.

Send No Money

Don't send a penny. Just your name, address, state whether for lady or gentleman, boy or girl, and give ring size. We will send you a solid Sterling Silver Chinese Good Luck Ring at once by prepaid parcel post. When you receive the ring send us $1.50 plus a few pennies postage charge. Then wear the ring for ten days and if it does not bring you the best of luck or you are in any way dissatisfied, return the ring to us at end of 5 days and your $1.50 will be promptly refunded.

CHING LING FOO
Room 1054, 538 So. Clark St.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Safe Way To Reduce FAT

No Exercise or Dieting.

New home treatment removes ½-pound to 1 pound a day. Scientific, natural method. Easy and delightful. Warranted harmless. Used by physicians.

Sample Free Send name and address today for liberal trial supply. No cost or obligation. Address
RE-BILD LABORATORIES,
DEPT. 405, 1100 Coca Cola Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Watch, Knife & Chain $1.95

Send No Money — C.O.D. — Fully Guaranteed

This 1922 model Men's or Boys' popular 16 size **perfect time keeper for only $1.95. Solid Silveroid** thin model case, open face, stem wind and set, position adjustment, fully tested. **A written guarantee with every watch.** Present given with each watch. Send no money. Simply pay the postman $1.95 and the watch and present is yours
Consolidated Watch Co., Dept. 50, 20 E. Lake St., Chicago

Mexican Dressed Fleas

Greatest Curio in the World. Marvels of Minute Handiwork
2 Fleas in Box, 75c per Box; 3 for $1.75
Send Money Order

Genuine Common Flea, Stuffed, Mounted and dressed up in a Suit of Native Mexican Clothes. These specimens are so minute as to require a magnifying glass to reveal their remarkable resemblance to the Native Mexican Characters.

Free Catalogue Mexican Drawn Work

Point Lace, Blankets, Spanish Silk Shawls and Curios
Mexican Curio Exchange, 218 S. El Paso St., El Paso, Tex.

maybe I can make you acquainted with the gorillas. They treat me just like I was one of the family."

"Yes, suh, maybe dey does, but I has jest erbout got ter de p'int dat I ain't makin' no more new 'quaintances. Betwixt dese here gorillas an' dem tree-climbin' niggers which I'se been hidin' wid de las' few days, I don't see much diff'unce 'ceptin' dey's little an' dese here gorillas is big."

As this parley was going on across the expanse of wild berry bushes, the old Zulu was gazing with starting eyeballs at Professor Penola and the female gorilla, who was still hovering, half-afraid, in the background, loath to either advance or to leave.

"It is my white brother," he muttered to himself. "Surely the soko-mitsu have betwitched him indeed and his own people will know him no more forever."

By dint of much persuasion, Penola induced Sam and the Zulu to come out. And by much more persuasion, patience, tact and a veritable sixth-sense of intuitive knowledge of animals, he finally also induced the female gorilla to cautiously approach. This, Penola thought exultantly, was the greatest test of his power over the gorilla—greater, by far, than anything he had ever previously accomplished.

He smuggled Sam and the Zulu into the rough cavern and listened with a pride of possession to their Oh's and Ah's of wonder and amazement. With their aid he was also able to dispose of the dead python, whose death he described briefly as he wished to work fast before the whole colony of gorillas returned for night shelter to the cave.

THEY dragged the python into the small chamber and sent the body hurtling and rustling down the old mine shaft which Penola had discovered the night before. They listened for the sound of the body striking bottom, which came after a long interval. Penola judged by this that the mine shaft must be almost half a mile deep. He could not help wondering how some future generation of men discovering this wonderful, age-old, mysterious cavern should find the giant snake's mouldering bones at the bottom of this shaft and would speculate and wonder how it came there.

Sam and the old Zulu he secreted in the small chamber when night came, and by soothing repetitions of the peace word and the safety sound he induced Zuela, the name Sam had immediately given the female gorilla, naming her after an old sweetheart of his in Alabama, to approach him; and they took their sleeping place of the night before, which was beside the inner wall near the great stone chair.

The next morning early, before the majority of the gorillas had awakened, the professor brought Sam and the Zulu in beside him. They sat quietly against the wall as he had instructed them. Some of the gorillas did not even notice them; others detecting a strange smell looked toward the two men and left the cavern swiftly, with furtive snarls, but on the whole it was a success for the first night.

In the inner chamber, after the gorillas left, he set the old Zulu to work skinning the gorilla the python had killed, with a view of using his hide as a camouflage for Sam, as the skin he had purchased for him was in his pack in the possession of the tree Pigmies.

Penola, with a strange reluctance which he could not explain, disliked exceedingly to kill a gorilla for another hide, but he saw no alternative.

So after the Zulu had finished skinning the one already dead Penola set out, with Sam and the old hunter a safe distance behind, for the berry patch where he felt sure at this hour he would find the majority of the gorillas feeding peacefully. When he reached the feeding grounds Sam and the Zulu were concealed, with instructions to follow the direction of the revolver shot when he should fire. Penola had decided to use one of his precious cartridges in the effort to secure another camouflage, otherwise he felt that his efforts to have the gorillas become accustomed to the men as men would be too long and hazardous.

So he singled out what he regarded as the oldest gorilla of those feeding among the berries and fed near him for an hour or more before the animal became sufficiently isolated for shooting without terrorizing all the others. Penola watched his opportunity and as the old primate bent far over after some particularly large and luscious berries Penola placed his automatic very near to the gorilla's left ear and fired. He fell without a moan or struggle and within two hours the three men were back in the cave with two hides to be cured.

At this work the old Zulu showed his proficiency. He went into the forest and returned with an armful of a peculiar dry wood, unknown to Penola, and with which he made a fire, over which he arranged the hides so they would receive the pungent, acrid smoke. After the wood was all consumed he took the ashes and rubbed the hides carefully and thoroly with them. He repeated this process every day until after three days the hides were ready for use. When their rents had been sufficiently sewed up by the old gorilla hunter, who employed shredded bark for thread and a splinter of bone for a needle, he and Sam then donned them, standing forth converted by the art of the old Zulu taxidermist into passably-appearing gorillas, and certainly with the gorilla's pungent animal smell. They could then go among the gorillas unmolested and scarcely noticed.

Then began one of the strangest happenings of all the strange happenings of the world. Penola assidously taught the old Zulu the monkey language as he knew it. The old man did not require such teaching. He believed that he was already half a gorilla, and dressed in the skin he certainly looked the part. He soon knew all of the language that Penola and Sam knew.

Penola then began his long-cherished plan of teaching the gorillas. Only a man possessed of the dogged patience of the scientist could have clung desperately week after week to the hopeless task of teaching the gorillas the simplest acquirements of primitive man. But Penola believed that the germ of evolutionary advancement was there, lying dormant in their arrested brains, so he persisted patiently without heat or haste or despair.

He chose first the tending and care of a fire. Winter was coming on for one thing, and he had the theory too that this was the most important discovery of primitive man. If he could teach them to tend and care for a fire and learn its comforts he would be far upon the right road.

So day by day he taught Zuela to gather wood, carry it into the cave and place it at intervals on the fire when it needed replenishing. He assigned a similar task to Sam and the Zulu, with other female gorillas. He chose the females for two reasons; one because they were brighter and more teachable, and secondly because he wished to follow with the gorillas the laws of the natural advancement of man, in which the female had taken the care of the home, the males foraging for food and conquest. Upon these natural primitive laws Penola hoped to found his gorilla commonwealth.

Napoleon, as he reviewed his victorious army after the battle of Friedland, never experienced the glad quickening in his heart that Penola felt when at last Zuela and her two companions could be trusted to build up and tend the cavern fires. Edison felt it when he at last perfected the electric light and the phonograph. This feeling of exultation, this rare intoxicating seventh heaven feeling of delight comes only to the constructors, the inventors, and the scientists that push the old aside for the new. And for a period of months Penola was to experience this feeling often as he gradually but surely trained his shy, nervous, stupid gorillas into a semblance of what primitive man must have been.

As he worked with the intoxication of success upon him he gradually underwent a subtle change. His voice became almost a guttural squeak, his walk more awkward and shambling than it naturally was, and in his heart there grew up a real love for the humble, patient Zuela, who gave all and asked nothing. A love that had he stopped to analyze it would have approached perilously near to the natural love of male for female. But he did not stop to analyze it, he was beyond introspection, too busy, too occupied to think about himself. When the old Zulu had whispered that day among the berry bushes, "My white brother has been bewitched by the sokomitsu," he spoke the truth; and the old native tradition of man reverting back to the primates, when associating with them in their own country, was being worked out in Penola, in Sam, and the old Zulu—had they but known it or realized it. But they did not realize it or sense it; they were too busy.

How the adventurers became members of the gorillas themselves, and how Sam trained an army of big apes to exterminate the vicious cannibal Pigmies, will be told in the concluding chapters of the interesting story, next week. Who will win the strange battle that is bound to come? Will the fierce, fighting midgets hold their own with the trained gorilla soldiers, or will Sam be disappointed in the courage and efficiency of his monkey army? The concluding part of the story will be a "hummer." Don't miss it.

* * *

History in Our Bodies.

FOR at least 50,000,000 years the world forces have been making the animal body, yet today, in the finished product of the human machine, expert investigators are said to have found no fewer than 107 organs or parts of organs which are more or less useless.

Why, for instance, have we hair on our bodies, asks a London Scientist. There is not a word to be said in favor of it, harboring as it does dirt and microbes. It has been artificially fostered during the course of mankind's history and is a vestige of the warm fur coat of mammals in the Ice Age.

Again, the pieces of gristle or cartilage on the sides of the head which we call our ears are similar organs. They do not catch waves of sound as many suppose; they are too flat to do so. But if we compare them with the movable ears of the horse we see what they mean.

They were once similar organs, but now only an individual here and there can use one of the seven muscles under the skin from which it is obvious that the ear could once be moved in every direction.

There are many similar muscles in the the body today which tell us about a strange past. Some men can twitch their nostrils. Some men can move their scalps. They do so by means of muscles which in most of us have gone completely out of use.

In the inner corner of each eye we have a little pulpy mass which recalls to us even remoter ages of the body's past. It is of no use whatever in the body today, but is a relic of a "third eyelid." To understand it, one has to watch a parrot or an eagle in a cage and notice how the bird flashes a white film occasionally over its eyeball. Our eyelids are now a better apparatus for sweeping the dust off our eyeball.

In the remote ages there were animals with a third eye in the top of the head. We find it in the heads of a few reptiles, but the skin has grown over it. In man it has become a small body about the size of a hazel nut, rising from the middle of the brain. It is a mysterious organ, and, while it is difficult to say it has no function, we can clearly trace it to the third eye of millions of years ago.

The "vermiform appendix"—the source of appendicitis—has been removed from hundreds of thousands of people in modern times, and no harm has ensued in any single case, and it seems to have no use in the body.

One of the strongest links with the past is the vestige of a tail. Sometimes today children are born with distinct and movable—tho very short—tails. In addition, a writer in part 6 of "The Outline of Science," declares we have bones, muscles and glands in many parts that are now the useless relics of a remote past.

* * *

Clever Woman.

Pearl—Don't you think that a woman is clever enough to do any work that a man can do?

Reggie—Oh, yes! But a woman is a lot cleverer than that. She usually gets some man to do it for her.

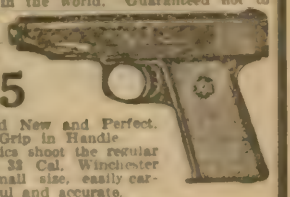
YOUR CHOICE OF 25 CAL. OR 32 CAL.

$30 Genuine German Ortgies Automatics

One of the most famous and highest grade Automatic Revolvers in the world. Guaranteed not to jam or misfire.

Special At Shoots 7 Times

$6.75

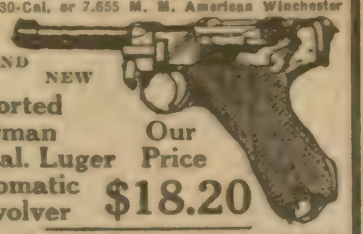


Every One Brand New and Perfect. Has Safety Grip in Handle

These Automatics shoot the regular American 25 or 32 Cal. Winchester bullets. Nice small size, easily carried; very powerful and accurate.

Brand New Lugers

Shoots 30-Cal. or 7.655 M. M. American Winchester Bullets



BRAND NEW Imported German 30-cal. Luger Automatic Revolver

Our Price $18.20

We sell Luger Revolvers cheaper than anybody in the U. S. Genuine Leather Luger Holster, $1.25. Extra Magazines for Luger Revolvers $2.25 each.

ALL OUR MERCHANDISE IS BRAND NEW

Order one of these Specials NOW.

Mail orders promptly filled upon receipt of cash or money order, or if you prefer

Send no Money

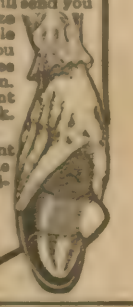
Pay Postman on arrival. Full satisfaction guaranteed. Parcel Post 20c on Revolvers

MODEL CO., 145-B Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Quick Bunion Relief

Try It Free

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have proved it to thousands of others in the last six months. I claim to have a positive relief for bunion pains, and I want you to try it free—at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried Fairyfoot, and I have such confidence in it that I want you to send me your name and address and I will send you a 4 days' trial free and a full size $1 package C. O. D. It is a simple home method which relieves you quickly of all pain and subdues all soreness and all inflammation. I know it will do all this and I want you to try "Fairyfoot" at my risk. Money back if not satisfied.



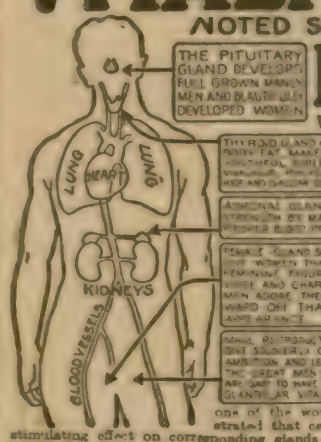
Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this magazine again. Just send name and address. Write today.

FOOT REMEDY CO.
2207 Millard Ave. Dept. 204
CHICAGO

VITALITY AND THE GLANDS

NOTED SCIENTIST SAYS ONE COULD LIVE FOREVER

WITH A PERFECTLY BALANCED GLANDULAR SYSTEM


THE PITUITARY GLAND DEVELOPS FULL GROWN MANLY MEN AND BEAUTIFULLY DEVELOPED WOMEN
THYROID GLAND CONTROLS BODY FAT, MAKES WOMEN SHAPELY, BRILLIANT AND VIVACIOUS, MEN ENERGETIC AND GIVES COMPLEXIONS
ADRENAL GLANDS GIVE STRENGTH OR MAINTAIN NORMAL BLOOD PRESSURE
FEMALE GLAND SECRETIONS GIVE WOMEN THAT LOVELY FEMININE FIGURE, SWEET VOICE AND CHARM WHICH MEN ADORE. THESE GLANDS WARD OFF THAT AGED LOOK AND MANNER
REPRODUCTIVE GLANDS GIVE SOLDIERLY COURAGE, AMBITION AND LEADERSHIP. THE GREAT MEN IN HISTORY ARE SAID TO HAVE HAD GREAT GLANDULAR VITALITY
LUNG
HEART
LUNG
KIDNEYS
BLOOD VESSELS

Scientists agree that the secret of Health, Womanly Grace and Beauty, Manly Strength and Youthful Vigor lies in the internal secretory glands and by stimulating these glands to normal activity, many abnormal conditions such as Sallow Complexion, Weakness, Nervous Debility, Premature Senility, Tired Worn Out Feeling, Poor Memory, Loss of Hair, Loss of Weight, Pains in Back and Sides, Chronic Headaches, Scrawny Neck, Undeveloped Organs, Restlessness at Night, Melancholia, Despondency and other symptoms have disappeared. Don't suffer from any of the above another day until you try our latest scientific glandular treatment—Glandol.

Try It 10 Days at Our Risk

No charge whatever if it fails. Thousands of red-blooded men and women are taking it every day. Users claim it makes them feel years younger, many reporting that great improvement was noticed in two or three days. Glandol contains the pure substances of the Vital Glands of Young Animals. It is prepared in one of the world's largest and best equipped glandular laboratories. Science has demonstrated that certain of these glands, when taken into the human system, have a decided stimulating effect on corresponding glands in the body. Reports from men and women who are using Glandol tell of results that seem amazing.

Send No Money

Try Glandol entirely at our risk. Simply send name, age and address today. State whether the treatment is for male or female. Profit by the experience of thousands, many of whom were probably in worse shape than yourself. Join the happy throng of Vigorous, Youthful Appearing Men and Women of all ages. We take all risk, you none, so don't doubt, don't hesitate, but send postal or letter for Glandol today.

INTERNATIONAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES

Suite 1960 Rand McNally Building 536 South Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois

AUTO PRIZE CONTEST

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS

You can win an automobile in addition to splendid prizes such as watches, cameras, and other things you like. Write us today sending your answer with the faces marked, with 4c in stamps to help pay the postage and mailing expenses of the present which you have won. It will be mailed to you with your Certificate good for 2,000 free votes in our Auto Contest. We will also send you a copy of two different popular publications worth 5c an issue. Write your name and address plainly so there will be no mistake.

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by close search and by twisting and turning the picture around, they will be revealed to you. Can you find them?

YOU WILL WIN A PRIZE

If you do; try it, don't give up. It will pay you. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us. When your answer is received we will send you a prize which we know you will appreciate, and it will be a big surprise to you. We will also make you a present of 2,000 free Auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid automobile touring car, which we are going to give away. We will give away many other prizes for just a little effort.

Auto Puzzle Dept. 1, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., BOX E, South Bend, Ind.

FOR
COLT .25 CAL.
Cartridges
Retail Value $22.50 $8.75
A beautiful little pocket gun. Shoots 7 times, .25 cal. steel jacketed bullets. Checkered grips and safety lever. Small and compact, doesn't bulge in the pocket. 591
GET OUR CATALOG

THE FAMOUS
".32 NINE" 592
—Built Like a Watch—
REGULAR VALUE $35.00
ONLY $11.50

The most beautiful, finest made, all-around automatic in the world—bar none. Winner of practically all European Championships. New model, faultless action, super-quality blue steel. Grip safety and fine sights. Takes any .32 auto. cartridges. Shoots 9 times, hard and straight. Very few parts, and dissembled with fingers. Don't compare this with cheap imported guns. Absolutely guaranteed. If you don't think it is worth $35.00, we will gladly refund your money. The biggest bargain ever offered. ORDER NOW! Our goods are new, not rebuilt. When You Need A Gun, You Need It Bad. Don't put it off. Protect your person, your home and HER. Order NOW while these bargain prices last. Write name and address plainly and order by number.

SEND NO MONEY
Unless you wish. We will ship by return mail and you can pay the above low price, plus postage, to the postman, on arrival of your revolver.

AMERICAN NOVELTY COMPANY
2455-57 Archer Avenue Chicago, Ill.

SQUEEZED TO DEATH

When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1696. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Heart!

Does your heart palpitate, flutter, or skip beats? Don't delay treatment. Use Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets. 30 years record of success. $1.00 at druggists. Trial treatment and 1000 references mailed free. Write Dr. F. G. Kinsman, 1 Bank Bldg., Augusta, Maine

12 Months to Pay

You can easily earn money for the small payments. Parents often advance first payment to help buy a RANGER. 44 styles, colors and sizes. Factory to Rider prices. Delivered FREE, express prepaid, for 30 DAYS' TRIAL. Terms to suit—cash or easy payments.

Tires lamps, wheels, horns, repairs and equipment at half usual prices. SEND NO MONEY. Write today for our big, Free Ranger Catalog and marvelous prices.

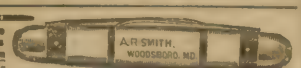
Mead Cycle Company Dept. 553 Chicago Write us today for free catalog

BRONCHITIS AND TUBERCULOSIS

yield to Chief Black Cloud's Indian Remedy. Write for booklet of testimonials. Herbal Remedies for Blood Disorders. Get well! Write

CHIEF BLACK CLOUD
Indian Medicine Man
Elmira Heights, N. Y.

THIS KNIFE FREE



for selling 8 boxes ROSEBUD Salve at 25c each and remit $2.00. Knife has best steel blades, we put your name on. Order salve at once. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 220, Woodsboro, Md.

FREE Genuine Eastman CAMERA FREE

For a few minutes' easy work Send your name and address & of our 16 beautifully colored art pictures 16x20, to distribute among your friends and neighbors on our GREAT OFFER.

Premo Jr., Model B. Genuine Eastman Film Pack Camera. Takes pictures 2¼ x 3¼ in.

Many do it in two hours. Dept. K-1.
W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Honor Among Thieves

(Concluded From Page 12)

permanently without its boundary. This condition is authorized by the Governor and will be carried out to the letter.

CLEMENT HOLCOMB, Sheriff.

Buzz Arnold urged his horse close in to the shore and, leaning from his saddle, ripped the poster from the tree and re-read it at close range. Then he folded it into the bosom of his shirt.

"Got 'em goin'," he chuckled. "Keep this and show it to the boys. Good joke!"

As he proceeded other notices greeted from the shore, but he gave them scant attention. At Tombstone Rock he left the water and, urging his mount to an easy gallop, headed westward.

He had covered barely two miles, however, when he brought his horse up with a sharp jerk. He drew out Sheriff Holcomb's poster and by the fast dying light read it over again. The notice had suddenly taken on a new significance.

What would Baines and Peasley think about it? Chances were, like himself, they'd consider it merely as a good joke on the authorities. Again they might not. He recalled now that they had been growing restless of late. They complained almost constantly of the narrowness of their existence. True, their career was a profitable one, and they were practically immune from arrest; but what good was money, they had began to argue, when one could not mingle with his kind and enjoy it? No telling what one of them might do with such an offer staring them in the face. He wished now that he had destroyed those posters as he came along.

Slowly Arnold turned his horse and headed back toward the river. Baines and Peasley must not know about this. Buzz Arnold had turned back solely to rip down and destroy the notices; but before he had traveled half a mile his thoughts veered off on a new angle. Into his mind had sprung suddenly a great idea, an idea that sent exquisite thrill thru his entire being.

He had grown tired of this hunted existence also. He had been tired of it for a long time now. Not tired of murder and rapine and pillage. That was a part of his life. He reveled in crime. It was the isolation these acts imposed upon one that he had tired of.

For Buzz Arnold, like most men of his moral stripe, was by nature gregarious. He craved the company of his fellow man. He yearned for wine and women and the mad revelry that went with them. And now all these things were his for the taking, handed to him on a silver platter, so to speak.

Sooner or later, he told himself as he rode along, his little secret basin in the mountains would be discovered. With the country settling up and men penetrating farther and farther into the fastnesses, that was inevitable. And then what would become of him? The gallows, if taken alive; swift death from a bullet, if he resisted. Baines and Peasley would meet a like fate. Then why not one survive to enjoy what all should eventually lose?

The answer was simple enough, once he had reasoned it out. One of them should survive. And that one should be Buzz Arnold.

Again entering the river, Arnold drew his mount to a walk and let it take its way slowly and as quietly as possible up the stream. Here and there a white splash against the dark background showed him one of Sheriff Holcomb's posters. But he did not stop to destroy them. What mattered they now? Their only effect upon Buzz Arnold was an addded thrill as he pictured the life they should open to him.

Once in the foothills, he gave his mount its head and without a slip or stumble the sure-footed beast picked its way steadily upward, round stones and bowlders, over the stairlike rapids, not once putting hoof to land.

After a time the hills on either side grew higher and closer together. Then they swept in, funnellike and sheer, shutting out every faint vestige of light. On either hand rose a wall of solid rock, the waters of Swift River leaping and foaming between them. The horse splashed steadily on. Proceeding a mile or so in this stygian blackness the horse halted suddenly and Arnold swung from the saddle.

He landed on a narrow shelf of rock, jutting out from the wall scarcely six inches above the water. A clump of junipers grew thickly upon the ledge and from the face of the cliff. Arnold thrust aside the thick greenery and without a word of command the horse brushed past him and disappeared into what seemed a solid wall of rock. Arnold followed; and when the shrubbery had settled into place the opening, even at midday, there at the bottom of the deep canyon, was completely hidden.

Following a winding passage for a hundred yards or more, horse and man emerged into a small, cuplike depression scarcely two hundred feet in diameter. Only the stars directly overhead and tiny patches of sky showing thru the thick foliage which overhung its circular rim were visible. From the side opposite the entrance, and beneath a projection of the wall, shone a dim rectangle of light.

Tethering his horse at the very entrance, so that it might not wander about the basin and betray his presence, the bandit leader crept noiselessly toward the light. It shone thru a small four-paned window at the rear of a tiny cabin. Reaching the window, Buzz Arnold lifted one eye cautiously above the ledge and peered within.

ON HIS way up the river he had worked out a plan of action. The poster said dead or alive. That little word "dead" simplified matters considerably. For no one of them could have dellevered the other two alive. Even should they be caught unawares, singly, and bound to a state of helplessness, no one of them would have had the courage to face his companions in so traitorous a role.

Buzz Arnold suffered no compunctions at murder. A man's life meant nothing to him. Not even the lives of his partners in crime. But the daring leader of the Arnold gang was a coward at heart. He could kill Baines and Peasley as conscienceless as he could kill a rabbit; but he had not the courage to look them in the eye while he did it, not even for that fleeting instant between the crash of his gun and the snuffing out of their lives.

He had a better plan; one that would relieve him of that brief discomfiture. Two swift shots thru the window would do the trick. They would never know, even for that infinitesimal moment, that their leader had betrayed them. Then with an easy conscience he could collect the reward, return to the basin for their combined plunder, and take is own free way out of the State and into a life of hectic revelry.

But that brief glance thru the window had, for the moment stayed his hand. Baines and Peasley were seated at a small table in the center of the room. Spread out between them was one of Sheriff Holcomb's posters. They were not looking at it, but across the table at each other. They were slightly crouched, tense, like animals about to spring.

Ah, ha! So they knew about it already, did they. One of them must have followed him from the basin and returned when he did. Arnold backed from the window, away from the light, but still close enough to watch the two men and overhear what might be said.

"What's the idea, tryin' to hide this in your bunk?" he heard Peasley say, his words crackling like shots from a pistol.

"None of your d—n business," retorted Baines in a like tone.

"Well, why didn't you want me to see it?" Peasley asked next.

"That's none of you d—n business either," came from Baines.

"I know why," went on Peasley; "and you know I know. You figured on doin' just what this says."

"You're a liar!" snarled Baines, his voice low and even, yet carrying a deadly menace. "I knew d—n well you would do it."

Like a flash two guns leaped above the table. They roared into each other's muzzles what seemed a single report. Peasley slipped from his chair and thudded to the floor. Baines half rose, his head wabbling, left hand clutching at the table edge, the revolver dangling loosely in his right.

Throwing precaution aside Buzz Arnold returned to the window. Baines stood with his back to him, clutching desperately at the table to keep from falling, making weak attempts to lift the gun which seemed a dead weight in his hand. Peasley was on the floor, half sitting, half lying, trying to prop his body with his left arm. He, too, made futile attempts to fire again.

"Game to the last!" grinned Arnold, as he watched gloatingly from without. "Go to it, boys!"

That both men were mortally stricken he well knew. He had seen too many men die not to recognize the ghastly struggle that tears soul from body. A spray of blood shot from Peasley's lips with each labored breath. He could hear the death rattle in Baines' throat.

Buzz Arnold pressed his face close to the window and chuckled gleefully. This was soft, soft indeed. Nothing to do now but deliver their bodies to the sheriff. He was glad in a way that they had taken matters into their own hands and relieved him of that little detail.

"Much obliged, boys," he chuckled. "But hurry up and get it over with. There's big doin's waitin' for me just over the line an' I'm anxious to get started."

As if in answer to his remark Jim Baines slumped forward across the table, one arm doubled under him, the other dangling toward the floor. At the same instant Squint Peasley, his eyes already glazed and set, summoned the very last ounce of his departing strength and, tilting his gun, fired over Baines' crumpled body.

Buzz Arnold saw Peasley tilt the muzzle of his gun, saw a blinding flame leap toward him; but the report came as from a vast and ghostly distance. His fingers gave one spasmodic clutch at the window ledge, then he slipped to the ground and lay still.

Peasley's last bullet, fired just as his life went out, and a fraction of a second too late to catch Baines' body in it's forward slump, had shattered the pane squarely between Buzz Arnold's eyes.

Trees Provide Sporting Tools.

IT IS HARD to say which species of tree would be most missed in the field of sport should any one species vanish from the face of the earth. Without hickory manufacturers of golf clubs would face a dilemma; without the willow there would be little chance of future Babe Ruths scoring home runs; without the ash tennis rackets would be less reliable; without the cane that grows in the Far East or the blue mahoe of South America there could be no such effective fishing rods as are in use today, altho the Greenheart of our own country is providing a fair substitute. And with the disappearance of the cane what would be done for the handles of polo mallets?

Without the black walnut of Kentucky and other Middle States sportsmen would find but poor substitutes among the butts of their shotguns and fowling pieces. Archery as a sport may have shrunk in popularity, and croquet lost most of its old-time attractiveness, but there would be no possible indulgence with satisfaction in either of these pastimes were the yew tree and the box tree no longer existent.

Stocks of all sorts of timber ran very low during the war, and since all wood used for game implements requires long and careful seasoning there is still a famine in many sorts, and a consequent rise in price. One of the most difficult things to obtain at present is a good shaft for a golf club, especially for a driver. Those persons certainly are fortunate who own pre-war golf clubs.

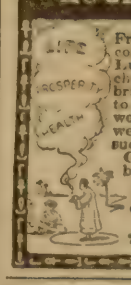
STOMACH

Eat all you want, what you want, when you want to. Get rid of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Catarrh of the Stomach, Belching, Heart Fluttering, Sour Stomach, Nervousness Constipation, Headache, etc.

FREE

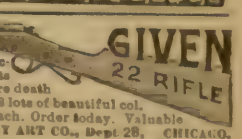
Send 10c to help pay cost of mailing and we will send you a genuine $1 Peptopad FREE. No matter how severe or long-standing your case is, no matter what treatments you have tried, order this Peptopad TODAY
DR. G. C. YOUNG CO., Dept. 10, JACKSON, MICH.

MYSTIC EGYPTIAN LUCK RING



From ancient Egypt comes the Egyptian Luck Ring with mystic characters and sacred scarab bringing Life, Prosperity and Health to the wearer. Cleopatra is said to have worn one of these rings. Many people wearing them today, claim they bring success to men and admiration to women. Guaranteed Sterling Silver. Money back if not pleased. State Ladies' or Gents' Ring. Enclose strip of paper fitting knuckle of ring finger. Order Quick—TODAY. Cash $1.45; C.O.D. $1.58
CHALENS SUPPLY HOUSE
7 So. Dearborn St. Dept. 44, Chicago, Ill.

HAMILTON Hunting Rifle, 22 cal., rim fire accurate hard shooting. Real bullets hit the bulls eye every time. Sure death to small game. Given for selling 3 lots of beautiful col. Art & Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order today. Valuable special Extra Prize for promptness. RAY ART CO., Dept 28, CHICAGO.



GIVEN 22 RIFLE

LADIES! I positively guarantee my great Successful Compound. Safely relieves many abnormal cases in 3 to 9 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $2.00; Double Strength $3.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today.
DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Kansas City, Mo.

Diabetes Is Curable. A Late Medical Discovery known as "DIBETOSAN" will completely eradicate Sugar in 72 hours. No strict dieting. Write today for FREE TRIAL Treatment.
The DIBETOSAN COMPANY, Dept. H, 333 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS Write for free Illustrated Guide Book and RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK. Send model or sketch and description of invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 697 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

ASTHMA TREATMENT sent you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterling, 836 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

EASY MONEY selling to Colored People. Write for our attractive proposition.
Marcellene Chemical Company, 620 Main St. Richmond, Va.

BOYS You can make a toy aeroplane that really flies. Send 25 ct. coin for complete plans. A. Carr, 1504 West 62nd St., Chicago Ill.

FREE—Four dollar baseball glove—FREE
Sell thirty cans Eversbine silver polish 25 cents can. Buckeon Products, Box 63, Oak Park, Ill. Agents Wanted.

BOYS! VALUABLE PREMIUMS FREE

We give Guns, Watches, Cameras, Flashlights, Tool Chests and many other valuable premiums to our boys for selling our papers, The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and "Lone Scout."

ALSO CASH PROFITS

on every paper you sell. No experience necessary. We show you where to get customers and just what to do to build up a steady route of customers that means steady profits each week. Send us a postal today. Write on it, "I will sell your papers. Send me as many as you think I can sell, also send premium catalog," and send it to us and we will start you.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Dept. 11
500 North Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

The Fool and Farquar's Money

(Continued From Page 9)

realized the error of his view. Every purchaser of a lot from him failed to meet the payment. Why should they give him four hundred and fifty dollars for what could be had elsewhere for two hundred and fifty? He might foreclose when he wished. In the afternoon he called upon L. Q. C. Farquar. That gentleman kept him waiting an hour in the anteroom before he was admitted to the plate glass office.

Dr. Landon went straight to the point. "I am sure, Mr. Farquar, that when you fixed the price on your lots you did not realize in what a predicament I would be placed."

"Most of them would have let their land go sooner or later anyway," said Farquar. "They are not worth five hundred. Winter is coming, and homeseekers will be scarce for a few months. By the way, you will find that I have issued the order that no payment be made on the lots I bought from you. My building operations have taken my ready cash."

"But——"

"If there is nothing I can do for you, Doctor, you will excuse me. I am due at a board meeting."

The president of the Landon Seminary passed thru the gleaming transparent doors into the marble iciness of the bank. He spoke no word, but his hair seemed suddenly whiter, and his step seemed slower. In December the interest would be due on the eighteen thousand dollars he had borrowed back East. He put his home up as security. In In January the wolf would foreclose on the entire two blocks which had been given to start the school.

It happened that in the street the Doctor met the Fool.

"You were right about Farquar," he said. "He has my money and most of my property. Beside that, he has used me to turn the tide of growth in Saltillo toward Farquar Heights." His voice was not bitter, only devoid of expression.

"Are you looking for thunder showers tomorrow?" asked the Fool, and the Doctor had the heart to smile, a little sadly.

"Professor Landon, what is the most deadly explosive?"

"Trinitrotoluene, I suppose."

"That's it. How much of that would it take to blow the Farquar off the Heights? Say, have you noticed how he names everything for himself?"

BUT Dr. Landon was in no mood for persiflage. He passed on down the street with a heavy heart.

That evening when his front door bell rang he still had found no way out of his difficulty. He was displeased to find the Fool waiting on his veranda, dressed in a neat black suit.

"Good evening, Dr. Landon. I have come over to see you about blowin' Farquar off the Heights."

"Come in, sir."

The two talked long into the night. Mrs. Landon, working at her mending in the next room, thought that their voices were like the distant muttering of the surf, but she caught occasionally the words of the Fool.

"What if it does not pay? The school is gone, ain't it? You won't be any worse off. . . . "

"Of course I know. I have tried it. I had the process patented. . . . "

When the visitor departed she heard his words more plainly at the door.

"All you have to do is to handle anything that comes up with Farquar. This friend of mine who is putting up the money does not want to be known in it. You ain't to do a thing but sit around and keep your mouth shut, except when I tell you what to say."

December came, and acting on instructions from the Fool, Dr. Landon borrowed three thousand dollars from Farquar, paying it on his debt back East. The time of the loan was ninety days. He put up his home as security. In January he lost his two blocks, and in March the wolf took his home. He moved into a rented house.

In an idle moment that spring, Farquar thought of Dr. Landon. He took pencil and paper and drew a line down the center of the page. On one side of the line he wrote: "Gained: A boom on Farquar Heights. One five-thousand-dollar residence. Ten thousand dollars cash from Dr. Landon. Commissions on the sale of forty thousand dollars real estate for Dr. Landon." On the other side of the line he wrote: Cost: Eight thousand dollars cash. The block on which the school stands." The wolf was well pleased. The spring rush of homeseekers had started, and Farquar Heights was holding its popularity. He would be able to unload before the bubble burst.

In June, after the school had closed, a brief statement appeared in the paper:

LANDON SEMINARY NOT TO RE-OPEN.

Owing to the loss of some property upon which I had depended for funds to enlarge my school plant, I shall be unable to open the Landon Seminary for the coming session. The building, however, will not lie idle. Arrangement has been made with Eastern capital for the immediate opening of a factory for the manufacture of deadly explosives. Since Farquar Heights is outside the city limits, and residences are few in that vicinity, the location is considered ideal, as loss of life and property would be small in case of an explosion.

(Signed) PATRICK LANDON.

Shortly before 8:30 the following morning the Professor's telephone rang.

"Is that you, Doctor? . . . Ah-a! This is Farquar, L. Q. C. Farquar at the Farquar National. Can you call to see me this morning? . . . No? Then would you be at leisure to discuss a little matter with me if I should come to your residence, say at 9? . . . What? You are leaving town! Then I'll see you at the train."

The eastbound flyer departed at 10:30. Shortly after 10 o'clock the Fool called at Dr. Landon's house. At 10:20 he and Dr. Landon left the house together, but upon reaching the street they turned in opposite directions. Dr. Landon arrived at the station after the train had pulled in. He found L. Q. C. Farquar pacing the platform impatiently. The banker followed him to the ticket window.

"I wanted to see you about that ridiculous announcement in yesterday's paper, Doctor Landon."

"What announcement?"

"The one about the explosive plant. Of course it is a mistake, and——"

"Ticket to Wichita, please."

"You realize what an injustice such a thing would be?"

"Eleven-eighty. That is right. Thank you."

Farquar followed the Professor to the train. For once he lost his temper. "I'll sue you for getting out a false report! Why did you let them publish it?"

Dr. Patrick Landon turned upon him. "False report? It is absolutely true. I borrowed eighteen thousand dollars to put up that school building. It has got to be paid back, and the school will never pay it. Since I have lost my other property, I have no recourse but to use the building in some line where the profits are large."

Farquar saw his mistake. "Ah-a, of course. Now if something could be done to make it possible for you to continue to run the school——"

The train had begun to move. Dr. Landon swung up on the steps. Then he turned back and called, "Such a thing would be impossible, sir. The contracts are signed. I must go thru with my agreement."

On Friday the Farquar Transfer Company was called upon to deliver to the deserted school building a large consignment of heavy boxes, addressed to the Saltillo Explosive Manufacturing Co., Farquar Heights. The shipment had arrived from Kansas City. The Fool, in his greasy overalls, appeared at the school that afternoon with a small band of laborers, and began the work of removing the desks, furniture, etc He explained that Dr. Landon had employed him.

About 5 o'clock there was a small explosion in one of the rooms facing toward Farquar's residence. The Fool was the only person in the room at the time. No damage was done. The cause of the explosion could not be determined, tho the Fool gave it out that a bottle of something from one of the boxes had been left sitting in the sun. There were broken pieces of glass scattered about the room when Farquar arrived, hot and out of breath, from his home across the street.

By Saturday, when Dr. Landon returned, the banker was almost frantic. That evening he called upon the Doctor at his home.

"Look here," he said, "this thing has gone far enough. It has already cost me five thousand dollars in sales. If I should lend you the money to pay——"

"No," snapped the Doctor.

"Ah-a. If I, personally, should pay your indebtedness, would you then be willing to forego this mad scheme, and continue the operation of your school?"

"That, with the restoration of my home, would satisfy me, Mr. Farquar. However, as I told you before, I have signed contracts which do not leave me a free agent."

"You say your debt is eighteen thousand dollars?"

"About that."

"Then listen to this. It is my final offer. I will give you my check for eighteen thousand dollars, and a deed to the house you built. To the man who is backing you I will pay three thousand dollars. You are to spend one thousand dollars in advertising thru the papers to kill the impression created by this explosive business. What do you say?"

"I shall be pleased to communicate with my partner, and give you his answer."

ON MONDAY AFTERNOON Dr. Pat Landon called at the Farquar National Bank. He was immediately ushered into the presence of the banker.

"Glad to see you, Dr. Landon," said the banker. He indicated one of the heavily upholstered mahogany chairs. "Have a seat. I hope you have come to tell me that the Landon Seminary will be doing business at the old stand next year."

"I have come," said Dr. Landon, "to give you my partner's terms."

Farquar rubbed his hands together. "Ah-a. Let's have them."

"For himself he demands twenty-five thousand dollars. He says that he has let an option go on a piece of property which he was considering before he saw me; and that he has already been to considerable expense and trouble. He thinks that the opening of the plant will be delayed two months by his going elsewhere at this late date."

"You wire him," said Farquar, "that

NEW TYPEWRITERS FOR LESS THAN HALF

Unusual Offer Made by
Oliver Typewriter Company

You can now buy direct from the factory, saving the cost of selling. A brand new Oliver is now sold for half the usual price. It even costs less than a rebuilt typewriter! You'll be amazed at the details of this astounding offer. Get the facts at once by mailing the coupon.

This is the identical Oliver which has won such world-wide fame. Over 950,000 have been sold. Now comes our most liberal offer of all.

FREE TRIAL—EASY TERMS

Learn how to save, learn about our self-selling plan. Mail the coupon at once for complete information, which does not obligate you in the slightest. This is your greatest opportunity to buy a brand new typewriter at a tremendous saving. Send the coupon below.

NOW

The Oliver Typewriter Company,
1224 Oliver Typewriter Building,
Chicago.

Please send details of your Special Price Reduction Offer.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

HEAD NOISES?

4-DAY
Treatments FREE

The pity of those Head Noises, those wearing—annoying sounds in your head! You have thought at times that life was hardly worth living.

Perhaps your hearing is already failing. Even if it is still good, you have the added burden of knowing that these Head Noises may be only the signals of approaching Deafness.

You may have the Noises in the head occasionally or when you have a cold, but you are in danger of a more serious development all the same. You need immediate treatment.

Ear Specialist Sproule has studied and originated a Method of treatment which has brought happy relief to many people troubled with Head Noises. This treatment has, in these many cases, stopped the sounds and left the head clear as a bell. To show this Method he offers a 4-day treatment Free.

GIVEN AWAY

These introductory treatments are being offered Free. If you want one, write to-day. You may try for yourself this Method. You can then see why it has succeeded, when some others failed.

Ear Specialist Sproule wants to help all who suffer from these Head Noises. He knows what misery those sounds of escaping steam—that bell ringing in the ear—that singing of crickets or insects—the humming—the puffing—the buzzing—the distant roaring—that dull heavy throbbing—means. He therefore offers a treatment, FREE, to all who write at once. Through this Method many sufferers, in place of those roaring Noises, now enjoy a perfect quietness, in which natural sounds are heard quickly and distinctly.

Just sit down and write a post-card or letter request asking for a sample treatment—Free—for Head Noises. *Sign your full name and address, and send it off NOW. The treatment will come to you by return mail, and will cost you nothing.*

Don't delay — send NOW. Write

EAR SPECIALIST SPROULE,
306 Cornhill Building, Boston, Mass.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

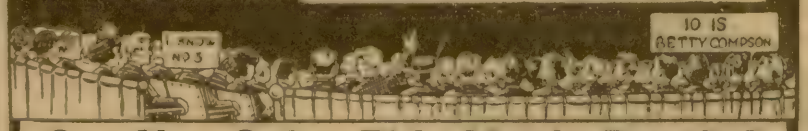
Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address

PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

WIN $1,000.00 OR AN Oakland TOURING CAR

WHO ARE THEY?

① MAIL HER B DRESS CHART ⑥ MAN GOT REAL MAD
② NOT THY DOOR LAD ⑦ O ARE NOT IN MOON
③ NO BEE IN RUGEE ⑧ LOONS SAW A GRIN
④ DAM NO LARD IN THE CAKE ⑨ I WILL SELL AS RUM
⑤ VC GIN RING IS MUM ⑩ BENT MOST COPY



Can You Solve This Movie Puzzle?

On the Movie Screen above are the names of 10 Movie Stars rearranged. The operator played a joke on the audience, and you'll admit it was a good one.

TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE, rearrange the letters in the funny sentences on the screen so that they will spell each actor's or actress' name. For example: No. 10 is Betty Compson. If you can name all ten stars you can win the Oakland car or $1,000.

Probably you know the names of the most popular stars, but just to refresh your mind we are mentioning below a few of the most famous players: Douglas Fairbanks, Betty Compson, Elsie Ferguson, Norma Talmadge, Antonio Moreno, Charlie Chaplin, William Russell, Gloria Swanson, Anita Stewart, Richard Barthelmess, Katherine MacDonald, Irene Castle, Dorothy Dalton, Harold Lloyd, Eugene O'Brien, Irving Cummings, Wallace Reid and Mary Pickford.

185 "Points" Wins First Prize

You will receive 10 "Points" toward the Oakland Touring Car or the $1,000 for each name you arrange correctly, or 100 "Points" if you arrange all 10 names correctly. You can gain 60 "Points" more by qualifying your answer. This is done by proving you have introduced HOME FOLKS, an interesting and educational magazine for the Home, to five people. The final 25 "Points" will be awarded by three judges, not connected with this company, to the person making up the nearest correct list of words from the initials of the first and last name of each Movie Star. But DO NOT send in your list of words now. Send us your answer to the Puzzle first and we will write and tell you how to get up your word list.

Costs Nothing to Try—You Can Win

You will not be asked to subscribe to HOME FOLKS or spend a single penny of your money in order to win. We merely want your help in introducing Home Folks to five of your friends. Just write your answer to the Movie Puzzle on one side of a sheet of paper and PRINT your name and address in the upper right hand corner. The answer gaining 185 "Points" will win the Oakland or the $1,000. There are 25 Big Prizes in all. In case of a tie, all tieing contestants will receive the same prize. Do your best and you can win. Contest closes May 27, 1922. Answer the Puzzle NOW and send your answer to:

Home Folks Publishing Co. Dept. 81 Chamber of Commerce ST. PAUL, MINN.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER BLANK

SATURDAY BLADE, delivered each week by mail, . . *$2.00 a Year* ☐

CHICAGO LEDGER, delivered each week by mail, . . . *$2.00 a Year* ☐

Both BLADE and LEDGER, delivered each week by mail, *$3.00 a Year* ☐

—o—

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I enclose $_____. Please send me the paper (or papers) checked above for a period of one year—to be delivered direct to me regularly each week by mail carrier.

Name_____St. or R.F.D._____

Town_____State_____

No letter necessary. Just mail this blank with remittance.

I will pay him ten thousand. Not a cent more."

Tuesday and Wednesday passed and Dr. Landon did not again call at the bank. The Wednesday paper announced that a car load of machinery had been ordered by the Saltillo Explosive Manufacturing Company, that it would be installed immediately upon arrival, and that the company expected to begin the manufacture of trinitrotoluene within six weeks.

Wednesday night Farquar called the Doctor over the telephone.

"What did your partner say?"

"He has not answered."

Thursday at noon Farquar called again.

"You still have not heard anything?"

"Not a word."

"Suppose you wire him again?"

"All right. I'll do it if I do not hear today."

On Friday Dr. Landon stopped at the bank.

"I talked to my partner over the phone last night. He called to discuss the advisability of accepting an order from Japan for September delivery. I asked him about your proposition, and he said he had named his bottom figure. He said that he would not consider any proposition after the machinery has gone forward."

"Ah-a! Dr. Landon, I have been thinking the matter over. Your school is a much-needed institution in this part of the world. I am willing to make a sacrifice to keep it going. I have decided to grant your demands on two conditions.

"First, you must take pains to get it immediately before the public that you have gone out of the high explosive business. Second, your institution must be known from this time forward as Farquar Seminary."

"Of course I cannot answer you without consulting my partner. As I have explained, I am tied by contract."

Farquar stroked his mustache.

"With your partner, I am sure, it is simply a matter of dollars and cents. He will agree to any proposition I may make to him that will give him a profit in excess of what he might otherwise expect. But with you it is different. I am asking you to make a great sacrifice of—ah-a—pride, shall I say, in changing the name of the institution. I would not ask it, except that it has been a point of honor with me never to put money into a thing without leaving my name upon it, as a sort of a memorial. If you will give me your assurance, Dr. Landon, that you will agree to that part of my terms, I shall feel little doubt as to the final outcome."

"I should be glad to have my school operating under a name, which, like your own, is a symbol of success," said the Doctor.

A week later there was another conference between the savant and the Fool.

"I closed the deal today. Farquar gave me his check for forty-three thousand, and I deposited it at the Guarantee National, according to your instructions. We are moving back into our home on the Heights tomorrow. Now, if you will tell me to whom to make it payable, I'll write a check for the twenty-five thousand that goes to our financial backer."

The Fool grinned a little sheepishly. "Doctor Landon," he said, "you can just make that out to me, for ten thousand dollars with interest at 8 per cent for three years and one month. That is the amount L. Q. C. Farquar lifted from me when I came here, and he has had the use of it for just that time. Put the rest in the school.

"We did not have any financial backer, or chemicals, or secret process, or machinery, or orders, or anything. You will find those boxes are full of books. I hope they will be of some use to you. Anyway, I am having the bill sent to you."

Cured His Piles

Now 88 Years Old But Works At Trade of Blacksmith and Feels Younger Since Piles Are Gone.

The oldest active blacksmith in Michigan is still pounding his anvil in the town of Homer—thanks to my internal method of treating piles.

Mr. Jacob Lyon, Homer, Mich.

I wish that you could hear him tell of his many experiences with ointments, salves, dilators, etc., before he tried my method. Here is a letter just received from him:

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir: I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for many years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old, and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles have left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer this way. You can use my letter any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy.

Yours truly,

J. L. LYON.

There are thousands of afflicted people suffering with piles who have never yet tried the one sensible way of treating them.

Don't be cut. Don't waste money on foolish salves, ointments, dilators, etc., but send today for a Free Trial of my internal method for the healing of Piles.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon—but do this now—TODAY.

FREE PILE REMEDY

E. R. Page,
382 N Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Please send free trial of your Method to:

.....

.....

.....

The Adorable Charlatan

(Continued From Page 13)

ceased to be. In other words, it is dead. And thus do we find ourselves junipered, spavined and string-halted in pocket and purse. It is indeed the winter of our discontent.'

"'Winter me eye,' says Pod wiping his face. 'That sun would scorch molten metal right out of the off-pourer's ladle in the Bethlehem Steel Works. The only thing safe from it is the frost coated hides of the populace of Prairie Pride.'

"'What, then,' says I, 'is the billet?'

"Pod gathers up the pasteboards.

"'I never could beat that game,' says he. 'It's like goin' up against the little ball and walnut shell. I hear the bell tollin' the last sad tolls for Trade. I suggest that we go into this home for the unburied dead, sound the suckers with a rubber mallet and hoist an umbrella to protect us from the rain of shekels about to descend.'

"We wanders up the main street of Prairie Pride and goes into a restaurant where a large crowd of flies and a farmhand are waitin' at the counter to be served. We takes one look at the embalmed pies on the shelf, the cat asleep on the doughnut case, a rooster pickin' up crumbs under a table, and appetite, preferred, passes a dividend. We takes our hats and the air.

"'That's some fly summer resort,' says Pod!

"All of 'em there with their hair in a braid,' says I, 'as far as Chattanooga.'

"'Why, Caw,' says he, 'I'll bet there's representatives to that fly convention from Cincinnati, where they haven't sold a fly swatter in ten years.'

"We sits down on the curb and watches the corn growers go and come. We goes over the category from shakin' the baby's bank down to robbin' the Prairie Pride First National. Then Pod gets up. He cups his ear.

"'I hear E. Pluribus Unum calling,' he says. 'Come on.'

"I follows him. We goes into the town bank and Pod saunters up to the President's door. He knocks. The door opens and a baldheaded old guy with a red face and gray chin whiskers shows us to chairs and asks us what he can do for us.

"'Are you,' says Pod, 'the sole owner, proprietor and possessor of ten choice lots that sit lightly upon the rim of this illustrious and thriving village?'

"'I am,' smirks the Pres. full of importance.

"'What, then,' says Pod, 'is the lowest figure for the full deck?'

"The Pres. scratches his head and his hair tickles his fingers. He wants to appear wise but he isn't.

"'You—er—mean——' he stammers.

"'I mean,' says Pod, 'how much for the bunch without any cut out of the herd. Talk sharp now. I mean business and money talks or never was an oyster mummer.'

"I hides a smile. Pod had, I judged, about two dollars and ten cents.

"'We—ll,' says the banker, 'I guess twenty-five dollars apiece is the lowest cash figure. That would be two hundred and fifty dollars. Will you take them with you or shall I have them sent out?'

"'I'll call for 'em with a dray,' says Pod humoring the absent-minded old gentleman who used to run a grocery. 'Warranty deed, abstract down to date examined and approved by our attorney?' asks Pod.

"'Not a rotten one in the case, says the Pres. "'We like 'em best scrambled.'

"POD takes a roll of bills from his pocket and counts out the money. My eyes bulged out.

"'Give me a receipt,' says Pod, 'an' start makin' the deed. Business is my front name and dispatch my motto. We'll be back in an hour.'

"The Pres. gave him the receipt and we left him.

"'Where'd you get that roll?' says I when we hits the sidewalk.

"'Poker,' says Pod. 'Peeled Shylock this morning'. That's why he left. Got sore I guess.'

"'What's on the boards?' says I. 'Summer Resort, Sanitarium for the Aged and Infirm, or a lunatic asylum for irresponsible and indigent millionaires?'

"Pod lights a perfecto and hands me its partner.

"'Let us,' he says, 'repair to this human livery stable they insult by the title of hotel and partake of fodder. I've got to send a telegram. Then lay low with your ear to the rails and watch your Uncle Zachariah.'

"It was Pod's way and I was satisfied. The next day he takes me down to the depot to meet the local and a good looking young lady that alights from it.

"She is dressed in lavender with a lace hat and carries a black bag which Pod annexes.

"'Miss Take,' says Pod, 'this is Ammancrow, the secretary of our company.'

"I cuts a pigeon wing and pops the toe of my boot on the sidewalk. I always fall hard for beauty; besides I had a position to maintain altho I would have given anything but my suspenders just then to know the articles of incorporation of this one.

"'Miss Take,' says Pod, 'as we passes up Main street, 'is the eminent lady geologist from Texas. You've often read about her in the papers, Caw?'

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, indeed,' says I. 'I've often read of Miss Texas in the papers—I mean Miss Take. Pardon my error, Miss Take.'

"The beauty laughed and the joy bells in Heaven jingled.

"'Oh, you men!' she giggles, 'you're such punsters!'

"I looks at Pod to see if he's one of them things an' he must have been for he guffawed like a jackass.

"'Tell Caw,' says he, 'how you felt the bumps on the phrenology of Mother Earth down in the Lone Star and opened up an oil field that made the Atlantic look like a frog pond.'

"'I shall be delighted to do so this evening, Mr. Pod. At present I have a desire to appease my gastronomical satiety to its fullest. Is this the hotel?'

"'It has,' says Pod, 'been so accused. Step in, Miss Take.'

"We stepped in and the rubes rubbered. Miss Take registered with a couple of PHD's and PG and E's after her signature and was given the spare room. A couple of nights before Pod and I were put out because there wasn't any room to spare; but then we wasn't ladies and didn't carry an alphabet after our monikers.

"'Now,' says Pod, 'hustle out your hostlers and give this lady the best in the hostlery in a hurry. See that she has hot and cold water in her room, likewise, cold and hot. And be sure the hot is not cold nor the cold hot. If she rings for water and you are out, send up something wet, as she tells me she doesn't care whether it is cold just so it has a kick and is hot. The sky is the limit. As to price and charge, pooh pooh. Nothing is too good for the finest lady geologist in the United States.'

"THE clerk sent a boy to show Miss Take her room and to park her valise for her. His bump of curio had become a mountain.

"'You say she is a geologist?' he asks excitedly.

"'The same,' says Pod.

"'They tell fortunes, don't they?'

"'My boy, they make fortunes. Look at the town of Prairie Pride. According to Miss Take's calculations and precepts Prairie Pride is roostin' on the biggest oil dome in the state of Iowa. She's goin' to make us all rich.'

"'Gosh!' blurts out the clerk, and swallows hard. 'You don't say!'

"'Put that down,' says Pod, 'where it won't rub out. Tomorrow morning Miss Take goes over my property east of town, and if she smells petroleum beneath the bluegrass caressing its exterior beauty we will cause to gush forth on the byways of this little city lakes of golden wealth.'

"We lights up fat perfectos with gold bands and passes out the door with the clerk spreading the news to the corn growers in the lobby.

"The next day the town, headed by the president of the Prairie Pride First National and the village band, escorts our company and Miss Take down to Pod's property. The lady geologist looks sweeter than a crabapple bloom in a pink lawn dress with umbrella and hat to match. She powders her nose and smiles sweetly at every one.

"The Prairie Pride Silver Cornet Band murders a selection, and the president of the bank makes an hour speech, which is a combination of sixty-day notes, inflated currency, Sunday school conventions and butter and egg markets, jumbled together and served as an oratorical omelet. Then the lady geologist trilby's out on Pod's newly acquired real estate and begins to geologize.

"She prode the earth with her umbrella, sprinkles some talcum powder on it, and looks at the cornfields thru a pair of opera-glasses.

"'You have a wonderful property here, Mr. Pea—I should say Pod, and you will bring in a gusher at 1,000 feet. There are enormous beds of coal—I mean oil under the surface. Have you and juicy fruit chewing gum?'

"She smiles sweetly at Pod, takes a tiny looking-glass from her handbag and powders her nose. The corn growers go wild. They almost smother Pod to get first chance to buy stock in the new bonanza. Pod produces golden rod certificates with gold seals and red ribbons and addresses the mob:

"'Ladies and Gentlemen: You have heard Miss Take's verdict. Her word is infallible. She is a sure-fire geologizer of the first water, satisfaction guaranteed or no money refunded. You have heard what she says. It was Miss Take that discovered an oil seep in the Lone Star that was but a vast and unfertile swamp, where only halibut and frogs grew and not even Hallelujah was raised. It was Miss Take that wrote that famous oil ballad, "Be it ever so humble, there's no fields like these." She has discovered oil in filling-stations by the thousands, trainloads of it. This is your chance to get in on the ground floor. One share costs you one hundred dollars, two shares two hundreds dollars, three shares three hundred dollars, and so on. Even a child can figure it. We will deposit two thousand dollars with the president of your bank, Mr. Squirm, who will immediately erect a derrick and sink the shaft to the first forty-foot level, where we will find a great body of pyrite ore—I mean oil. One at a time, please. Don't crowd.'

"THE money almost buried us. I had rolls in my pockets, in my hat and in my coffee that night at dinner. So had Pod. We collects fifteen thousand dollars in nineteen minutes, and Pod is made treasurer with sole charge of the cash, and Mr. Squirm is made president with a controlling interest without any control. Pod turns over the two thou-

A Successful Man

Among the notable professional men of this country who achieved great success along strictly legitimate lines was Dr. R. V. Pierce. Devoting his attention to the specialty of women's diseases, he became a recognized authority in that line.

Over fifty years ago this noted physician gave to the world a Prescription which has never been equaled for the weaknesses of women. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., long since found out what is naturally best for women's diseases. He learned it all thru treating thousands of cases. The result of his studies was a medicine called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This medicine is made of vegetable growths that nature surely intended for backache, headache, weakening pains, and for the many disorders common to women in all ages of life. Women who take this standard remedy know that in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they are getting a safe woman's tonic so good that druggists everywhere sell it in both tablet and fluid form.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. Write for free medical advice.

sand dollars to Squirm with tears in his eyes, and remarks that it will be necessary for the treasurer and the secretary to take a business trip to Chicago to order a specific wood to make the derrick out of, as it must be gumwood and selected stuff at that. Miss Take will go back to Texas in the morning on the same train to geologize some dogwood swamps for a broom-corn site. The band heads the parade back up town with everybody out of step to the music because they was all steppin' over bundles of imaginary kush they were goin' to make out of the Prairie Pride Bonanza Oil & Gas Company.

"The Pres. escorts Miss Take into the drug store for an ice cream soda with his wife a-pullin' at his coat tails like a jealous hyena.

"'Oh, yes,' says Miss Take, 'there is gypsum there by the lakefull. I predict we will strike granite sand at 300 feet. I think I will have carmel,' she smiles, pinning up a rebellious lock of hair.

"I don't know what the Pres. ordered, but I'll bet he got his when he stepped over the welcome mat that night at home, an' I'll bet it was hot tongue and cold shoulder the missus gave him for supper.

"The next morning Pod and me meets Miss Take in the parlor and splits three ways, each takin' four thousand dollars in large bills.

"'Not a bad day's work, boys,' smiles Miss Take sweetly. 'By the way, Mr. Pod, have you any juicy fruit chewing gum? I dislike licorice, it reminds one so much of tar——' Huh? Why sure it was Shylock. That was his scheme to get even with the corn growers and Alfalfa Alfs of Prairie Pride."

A Million on February 30th

(Continued From Page 2)

"Well, if there is, I'll get it," cried the wishing nephew. "And I'll have the unique distinction of marrying on that day, too."

Tommy Faylon did not know so much then as he knows now, for Uncle Robert died in August, 1915, and Tommy has, in the natural order of things, aged since then, and with age comes knowledge. But he did know enough to understand that upon additional knowledge depended a fortune such as men work for a whole lifetime and then rarely obtain. A million dollars for success; five hundred for failure! That was the proposition. And it was well that Tommy was young, and that his heart was always hopeful, for the problem presented to him for solution was one that staggered, as I have said, every one who heard it

THE month of February, as every one knows, consists of twenty-eight days. It is the shortest month of the year. Once every four years, with a few exceptions, it takes on an extra day. In leap year the second month is composed of twenty-nine days. But thirty? Who ever heard of there being thirty days in February?

In a woman's wit, say the philosophers, lies the solution of many apparently unfathomable problems. Tommy had heard this truism, and proceeded to act upon it immediately. He went to the home of Alice Detwar, "the girl." He told her again of the extent of his love; again he was assured by her that she was willing to become his wife when he was established in business. Then he told her of the strange clause contained in his uncle's will.

"And a million dollars," he added, "is not to be sneezed at. Why, with a million dollars"—— His thoughts strayed.

"Your uncle wanted to turn you down gracefully," she suggested. "And five hundred in the hand would set you up in your venture. Five hundred in your pocket is better than a million unobtainable."

"If he thought there was a Feb. 30, I guess I can find it," said Tommy. "And when I do we'll get married, eh?"

She assented. But her feminine intuition was not perceptive enough to grasp the kernel of the problem at the moment. She believed it was all a dead man's trick; that there was nothing solid to the idea. Still, she assured her fiance, if she could aid him her time was his.

During the month of September, 1915, Tommy Faylon spent his every waking hour poring over calendars, almanacs and rare works in the public library, and reporting his failures to his sweetheart. He found himself up against a stiff game—what was to be the tantalizing problem of his life. But he put in an entire month on his first line of thought.

In October he tried a different campaign: He procured books on puzzles, charades, rebuses and everything that dealt with mind-tangling propositions. He added wonderfully to his mentality, but was no nearer the secret of wealth when the end reached its close than he was at its beginning. Furrows appeared on his brow, lines creased his cheeks, his eyes retreated in their wells, and he grew nervous.

Never was anything harder sought for. The quest of the Golden Grail, the search for the philosopher's stone, the hint for alchemy's most potent power, Diogenes' pursuit for an honest man—none of these was more persistent, more nerve-racking than his task. But, even as those previous problems had baffled, so did his promise to baffle. For, as he often asked himself, Whoever heard of February 30?

His uncle's doctor advised him healthfully. "Stop looking in books, you're wearing your life away. Take a sea trip; get health-restoring balm from ocean air; put yourself where you can't see a book."

And on the heels of this advice came word from Alice Detwar that her father wanted to take her for a trip to Hawaii, "just for the sea voyage, and to get experience she would never have if she married Tommy Faylon." She was departing so soon he would have no opportunity of seeing her before she left.

Tommy hunted up the doctor. "I'd follow your advice," he said, "but I haven't the money. To travel costs money."

"Why not take the five hundred," the physician suggested, "and by using it help gain the larger sum? Pay where you have to, and work your passage where you can."

Soon Tommy was on the way to the Pacific coast trying to get a glimpse of the girl who was running away with his heart. Alice had left by boat when he reached there, so he was quick to charter passage on the next steamer to put forth. Like a will-o'-the-wisp she flittered just ahead of him wherever he went, but he continued. In January he found her in Japan, and there found himself also.

"But before February ended," she told him, "father says I will be on the ocean on the way home. He thinks the trip has included all that is necessary for my experience."

"I'll return with you," he informed her. "It doesn't matter whether I am on land or water if you are with me."

And that is how they came to sail from Yokohama on February something or other, a fact which recalled to his mind that he was no nearer discovering February 30 than he ever had been.

THE ocean was a beautiful body. Never had its surface been more conducive to delight. Rough weather seemed impossible. And the vessel on which they sailed was one of the finest belonging to the company. The officers and crew were efficient, so the passengers had no concern as to their personal safety. Hour after hour was spent on the deck, watching the waves; Alice and Tommy making love, and each wondering how the conditions laid down in the last will and testament of the late Robert Faylon could be complied with.

For February 30 was a haunting proposition. It clung to the brain as tenaciously as sin. It offered attraction, but presented no hint of solution. More than once Tommy was willing to yield to the apparently inevitable, but he was too much a member of the newest new in the business world to admit defeat. Besides, he had pride, and dreaded the sneers his relatives would cast at him if he acknowledged that he had studied the problem, had devoted months to its solution, but could report nothing but failure. Still, he told himself, his uncle may as well have commanded him to find a thirteenth month on the calendar; the task would have been as easy.

The passengers on the vessel watched the two lovers curiously. It changed there was a clergyman on board, and it was not long before many were saying it would be a splendid idea for him to perform the ceremony of marriage on board the ship. But Tommy, hearing these hints, shook his head.

"I have no more chance of marrying her," he said to one man, who took him to the salon and gave him a cigar, "than I have of finding a February 30."

But hope was buoyed finally. The captain requested him to call in his parlor. He did so. There he found Alice, her father, the minister and four passengers, besides the captain.

"I understand," said the captain, "that you wish this reverend gentleman to marry you to Miss Detwar."

"It has been said so in a joking way, I think," stammered Tommy.

"We may as well have the ceremony now, then," said Alice, quickly. "We're all here, and there are witnesses enough."

"February 30," groaned Tommy.

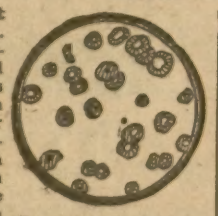
"Take hold of hands," commanded the minister. He opened a prayer book to the page holding the marriage ceremony. "Do you, Alice, take this man——" He proceeded with the ceremony, and before Tommy Faylon recovered his wits he found himself a benedict, married to the girl of his choice, and the word of the Gospel strengthening the fact.

"I am uphappily happy," he said. "But," consolingly looking into his wife's eyes, "I guess now I have you we'll make the best of it. I've lost a million dollars, but I think we can

Why You Need Iron—

To Make You Strong and "Brainy" and Put the Power Into Your Blood To Overcome Disease Germs

The food you eat contains carbon. When your food is digested it is absorbed from the intestines into the blood. When the carbon in your food comes in contact with the oxygen carried by the iron in your blood, the carbon and oxygen unite and by so doing they give off tremendous energy, thereby giving you great force, strength and endurance. Without iron your blood carries no oxygen and without oxygen there is nothing to unite with the carbon in your food, so that what you eat does you no good—you do not get any strength from it—it is like putting coal into a stove without a fire. You cannot get any heat unless the coal unites with the fire.



Impoverished blood corpuscles highly magnified.

The strongest weapon with which to prevent and overcome colds, pneumonia, kidney trouble, rheumatism, nervous prostration, in fact almost any disease or disease germs is plenty of good rich, pure blood, strength, energy and endurance and the greatest energy carrier in the body is organic iron, not metallic iron which people usually take, but organic iron like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples, and like the iron contained in what is known as organic Nuxated Iron, which may be had from almost any druggist. Nuxated Iron often increases the strength, energy and endurance of weak, nervous, rundown folks in two weeks' time.

Healthy blood corpuscles highly magnified

It has been used and highly recommended by former United States Senators, Members of Congress, Judges of U. S. Courts, many physicians and prominent men.

Over 4,000,000 people are now using it annually. Satisfactory results are guaranteed or the manufacturers will refund your money. Sold by all druggists in tablet form only.

NUXATED IRON ENRICHES THE BLOOD-GIVES YOU NEW STRENGTH AND ENERGY

Our Wonderful Gift to Flower Lovers

The Cream of All Roses

Five Different Varieties—Five Glorious Colors

Each set contains five, strong, hardy, one-year-old Rose Bushes. All bushes will produce many fragrant flowers all summer. Beginning the first year you will be proud of your Rose Garden. If you accept our liberal offer your garden will contain all varieties and colors—red, white, pink, crimson and golden yellow—all fresh blooming beauties growing in wonderful clusters beside the fence, along the walks, side of your house or porch. Imagine the pleasure of having great loads of beautiful flowers—as many as you want—any time you want them.

By Special Arrangement with the largest and best known firm of rose growers in the world, we are enabled to give you five of the finest Hardy Ever-blooming Roses in cultivation—and to insure your COMPLETE success in growing them we will also send you special printed instructions on their planting and cultivation. There are five different varieties in the assortment and each of them is absolutely the PRIZE of its class, noted for its hardy vigorous habit of growth, liberal blooming qualities, symmetrical form and bright, clean foliage. Each bush is one year old and in a GROWING CONDITION when delivered to you.

No matter in what part of the country you live the growers will send the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. You can depend upon us to forward them at just the right time for you to place them in the ground.

You will receive the bushes, packed in damp moss, by prepaid parcel post, and we GUARANTEE that they will reach you in perfect condition. If for any reason they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow or otherwise prove unsatisfactory, we will replace them for you FREE OF ALL COST. Following are brief descriptions of the different varieties of beautiful ever-blooming rose bushes given you free on this great offer. Please read them and remember to send in your order today.

CREAM OF THE ROSE GARDEN

WHITE—FLORENCE FORRESTER (H. T.)—Clear snow-white. The blooms are even larger than Paul Neyron. Its habit is absolutely perfect, and the freedom with which it flowers is marvelous. We consider this Rose the grandest of all whites for bedding. Is very sweetly perfumed. Gold medal, National Rose Society.

PINK—MISS WILMOT (H. T.)—The most refined and charming Rose ever raised. There is an appealing sweetness about this most distinct variety that will please lovers of Roses all the world over. In shape and form this Rose is a model of perfection, every flower comes perfect and produced with a freedom that is marvelous. A wonderful garden Rose. Gold medal.

YELLOW—SUNBURST—This magnificent giant yellow Rose is a fine forcer; it stands head and shoulders above all others of its color, and ranks with American Beauty and the Killarneys in value and grandeur. Some call the color cadmium-yellow. It is the yellowest of all Roses in the ever-blooming class.

CLIMBING—AMERICAN PILLAR—The flowers are of enormous size 3 to 4 inches across, of a lovely shade of apple-blossom pink, with a clear white eye and cluster of yellow stamens. These flowers are borne in immense bunches. They last in perfection a long time, which are carried late into the winter.

RED—FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (H. T.)—It is very fitting that such a fine new Rose should be honored with the name of the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner." The flowers are from large to very large, with sixty or more petals opening to a high center. The color is a magnificent deep red rose. Grand for the garden.

The plants will be sent you at the proper time to set out in open ground in your locality, and each collection will contain full instructions for planting and care.

These plants are carefully packed in damp moss, wrapped in wax paper and shipped in a box. They are guaranteed to reach you in good growing condition.

OUR OFFER TO YOU

This Complete Collection of 5 hardy one-year-old Rose Bushes, GUARANTEED TO REACH YOU IN GROWING CONDITION, will be sent you Free and Postpaid with a 6-month subscription to either The Saturday Blade or Chicago Ledger at $1.00.

Or you may have two collections (10 rose bushes) for a one-year subscription to either Blade or Ledger at $2.00; or for a 6-month subscription to BOTH Blade and Ledger at $1.90.

Subscriptions may be either new or renewal—for yourself or someone else. We do not usually offer premiums for individual subscriptions, but we consider this more than "a premium," and want to help our big family of subscribers in beautifying their home grounds this spring and summer.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY

500 North Dearborn Street -:- -:- -:- -:- Chicago, Illinois

trudge along on nothing at all, if necessary."

"Have you lost a million?" asked the captain. And Tommy told him, altho in the listening there was a glint of humor in the captain's eyes. He let Tommy conclude. Then he said:-

"I must, then, be the first one to make you acquainted with a fact that will be of interest to you. You must know that, in traveling eastward, from Yokohama to San Francisco, a day's time is gained, because the ship is traveling in the same direction that the earth on which it travels rotates. There must be a day apart from those we see mapped on the calendar. Now, let me tell you this is leap eyar—1916—figure it out for yourself. Yesterday was February 29, but today is March 1. When the sun shines tomorrow morning it will usher in the first day of the month of March. What, then, is today?"

Tommy gasped. "February 30!" he cried.

And even the minister acknowledged that the hornpipe roughly executed by the newly married man was permissible.

When the vessel reached San Francisco Tommy's first act was to telegraph to the lawyer who had handled his uncle's affairs. And following quickly after the telegram went a letter, written by the captain of the vessel and signed by the minister and the four passengers who had witnessed the ceremony, thoroly explaining the strange fact.

"And the best of it was," said Tommy to that lawyer, when he presented himself for, and received, the bequest, "that Alice thought out the whole thing, and had really urged her father to take her to the other side of the Pacific, knowing I would follow her and so win the day. How's that for a girl?"

London's Crime Museum.

SCOTLAND YARD'S museum—a collection of relics of forgers, confidence tricksters, burglars and murderers—has just been reopened. It would be the most thrilling exhibition in London if it were open to the public. As a matter of fact, its exhibits would "give the game away" too much to the budding criminal were admissions unrestricted, and only police officers and persons with a recognized professional interest in criminology are admitted, after due formality, to what is not inappropriately called the Black Museum.

The relics have been arranged by the curator, Inspector Fair. Plaster-cast heads of murderers are to be seen on a shelf surrounding each of the three rooms. There are souvenirs of famous murders—a case of poisons used by Dr. Neil Cream, who murdered several women; arsenical flypapers, produced in the Maybrick and Seddon trials; Stinie Morrison's revolver, locks of hair from the head of Dr. Crippen's wife, Belle Elmore; the pestle with which an unknown man killed Miss Camp in a railway carriage; the masks worn by the two young Stratton brothers, who slew a woman at Deptford; and the knife with which Richard Prince killed William Terriss, the actor.

Among a variety of gamblers' exhibits is a "put and take" top, with which the spinner always takes and never puts.

CURES ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER.

Any reader who suffers from Asthma and Hay Fever can be quickly cured without risking a penny through the remarkable discovery of C. Leavengood, 1558 S. W. Blvd., Rosedale, Kansas. Don't send a penny—just write Mr. Leavengood and he will send you a big bottle of his prescription on 10 days' Free trial. If it cures pay $1.25. Otherwise you owe nothing.—Adv.

LIVER TROUBLES

Dr. E. E. Paddock, Specialist, Kansas City, Mo., Box 5P-201, has distributed free over 100,000 booklets on cause and treatment of inflammation of the the Gall Bladder and Bile Ducts associated with Gallstones of the liver, bilious Colic, Jaundice, gas, indigestion. Send name for Free Book today.—Adv.

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa. —Adv.

FOR THE LEDGER GIRLS AND BOYS

Billy's Adventure

WHEN Margaret and Sue went to the lake for two weeks' vacation, of course, they took Billy with them. They never for one minute thought of leaving their little playfellow at home, especially when that playfellow was such a pretty and jolly little yellow dog.

It was hard to take him on the train for he had to stay in the baggage car all by himself, while the girls and their father and mother rode in the comfortable chair car. But perhaps he wasn't so much to be pitied after all for he had a nice, comfortable basket to ride in and he was so pretty and fluffy and clean and so friendly that the baggage-

"Here's Your Tire, Sue," Margaret Said.

man and his assistant paid him much more attention than dogs who ride in baggage cars usually get.

But, all the same, he was glad when the journey's end was reached and he frolicked and romped with the girls as they ran and played on the grassy banks of the lake.

The most fun of all came in the afternoon when everybody went in swimming. Billy wouldn't jump in; he hated the water. So he stayed on the dock and barked and ran up and down excitedly till some folks laughed so they could hardly swim! Margaret could swim very well but Sue was just learning. Her father got an old automobile tire for her and sitting on it or lying on it just as she liked, she could float and splash all around the pier. Billy learned to stop his frantic barking and to watch her carefully so the older folks could swim out and leave her on her tire with Billy as a guard. They knew he would bark in a jiffy if anything went wrong with his little mistress.

One afternoon, after they had been there a week or so, the children and Billy ran down to the pier for their regular water frolic.

"Here's your tire, Sue," Margaret said, as they got near the pier. "You take it and walk out by himself this time, 'cause I want to run out to the end of the pier and jump off just like father does." Margaret knew that she could do that for the beach was so good that even that far out she would not be above her head.

So she left her sister and Billy and ran skipping out without noticing a thing.

She slipped the tire over her head, dibbled her toes in the edge of the water where the pebbles were so gay and smooth and then walked out and out—she could go a long way before the water came to her waist, the beach was so gradual.

Left by himself Billy sedately walked out on the pier to watch proceedings. On the side of the pier nearest Sue a sailboat was fastened. It rocked idly at its moorings and rubbed so close to the dock that even a dog who hated water was not afraid to step from the pier to the broad, cushioned seats.

Billy looked hard, wiggled his ears inquiringly and then, when he was sure no one was looking, stepped into the boat and sat himself down on the softest cushion.

Pretty soon Sue, seeing some little friends playing on the beach, wandered into shore and Billy, knowing that she would be very safe there, dropped to sleep.

About an hour later the owner of the boat, his call ended, unhooked his boat, pushed off and set sail across the lake—all before he noticed that he had a passenger.

Of course, by that time Margaret and Sue had both come in from the water and had dressed. They missed Billy and hurried down to the pier to find him, but no Billy could they see.

"Where can he be?" cried Sue," he was right here in the big boat!"

"Boat?" asked Margaret, " was there a boat?" And she looked out across the lake.

There coming toward them was the sailboat and perched right up in the front was Billy. Margaret waved to him and he barked back so hard that he nearly fell in.

It wasn't but a few minutes till he was back on the pier safe and sound and you may be sure that for the rest of their stay, he never climbed into a boat for a nap!

About Using Names

WHILE there is a decided objection to using the names of your friends too freely where they may be overheard, there is a decided objection to the too frequent use of such terms as "A friend of mine," "A young lady of my acquaintance," "One of my men friends," other such terms that would seem to indicate to the person to whom you are talking an unwillingness to have them know the names of your associates.

Young women very frequently use this mysterious manner when referring to their men friends. They tell you they are going to the theater with a "gentleman friend." Needless to say that expression is in worst possible taste, but other less objectionable terms, such as "a young man I know," ought to be avoided as much as possible. If you don't wish to have a friend know with whom you are going to the theater why mention that you are going at all? The effect is to make the one you are talking to suspect you of bragging or else you give the impression of delighting in mystery when speaking of your men friends. Another thing that is never very considerate or polite to another person is to show gifts or to refer to them without telling the name of the giver. When a young woman makes a habit of showing gifts in this way before the men she knows it is really in the worst taste. Yet lots of young girls delight in producing lavish boxes of candy when men acquaintances call with the mystifying remark that they are gifts from "a friend" of theirs. The obvious conclusion for the young man to draw is that the young woman expects him to fall in line and make presents likewise.

Don't too often use such expressions as "A certain woman I know always does this or that." There would probably be no harm in mentioning the name of the friend and if there is then why mention the incident at all, as the one to whom you are talking may guess the identity of that person any way?

Case of "Boy Wanted."

LITTLE daughter was sitting one evening on her father's knee. She had a new little brother whom she regarded with wonder, as children do regard the latest usurper before they have learned to love him.

"Today," said her father, "a man offered to give me a whole roomful of gold for little brother. Shall I sell him?"

The child shook her head.

"But," said the father, "think how many nice things a roomful of gold would buy! Don't you think I'd better let the man have him?"

"No," answered the little girl, thoughtfully; "let's keep him till he's older; he'll be worth more then."

Free Balloons.

A TIRE company was giving away toy balloons to children.

They were beautifully colored balloons and caught the kiddies' fancy.

One little fellow asked if he might have two.

"Sorry," said the man in charge, "but we only give one balloon to each boy. Have you a brother at home?"

The youngster was truthful, but he did want a balloon.

"No," he replied, regretfully; then added hopefully, "but my sister has and I want one for him."

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Scattered Trees.

264—The names of thirteen trees are scattered thru these syllables. What are they? Pen, paw, lin, haw, as, pa, ce, bal, pop, lip, lows, syc, cot, wal, sam, dar, lar, ore, am, wood, thorn, ton, nut, o, tu, c, wil, sage, range, den.

Metagram.

265—I am a word with meanings many;
To plunge, is just as good as any.
With new head, I'm a piece of money;
With other head, I'm "sweet as honey."
Another still, I'm a projection;
Once more, I sever all connection.
Another change, I'm the teeth to stick in;
Another still, I plague your chicken.
One more new head, and I'm to taste;
One more, and I discharge with haste.

Lock and Key.

266—1. What lock is in a golden case?
2. What key is a footman?
3. What lock links together?
4. What key rides a horse?
5. What lock gets in the way?
6. What key is the principal tone in a musical composition?
7. What lock keeps time?
8. What key is the topmast of an arch?
9. What lock is a great many?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

261.—Charade.

Popgun.

262—Additions.

1. O-read. 2. C-rank. 3. E-land. 4. A-loft. 5. N-ever. 6. U-sage. 7. S-crew. 8. H-over. 9. O-pen. 10. P-rice.

263—Four-word Square.

S L I T
L Y R E
I R I S
T E S T

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

A Small Matter Now.

"When I takes notice of de noise an' danger we passes th'oo every day," said Uncle Eben, "I fails to grasp why we used to be so agitated 'bout a little thing like Fo'th of July fireworks."

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODESTONE tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.—

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS—OUR OFFICIAL 112-page book, "Vacant Government Lands," lists and describes every acre in every county in U. S.; tells location, place to apply, how secured free. 1922 diagrams and tables, new laws, lists, etc., price 50 cents postpaid. Webb Publishing Co., Dept. 108, St. Paul, Minn.

REAL ESTATE

MINNESOTA HARDWOOD, CLOVER, ALfalfa land. Big bargains. Write, Ole Larson, Walker, Minn.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CONtains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

FOXES. FULLY PEDIGREED AND REGISTered, silver black; buy the best. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ontario.

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID ANYone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers' League, 509, St. Louis.

MONEY MAKING IDEAS

"THE ONE GREAT SECRET OF SUCCESS" —a wonderful free booklet, tells how to win by mail, how to get replies, orders, remittances. Thousands of money-making ideas, methods, plans. Address Desk 32, Opportunity Press, 651 Fifth Ave., New York.

BOOKS

100,000 BOOKS, ALL KINDS GIVEN AWAY absoltuely free without further obligations. Catalogs 25c. Universal Library, 224-L Tremont, Boston.

MEDICAL

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONGS AND POEMS WANTED. WE COMpose music, publish, sell and pay you five cents royalty on every copy sold. Melody Publishing Corp., Dept. A, Root Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

HAVE WONDERFUL PROPOSITION FOR song poem or melody writers. Ray Hibbeler, D45, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next. W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EVERYBODY EATS EVERY DAY. YOU CAN handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, aluminum ware and automobile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested; take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality; selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any bank or Express Co.

AGENTS WANTED

WE WANT MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE desirous of making $25.00 to $200.00 per week clear profit from the start in a permanent business of their own. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Fastest selling article ever sold through agents. Free samples make sales easy. 300% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. You can do as well. Send for free sample and proof. L. Mitchell & Co., Dept. 300, 1308-1314 E. 61st, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING Bliss Native Herbs, a remedy manufactured since 1888 for the relief of constipation, rheumatism, indigestion, biliousness. Millions have used it; thousands of testimonials received. Some agents make as high as $300 per month. So can you. Write today. We will tell you how. Address Dept. W, Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Bliss Building, 35-39 B St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

AGENTS—BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 800 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 704.

AGENTS—MAKE $60 TO $100 WEEKLY selling Coffield tire protectors. Prevents punctures and blowouts, doubles mileage. Easily applied; no cement or tools required. Absolute 3-year guarantee. Liberal commissions paid weekly. Bewley made $1006 in two months. No capital required. Write quick. Coffield Tire Protector Co., 241 Court St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS SELL THE PLYMOUTH SHOPPING bag. Leatherette sateen lined, made to sell for $1. Large profit to you. A 15 year old boy sold 25 in a few days. Lady, 7 in one hour. A 70 year old man, 70 doz. in a few weeks. Write for full particulars. Sample by post, 75c. E. Kondon, 12 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS — MEN AND WOMEN — QUICK sales, sure repeater, creates own new business. Zeeta is fastest selling antiseptic toilet powder on market. Everyone needs it—used by thousands. Sold under money-refund guarantee. Sure fire territories being assigned. Write quick. The Zeeta Company, Inc., Dept. 95, 1819 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS: $5 TO $15 DAILY EASY. YOUR pay in advance introducing new style guaranteed hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples. Write orders. We deliver and collect. Elegant outfit furnished, all colors and grades including silk. Dept. 418, Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MEN AND WOMEN—ARE NOW MAKING big money with our new proposition selling high grade line. Everybody uses it. Wide selection. Continuous repeater. New fast selling "leaders" that are in big demand. Quick sales and splendid profits. Write today. The Pioneer Soap Co., 15 St. Paul Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia.

AGENTS, $100 WEEKLY AUTOMOBILE owners wild with enthusiasm, marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency, saves cost first day, sensational sales everywhere; territory going like wildfire; $21 sample outfit and Ford car free. Write quick. Ovee Co., Dept. 7-A, Louisville, Ky.

GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind sellers. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PIL- low tops, luminous crucifix, frames, sheet pictures, paper mache frames, waterproof aprons, gold window letters. Lowest prices, prompt shipments, 30 days' credit. Samples, catalog free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk N-3, Chicago.

AGENTS—COST $5—YOUR PROFIT $89.50 transferring monograms on autos, trunks, bags, furniture, etc. No experience—no license. Write for free samples. Globe Monogram Co., Inc., Dept. 17, 244 Market St., Newark, N. J.

AGENTS: $10 TO $15 DAILY; EVERY OWN- er wants initials on side doors of his automobile; applied while waiting; sale, $1.50; profit, $1.38; write for agency, special offer, free samples. Transfer Monogram Company, Desk 18, 10 Orchard St., Newark, N. J.

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN—WE START you in a permanent business, without any investment. Whole or spare time. Big line, easy sales everywhere. Handsome profits. No experience necessary. Write now. National Mfg. Co., B-28, West Hoboken, N. J.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 handsome fabric samples. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 573 Broadway, New York.

SALESMEN—NEW SENSATIONAL INVEN- tion; sells to every store and business house; also individuals; life job; over 100 salesmen operating in Chicago alone, many making $250 per week. Security Novelty Sales Co., 5943 Broadway, Chicago, Dept. B.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH- ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

NEW, EASY BIG MONEY MAKER; SENSA- tional invention increases automobile headlight range without glare; no competition; large independent income assured; territory going fast. Multi-Ray Deflector Sales, Dept. 329, Toledo, Ohio.

DO YOU WANT TO SELL NOMIS KNIT guaranteed hosiery from mill to consumer on your own time? Write for our attractive proposition. Dept. Y, Nomis Knitting Mills, 34 So. 17th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS—1922's GREATEST SENSATION— 11 piece toilet article set, selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dress maker's shears free to each customer. Line up with Davis for 1922. E. M. Davis Company, Dept. 409, Chicago.

MEN OR WOMEN—ENORMOUS PROFITS selling Duo guaranteed products. Easy sales at every house. All or spare time. Big repeaters. Write quick. Duo Co., Dept. Y 56, Attica, N. Y.

EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED people. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 620 Main, Richmond, Va.

WAKE UP: BIG PROPOSITION IN POR- traits. Agents wanted: Deal with factory direct. Write for catalogue. Southern Art Co., Oak Park, Ill.

EVERYBODY USES EXTRACTS. SELL DUO Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Big repeaters. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 56, Attica, N. Y.

MAKE $75 WEEKLY MAILING CIRCU- lars. Either sex. Experience unnecessary. Dime brings particulars. Maraia Co., Canton, Ohio.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

SPECIALTY SALESMEN—EARN $1.00 AND over per hour selling household necessity. A repeater. Samoline Corp'n, 2134 N. Clark St., Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE $1.50 ON EVERY SHIRT order. From manufacturer to wearer. Menzin Shirt Co., 3863 3rd Ave., New York City.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR- ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREAT- est dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

HELP WANTED

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating and refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, bedsteads. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York.

$133 MONTH, COMMENCE. GOVERNMENT railway mail clerks. Men—boys over 17. Steady. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. D26, Rochester, N. Y.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating and refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, bedsteads. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 256 Fifth avenue, New York.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WANTED—MEN, WOMEN, AGE 17 TO 65, for United States Government positions. Experience unnecessary. Write today for free information. Chicago Civil Service College, Department B-51, Chicago.

BIG RETURNS PAINTING PILLOW-TOPS for us at home. Experience unnecessary. Stamp for particulars. Nileart Co., Dept. 1, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

MIRRORS FRENCH. BEST METAL PLAT- ing. Genuine outfits furnished since 1886. Clarence Sprinkle, Marion, Indiana.

MALE HELP WANTED

EARN MONEY AT HOME; WE PAY YOU $15 to $50 weekly during spare time. No experience necessary writing show cards. We instruct by correspondence and keep you in steady work. Sho-Rite Sign System, Desk 124, 5439 Field Ave., Detroit, Mich.

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet. CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

$35 WEEK. LEARN WHILE EARNING. Boys-men. Become automobile experts. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. D 404, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN- necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

GOVERNMENT JOBS. $95 MONTH. WRITE immediately for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 6, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED—(Con't.)

MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVES- tigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 100, St. Louis.

GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BECOME DETECTIVE AND DO SECRET work in your town. National Detective Agency, Youngstown, Ohio.

BE A DETECTIVE—GUIDES FREE; detectives needed everywhere. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN - GIRLS, BECOME MILLINERY designers. Earn $125 month. Sample lesson free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 804, Rochester, N. Y.

SPARE TIME WORK — LADY IN EACH town. Make $10 to $25 extra money weekly. Pleasant work. Apply at once. W. J. Lynch, Springfield, Ill.

WOMEN WANTED — BECOME COSTUME designers. $140 month. Learn while earning. Sample lesson free. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 505, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOU- sands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE MAP, MEXIA FIELD, LIMESTONE County, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information on a Mexia syndicate paying large monthly dividends. Schimmel Co., Suite 1972, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

SAFE OIL INVESTMENT. WE SEND YOUR stock certificate before you pay. Pay after we strike oil. No offer like this ever made before. Circular free. North Coast Oil Co., New York Block, Seattle, Wash.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Co., 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

SIXTEEN CENTS STARTS YOU BUYING five acres Texas oil land that may become worth $100,000. Get particulars. No obligation. Gulf Realty Company, 318 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

"WHAT TO INVENT FOR PROFIT" FREE. Patents for sale. Patent News, 354, Washington, D. C.

AUTOISTS AND GARAGEMEN. FREE CIR- cular that will interest you. R. E. Hawes, Owensboro, Ky.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

AMERICA'S GREATEST FORTUNES HAVE been made in the moving picture business. Small investment needed. We furnish complete threatre equipment. Easy payments. Openings everywhere. Catalog free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. D, 724 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BICYCLE MOTORS

DON'T BUY A BICYCLE MOTOR ATTACH- ment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Galesburg, Kansas.

PHOTO FINISHING

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER; YOUR NEXT kodak film developed 5c—prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 1891 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

PLANTS

CABBAGE, TOMATO AND ONION PLANTS. $1 per 1,000. 500, 75c. Potato plants, $1.75 per 1,000. Clark Plant Co., Thomasville, Ga.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED — CASH OR ROY- alty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONAL

MEN—IF YOU LACK COURAGE, ENERGY, and are suffering from poor health and run-down conditions it will pay you to try the new scientific preparation. Very agreeable and surprising results obtained in just a few days. Nothing now being sold compares with the revitalizing power of this preparation. Box postpaid anywhere $1, 4 for $3. Crown Drug Company, Station E, Toledo, Ohio.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

ARE YOU BASHFUL, SELF-CONSCIOUS? Embarrassed in company? These troubles overcome. Write for particulars. Correspondence confidential. A. O. Veritas, 1400 Broadway, New York.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE caused from weak, nervous, rundown condition, try Castleberrys Pills. Mailed $1.00. The wonder of the age. Sample and wonderful testimonials free. Alfred Castleberry, Columbus, Ga.

MARRY, THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO- ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES, Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., 66 B, Camden, N. J.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonies free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE fine fuzzy roots, $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, 378 Pleasant avenue, St. Paul, Minn. References, Commercial State Bank.

MARRY FOR PROSPERITY, HAPPINESS. Many wealthy. Best, most successful, quickest results; write, be convinced. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI- Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

LONESOME WIDOW, OWNS GOOD FARM and has means, wishes to correspond with view to matrimony. Mrs. Lane, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

WEALTHY, AFFECTIONATE LADIES everywhere desire early marriage. Descriptions free. Sealed. M-Box 1147, Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — GIRL, 18, WORTH $68,000; maiden, 25, worth $75,000. Hundreds wealthy. Descriptions free. Sunflower Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

LONESOME? HUNDREDS SEEKING MAT- rimony. Write today for free information, enclosing stamp. Harmony Club, 944 Montana St., Chicago.

MAGAZINE CONTAINING FULL DESCRIP- tions, addresses of ladies and men desiring marriage, 10c. Bureau, Box 233, Champaign, Ill.

MARRY IF LONELY; "HOME MAKER;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years' experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

MARRY, BEST, LARGEST. ESTABLISHED 16 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, directory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

YOUNG GERMAN GIRL, JUST FEW months in this country, worth a king's ransom, desires correspondence in German only. Write: Box 491, Chicago, Ill.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANT- ing introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

$1.00 FOR LIST CONTAINING NAMES, AD- dresses, etc., of ladies desiring marriage. Many wealthy. Cosmopolitan Club, Box 423-B, Venice, Calif.

MARRY—THOUSANDS ANXIOUS, WORTH to $45,000. "Confidential." List for stamp. Mrs. Martin, B-1022, Wichita, Kans.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DE- scriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE: BEST PUBLI- cation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

ATTRACTIVE LITTLE MAIDEN WORTH $60,000 will marry. Box 55, Club, Oxford, Fla.

ARE YOU LONESOME? WRITE BETTY Lee, 28 East Bay, Jacksonville, Florida. Send stamp, please.

MARRY? JOIN THE "HOME CORRE- spondence Club." Particulars free. Mrs. Keena, B-23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

IF WEALTHY LOVING WIFE IS WANTED, write, enclosing stamped envelope. Violet Rays, Dennison, Ohio.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PA- per published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER WITH HUNDREDS names, addresses, descriptions, also pictures, 25c. Box 3317, Boston, Massachusetts.

WHY BE LONESOME? JOIN OUR SCAN- dinavian Club, 2734 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FRENCH, OTHER EUROPEAN LADIES wish correspondents. Paper, addresses, 50c. Universal Bureau, 224-B Tremont, Boston.

LADY FARMER, 35, WORTH $60,000, WILL marry. N-Box 1134, League, Detroit, Mich.

WIDOW, 55, WORTH $200,000, WANTS HUS- band. S-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Ind.

GENTLEMAN, 45, WORTH $50,000, WANTS wife. V-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Betty Kibby, Leggett, Texas, wishes to hear from, or concerning her son, Jack Kibby, 25 years old. Last heard from in Philadelphia, Pa., in August, 1922. He is 6 ft. tall; weight, 180 lbs.; black hair and black eyes with heavy eyebrows; has eagle and flag tattooed on right arm; occupation, fireman and oiler. Any information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received by mother.

A Message To Skin Sufferers

There are many skin sufferers, among them may be yourself, who have endured for many years the torment or humiliation of some form of skin disease, who have followed all manner of advice and still have been unable to find the relief which they sought.

Your trouble may be only a mild form of some simple skin eruption—no great suffering, but very, very humiliating and uncomfortable. Your face is disfigured and you are ashamed to appear among your friends. You wish to clear away the blight that hangs like a drawn curtain between yourself and your companions.

Skin Disease a Torment

Or you are consumed, perhaps, with the burning fire of a violent skin disease. The scales and the scabs cover your arms, your legs, your entire body. You are driven wild with the greedy itch that cannot be soothed or quieted. You know no sleep; your waking hours are hours of intense misery. You cry out for relief!

Times without number have you followed some hopeful advice and each time you have met only disappointment and despair.

"Who knows?" you ask. "Whose advice may I follow?"

Here is an answer given you honestly and frankly. Reputable physicians will tell you today that the medical profession can only guess at what is the true cause of skin disease. Some say it is a blood disease and try treatments through the blood. Others say it is a skin disease, pure and simple, and treat the disease through the skin.

But science isn't sure. We shall not presume, then, to tell you what skin disease is when science itself frankly admits that it cannot tell.

But we can tell you about a prescription which has been used for twenty-five years in the treatment of skin disease. And, without making further claims, we ask you to read the letters from those who have used it.

A Doctor's Prescription

D. D. D. Prescription is the formula of a physician, Dr. D. D. Dennis, from whose initials it secures its name. The present enormous sale of this prescription is the result of twenty-five years of gradual growth from the time when Dr. Dennis first started treating patients in his immediate neighborhood.

We make no extravagant claims for D. D. D. We do not shout from the housetops, "Come one, come all—see, I cure, I cure!" There is nothing miraculous about this prescription. It is just a common sense lotion, compounded of well known soothing and healing ingredients—thymol, oil of wintergreen, etc.—just such elements as any conscientious physician might prescribe.

We know only this:—throughout twenty-five years, day by day, the written testimony of restored happiness and health keeps pouring in. Letters by thousands come from everywhere, with words of thanks and praise. They come freely without solicitation or suggestion of any kind. If you should ask, "What is the secret of D. D. D.'s success?" we should answer, "Read the letters which we receive and judge for yourself."

We reproduce a few letters. Read them!

A Doctor's Own Case.

About 35 years ago I had to do a great deal of walking for a year and the inside of my thighs began to chap and bleed and continued to grow worse, with an eruption all over the thighs and inside of the leg, clear to the ankle joint. I used all my knowledge to effect a cure. (I am a graduate from a medical college, class of 1875), but nothing helped me, in fact, it grew worse. Then I consulted other doctors and skin specialists and received no help, until life was a torture.

This last spring I got hold of some D. D. D. and have found my first relief, until now it seems good to live. I am almost well, eruption all gone, callouses all gone, skin soft and white. Now you can imagine how I feel towards D. D. D. after 20 to 25 years of torture. I can't say enough in praise of it.

R. S. AKERS, M. D.,
Conderay, Wis.

Constant Torture Ended.

I certainly can recommend your medicine in this community for what it has already done for me. I had not had a good night's rest for five months until I commenced using your D. D. D., and oh! how sweet was rest after suffering five months of severe torture.

MRS. LUCY J. TAYLOR,
Mechanicsburg, Va.

Four Generations Healed by D.D.D.

In Boise, Idaho, 12 years ago, my mother, Mrs. Mary E. Moore, had eczema on her hands. Eight M. D.'s did her no good. After six months of torture (unable to do any work) she was told by her mother to use D. D. D. Three bottles she used and has never had a return of it since, though she keeps a bottle on hand for she finds it good for any little disorder of the skin.

Some eight years after this, I was in training for a nurse, the M. D.'s said I had been poisoned with strong anesceptic Sol. But they were unable to cure the roughness of the skin. One 50 cent bottle of D. D. D. did the work and I have not been bothered since.

My baby is 2½ years old and has had a slight rash on her body for some time. The sample bottle you sent has dried it completely.

MRS. A. L. THOMAS,
Banning, Calif.

Sample Bottle Does the Work.

I received your sample bottle of D. D. D. and it has done so much good I sent to the drug store and got one bottle and it cured me of the barbers' itch. I have had different doctors and I have spent $30.00. They all used salves but they didn't do me any good. I can't praise your D. D. D. too much.

R. A. BOLING,
Baldwin, Ga.

Three Doctors Failed —One Bottle of D. D. D. Cured Me

I have been a user of D. D. D. for years—since I contracted a skin disease that three doctors failed to relieve or cure. D. D. D. cured it promptly with one bottle of the "Ordinary." I can recommend it to any person suffering with skin disease. We are never without D. D. D. in our house and have had it constantly on hand since 1904—17 years—or since I contracted the skin disease referred to above. You may refer anyone to me.

WILLIAM LAFONTAINE,
829 Colombia St., Scranton, Pa.

Talks to Everybody About D. D. D.

I suffered for the last ten years. Every effort that I tried—most of them doctor's prescriptions—and even injections given in my arms; and in the army, injections on my back failed to do me a bit of good.

Today I am proud to say after using a few bottles of D. D. D. I am almost cured of that hated disease. I am trying to advertise D. D. D. to all whom I know in the same condition and even go so far as to speak to any stranger who is suffering from the same disease.

The other day a friend of mine who was suffering from eczema came over to thank me because I told him to use D. D. D.

M. KASPAR.
55 Grove St., Chelsea, Mass.

Pitiful Case of Eczema in a Baby.

My baby's neck and back were covered with clear blisters as large as half a dollar. His clothing would stick to him till he could hardly move. I was almost ready to go into nervous prostration seeing him suffer. Finally our doctor said he had done all he could do and advised us to take the baby to St. Louis to a skin specialist. He said the trouble was going to kill him and not to be long about it. I saw your ad and wrote to the druggist. The D. D. D. relieved the itching and stopped the blistering immediately. I feel that my boy would have been in his grave today if it hadn't been for D. D. D.

MR. & MRS. L. EDWARDS,
112 Mill St., Martin, Tenn.

Years of Suffering.

I suffered for five years with the worst case of ringworm or dry eczema I ever saw. Tried everything I heard of or read about it; also three doctors; I got no relief. Finally I read of D. D. D. and tried a sample. It did me good and I got a full size bottle, and before I used half of it I was healed and for four years I have stayed cured, not having seen one sign of return.

WILLIAM F. BUTLER,
R. F. D. 1, Box 70, Warrenton, Va.

Perhaps indeed these letters are too enthusiastic. But if so, may not the writers be excused in the knowledge that they wrote in the ecstasy of relief—in the joy of freedom from years of suffering?

One thing is sure. Regardless of what they said, the spirit of what they said is unmistakable. It rings true. Joy, relief, gratitude, happiness!

If they have won this feeling, why not you? If you could but have the feeling that inspires such letters, freely written, what would you not give? What more indeed can you ask?

We'll not say that these grateful correspondents are relieved, healed or cured, but we will say that they are HAPPY AGAIN, after years of pain and suffering—and that's what D. D. D. Prescription offers to do for you. We make no claims. You can draw far greater confidence and comfort from what D. D. D has done through the past twenty-five years than from anything we can now say.

D. D. D. Prescription will be found effective in cases of Eczema, Ringworm, Barber's Itch, Hives, Rash, Acne, Dandruff. Pimples often yield to treatment over night. In all cases, D. D. D. gives relief from itching upon the first application.

Trial Bottle Sent on Request

Without making any promises of miraculous results, we urge you to send the coupon below for a trial bottle of the famous D. D. D. Prescription. We can promise you that the effect of D. D. D. in most cases is instantaneous; a few drops and the itch is gone. Note that soothing, refreshing feeling! We have letters stating that our trial bottle alone was enough to free some sufferers from the torment of skin disease. If, then, you are afflicted with eczema, ringworm, scales, pimples or any form of skin disease, mild or violent, send the coupon at once for this generous trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription. Enclose only ten cents to cover cost of packing and postage. Do not delay for it may mean freedom at last for you from the agonizing torment of skin disease.

D. D. D. Laboratories

Dept. 3535
3845 East Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Office: 27 Lyall Ave., Toronto

D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. 3535,
3845 E. Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me a trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription. I enclose ten cents to cover cost of packing and postage.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....